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CHAMBERS'S



MISCELLANY

OF

USEFUL & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

VOLUME XV.



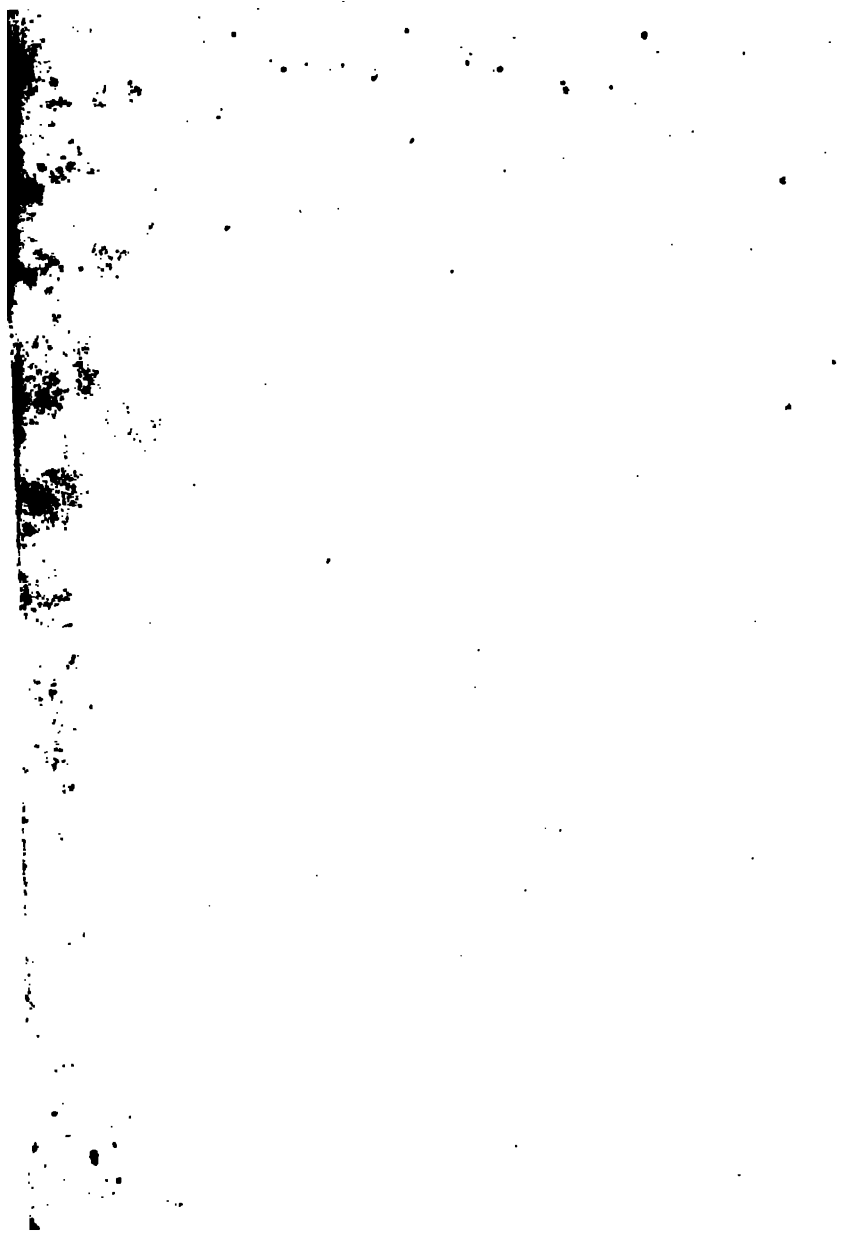
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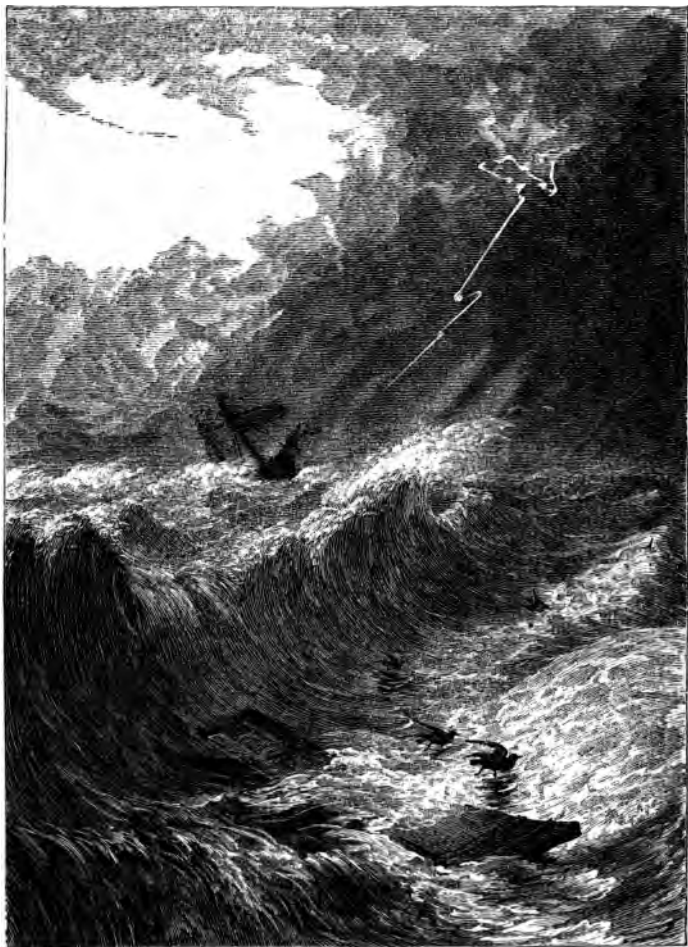
LONDON AND EDINBURGH



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'A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea.'

THE STORMY PETREL.—No. 120.

CHAMBERS'S
MISCELLANY

OF

INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

New and Revised Edition

VOL. XV.



W. AND R. CHAMBERS
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WILLIAM HUTTON, of Birmingham, whose life affords a fine example of success resulting from sagacity, integrity, and perseverance, was born at Derby on the 30th of September 1723. He was the third child of parents in very poor circumstances, his father, William Hutton, being a journeyman woolcomber, who had married Anne Ward, the daughter of a small shopkeeper in the neighbourhood of Derby, and a woman deserving of a better fate. Her husband was one of those men who would shine in humble life, and attain universal esteem, if not afflicted with habits of reckless intemperance and extravagance. Able in his profession, acute in his reasoning powers, possessed of a good memory, eloquent in his language, and with not a little acquired knowledge, all these advantages were rendered practically useless to himself or his family, in consequence of a pernicious taste for the low indulgences of the beer and gin shop. Of the evils of this besetting vice he was fully aware.

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While mourning his penniless condition, and the sufferings of his wife and family, he would vow to shun in future the intoxicating draught; and even go the length of inscribing his resolution in his pocket-book in the following words: 'O Lord, by thy assistance I will not enter into a public-house on this side of Easter.' Alas for all such resolutions! they vanished at the first temptation; and were all forgotten precisely at the time they ought to have been remembered. Repeated failures in his desire to do well, seem to have at last robbed him of all self-respect. He became a habitual sot, and the fate of his wife and children was such as is always endured where a drunkard is the head of a family. With a wailing infant on her knee, in a house without fire or any other comfort, sat the broken-hearted woman, endeavouring to amuse away the hunger of the children who hung about her. And when a morsel of food was procured, she suffered ~~them~~, with a tear, to take her share amongst them.

In the midst of such scenes—rags, misery, and almost famine—the subject of our memoir passed the first eight years of his existence. Although numbering the third in the family, he was somewhat larger and stronger in person than his seniors, but much less interesting in general appearance. Possessing no personal qualities to recommend him to the special affection of his parents, they gladly allowed him to visit and remain for some time with a couple of maiden aunts at Swithland, where, if he was not treated with marked consideration, he had at least the satisfaction of receiving what he prized more highly—a sufficiency of food. From these aunts he endured almost daily insults, being cuffed, kicked, and buffeted, besides being told of his ugliness; but all this only schooled him to a life of patient endurance, and invoked that spirit of self-dependence of which he afterwards gave so brilliant an example.

Returning to the parental home, he underwent the old usage, which was a variety of suffering on what he had lately experienced. While leading this worse than dog-life, however, he had the good-fortune—rare for the child of a habitual dram-drinker—to be sent to school, where he learned to read, though at the expense of a vast amount of distress; for his teacher was a severe disciplinarian, and scrupled not to beat his head against the wall, to tear his hair, and commit other atrocities customary among schoolmasters in those and much later times. The result of his chastisements was an intense hatred of learning, which fortunately he outlived. Not so much because he was doing little good at school, but because his powers of labour came into demand to help the general earnings, he was recalled, and put to a regular employment. This was a step which had for some time engaged the serious attention of both father and mother. The father was glad of any means for relieving him of the obligation to support his family; and what means more feasible than that of compelling his boy to go to work, although still an infant

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in years and stature? The mother, in her distressed condition, tattered and worn down with a complication of woes, was thankful that she could look to one of her children for a contribution to the family resources, and eagerly planned the nature of his employment. Winding quills for the weaver was schemed, but died away. Stripping tobacco for the grocer, in which fourpence a week was to be earned, was proposed; but it also was dropped; and finally, the idea of despatching him to the silk-mill at Derby, an establishment just begun, was struck out, and settled on. It was at the same time resolved to send Thomas, an elder brother, along with him. On being exhibited to one of the clerks, William was objected to as too young; but the objection was overruled, and he was admitted as 'a hand' in an establishment already numbering three hundred active workers.

At first it was feared that he would be incapable of attending at the post which had been assigned to him. His legs were too short, and he could not reach the engine. Luckily, one of the superintendents contrived a remedy, which was the fixing of a pair of high pattens to his feet; and these appendages he continued to use for twelve months, at the end of which time he had attained a sufficient length of limb. His employment was but a new variety of suffering. Factories, a hundred years ago, were not conducted with that regard to the comfort of the employed which they now for the greater part are. There was much petty tyranny exercised; and to not a little of this young Hutton was exposed. The cane was flourished freely as an instrument of coercion; and the language and general conduct of all was most revolting. Distressing as were the scenes enacting around him, he had to endure them for a space of seven years; and these seven years he afterwards spoke of as the most miserable period of his existence. In the memoirs of his life, written by himself, and from which we draw these and other particulars, he records two little incidents connected with his labours in the silk-mill, which present a lively idea of the sensations he experienced. 'The Christmas holidays of 1731,' he observes, 'were attended with snow, followed by a sharp frost. A thaw came on in the afternoon of the 27th, but in the night the ground was again caught by a frost, which glazed the streets. I did not awake the next morning till daylight seemed to appear. I rose in tears, for fear of punishment, and went to my father's bedside to ask what was o'clock. "He believed six." I darted out in agonies, and from the bottom of Full Street to the top of Silk-mill Lane, not two hundred yards, I fell nine times! Observing no lights in the mill, I knew it was an early hour, and that the reflection of the snow had deceived me. Returning, it struck two. As I now went with care, I fell but twice.' Again he relates: 'In pouring some bobbins out of one box into another, the cogs of an engine caught the box in my hand. The works in all the five rooms began to thunder, crack, and break to pieces: a universal cry of 'Stop mills' ensued. All the

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violent powers of nature operated within me. With the strength of a madman I wrenched the box from the wheel ; but, alas ! the mischief was done. I durst not shew my face, nor retreat to dinner, till every soul was gone. Pity in distress was not found within those walls.'

In 1733, when he was ten years of age, he lost his mother ; her death having been caused, like that of many poor women, by unsuitable bodily toil, shortly after giving birth to an infant. His father now gave up housekeeping—sold off the wreck of his furniture—spent the money in worthless debauchery, and took lodgings for himself and three children in the house of a widow, who had four children of her own. In this new home the fate of our young hero was not improved. His mother gone, his father at the alehouse, nearly without clothes, scanty fare, and the drudgeries and demoralisations of the mill ; all rendered his life forlorn and wretched. On one occasion he fasted from breakfast one day till noon the next, and then dined only on flour and water boiled into hasty pudding. Sometimes he anticipated a slight alleviation in his sufferings by the possibility of his father introducing a stepmother ; but this event does not appear to have occurred, and the remainder of his term at the mill was spent, while he lived in lodgings, with other members of the family.

The long-looked-for year of emancipation from the thralldom of the mill at last arrived. He had been bound for seven years, and it was now the seventh. It became, therefore, requisite to point out some other mode of future life, which could be conveniently embraced. This it was difficult to do. William had received little or no education, and what trade of a superior kind could he expect to follow? His taste pointed to the profession of a gardener ; but this his father objected to. He next, in desperation, proposed to be a stocking-weaver with his uncle, George Hutton, in Nottingham. Here again his father demurred ; but William felt the necessity for decision, and on the expiry of his time at the mill, in 1738, he went to Nottingham, and entered himself in the employment of his uncle.

This change did not prove a happy one. 'I had just finished one seven years' servitude,' he states, 'and was entering on another. In the former, I was welcome to the food I ate, provided I could get it ; but now that it was more plentiful, I was to be grudged every meal I tasted. My aunt kept a constant eye upon the food and the feeder. This curb galled my mouth to that degree, that to this day I do not eat at another's table without fear. The impressions received in early life are astonishing.

'I was too young to have any concern in the terms of servitude, and my father too poor to lend assistance. A burden was therefore laid upon me, which I afterwards found intolerable—that my overwork, without knowing whether I should get any, must find me clothes.

'My task was to earn five shillings and tenpence a week. The first week I could reach this sum I was to be gratified with sixpence ;

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but ever after, should I fall short or go beyond it, the loss or profit was to be my own. I found it was the general practice of apprentices to be under the mark.'

William's elder brother, Thomas, soon followed him to Nottingham, and was likewise bound apprentice to his uncle, no efforts having been made by his father to procure him any other trade. Thus the two brothers, who had been for seven years companions at the silk-mill of Derby, were now again companions at the stocking-frame in Nottingham. The trade was one which neither of them liked; they had only consented to follow it out of necessity, and because they could find no other into which admission was so easy. Possessing no affection for his daily labour, and unsupported by any cheering influences around him, William produced no more work than his allotted task; yet he made shift to earn enough to purchase a good suit of clothes, the first of the kind he had ever worn; and this seemed like a gleam of prosperity in his career.

Matters went on satisfactorily for some time. William's uncle treated him kindly, and his situation was in all respects more comfortable than it had ever been before, when, one day in the year 1741, an unhappy quarrel arose, on account of William having absented himself without leave during the week of the races. This was, no doubt, a serious offence. A disallowed absence from labour is, at all times, a breach of contract, and therefore to be condemned; and when the absence is caused by so contemptible, not to say so vicious an amusement as the spectacle of horse-racing, it cannot be passed over without severe reprehension. Reared as our hero had been in ignorance, he was not unconscious of having committed an error, and, under a considerate master, his convictions might have been turned to good account. Unfortunately George Hutton, the uncle, was but a common-place person, and had no idea of punishment except through hard labour and the cudgel. Accordingly, when the truant apprentice made his appearance on Saturday morning, his sullen and indignant relative told him that, if he did not perform his accustomed task that day, he should be thrashed at night. 'Idleness,' says Hutton, in narrating what followed, 'which had hovered over me five days, did not choose to leave me the sixth. Night came: I wanted one hour's work. I hoped my former conduct would atone for the present; but my uncle had passed his word, and did not wish to break it. "You have not done the task I ordered." I was silent. "Was it in your power to have done it?" Still silent. He repeated again: "Could you have done it?" As I ever detested lying, I could not think of covering myself, even from a rising storm, by so mean a subterfuge. I therefore answered in a low meek voice: "*I could.*" This fatal word, innocent in itself, and founded upon truth, proved my destruction. "Then," says he, "I'll make you." He immediately brought a birch broom handle of white hazel, and, holding it by the small end, repeated his blows till I thought he

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would have broken me to pieces. The windows were open, the evening calm, the sky serene, and everything mild around us. The sound of the roar and the stick penetrated the air to a great distance. The neighbourhood turned out to inquire the cause, when, after some investigation, it was said to be "only Hutton thrashing one of his lads." I was drawing towards eighteen, held some rank among my acquaintance, and made a small figure in dress; therefore, though I was greatly hurt in body, I was much more hurt in mind by this flogging. The next day, July 12, 1741, I went to Meeting in the morning as usual. My uncle seemed sorry for what had passed, and inclined to make matters up. At noon he sent me for some fruit, and asked me to partake of it. I thanked him with a sullen "No." My wounds were too deep to be healed with cherries. Standing by the palisades of the house in a gloomy posture, a female acquaintance passed by, and turning, with a pointed sneer said: "You were beaten last night." The remark stung me to the quick: I would rather she had broken my head.'

The idea of running away had on former occasions been suggested to him by an ill-conditioned fellow-apprentice called Roper, and he now determined to put it in practice. Accordingly, one morning he left his uncle's house, which he trusted never more to enter. What follows may be related in his own words. 'Figure to yourself a lad of seventeen, not elegantly dressed, nearly five feet high, rather Dutch built, with a long narrow bag of brown leather, that would hold about a bushel, in which was neatly packed up a new suit of clothes, also a white linen bag, which would hold about half as much, containing a sixpenny loaf of coarse blencorn bread, a bit of butter wrapped in the leaves of an old copy-book, a new Bible value three shillings, one shirt, a pair of stockings, a sun-dial, my best wig, carefully folded and laid at top, that, by lying in the hollow of the bag, it might not be crushed. The ends of the two bags being tied together, I slung them over my left shoulder. My best hat, not being properly calculated for a bag, I hung to the button of my coat. I had only two shillings in my pocket, a spacious world before me, and no plan of operations. I cast back many a melancholy look, while every step set me at a greater distance, and took what I thought an everlasting farewell of Nottingham. I carried neither a light heart nor a light load; nay, there was nothing light about me but the sun in the heavens and the money in my pocket. I considered myself an outcast, an exuberance in the creation, a being now fitted to no purpose. At ten o'clock I arrived at Derby. The inhabitants were gone to bed, as if retreating from my society. I took a view of my father's house, where I supposed all were at rest; but before I was aware, I perceived the door open, and heard his foot not three yards from me. I retreated with precipitation. How ill calculated are we to judge of events! I was running from the only hand that could have saved me. Adjoining the town

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is a field called Abbey-barns, the scene of my childish amusements. Here I took up my abode upon the cold grass, in a damp place, after a day's fatigue, with the sky over my head, and the bags by my side. The place was full of cattle. The full breath of the cows half asleep, the jingling of the chains at the horses' feet, and a mind agitated, were ill calculated to afford me rest. I rose at four, July 13, starved, sore, and stiff, deposited my bags under the fourth tree, covering them with leaves, while I waited upon Warburgh's bridge for my brother Samuel, who I knew would go to the silk-mill before five. I told him that I had differed with my uncle, had left him, and intended to go to Ireland; that he must remember me to my father, whom I should probably see no more. I had all the discourse to myself, for my brother did not utter one word. I arrived at Burton the same morning, having travelled twenty-eight miles, and spent nothing. I was an economist from my cradle, and the character never forsook me. I ever had an inclination to examine fresh places. Leaving my bags at a public-house, I took a view of the town, and, breaking into my first shilling, I spent one penny as a recompense for the care of them. Arriving the same evening within the precincts of Lichfield, I approached a barn, where I intended to lodge; but finding the door shut, I opened my parcels in the fields, dressed, hid my bags near a hedge, and went to take a view of the city for about two hours, though very sore-footed. Returning to the spot about nine, I undressed, bagged up my things in decent order, and prepared for rest: but, alas! I had a bed to seek. About a stone's cast from the place stood another barn, which perhaps might furnish me with a lodging. I thought it needless to take the bags while I examined the place, as my stay would be very short. The second barn yielding no relief, I returned in about ten minutes. But what was my surprise when I perceived the bags were gone! Terror seized me. I clamoured after the rascal, but might as well have been silent, for thieves seldom come at a call. Running, raving, and lamenting about the fields and roads, employed some time. I was too much immersed in distress to find relief in tears: they refused to flow. I described the bags, and told the affair to all I met. I found pity, or seeming pity, from all, but redress from none. I saw my hearers dwindle with the twilight, and at eleven o'clock found myself in the open street, left to tell my mournful tale to the silent night. It is not easy to place a human being in a more distressed situation. My finances were nothing; a stranger to the world, and the world to me; no employ, nor likely to procure any; no food to eat, or place to rest: all the little property I had upon earth taken from me; nay, even hope, that last and constant friend of the unfortunate, forsook me. I was in a more wretched condition than he who has nothing to lose. I sought repose in the street upon a butcher's block.

With the morning light the young runaway rose from his hard couch, and recommenced his inquiries for his clothes, but without

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avail. A gentleman to whom he addressed himself informed him that it was market-day at Walsall, a village some miles off, and that possibly he might find something to do there. Setting out, he reached Walsall with blistered feet and a heavy heart. He applied for employment to a man who sold stockings in the market, and was told that there were no stocking-frames at Walsall, but that there were some at Birmingham, and that he might probably find work there. Acting on this information, he set out for Birmingham, which he reached that afternoon. The appearance of this busy and populous town greatly surprised him. The people seemed to possess a vivacity he had never before beheld. He felt as if he had hitherto been among dreamers, but now saw men wide awake. The gait of the men bespoke an alacrity of intellect, and on all sides were symptoms of life and industry. The bustling air of the place, however, only served to increase the young traveller's dejection; he seemed the only idle being in the throng. Having ascertained that there were three stocking-makers in Birmingham, to these he applied in turn. The first made him go about his business, as he would have nothing to do with a runaway apprentice; the second gave him a penny to get rid of him; and though the third entered into conversation with him, and asked some questions about his acquaintances in Derby, he allowed him to depart.

'It was now about seven o'clock,' he writes, 'in the evening, Tuesday, July 14, 1741. I sat down to rest upon the north side of the Old Cross, near Philip Street; the poorest of all the poor belonging to that great parish, of which, twenty-seven years after, I should be overseer. I sat under that roof, a silent, oppressed object, where, thirty-one years after, I should sit to determine differences between man and man. Why did not some kind agent comfort me with the distant prospect?

'About ten yards from me, near the corner of Philip Street, I perceived two men in aprons eye me with some attention. They approached near. "You seem," says one, "by your melancholy situation and dusty shoes, a forlorn traveller, without money and without friends." I assured him it was exactly my case. "If you choose to accept of a pint of ale, it is at your service. I know what it is myself to be a distressed traveller." "I shall receive any favour with thankfulness." They took me to the Bell, in Philip Street, and gave me what bread, cheese, and beer I chose. They also procured a lodging for me in the neighbourhood, where I slept for three-half-pence.'

Next day the idler still hung about Birmingham, regaling his eyes with the sights in the streets, and living on cherries, which were a halfpenny a pound. On the next, however, he set out for Coventry, in hopes of finding employment there. In this, too, he was disappointed; either no work was to be had, or none would be given to a runaway apprentice, as every one to whom he applied saw him to

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be. On Friday the 17th, he left Coventry, and, after passing through several of the villages in the neighbourhood, reached Hinckley about four in the afternoon. Here he applied to one Millward, a stocking-maker, who knew his family at Derby. 'He set up,' he says, 'the same objection that others had done, and I made the same unsuccessful reply. He set me to work till night, about two hours, in which time I earned twopence. He then asked me into the house, entered into conversation with me, told me he was certain I was a runaway apprentice, and begged I would inform him ingenuously. I replied with tears that I was, and that an unhappy difference with my uncle was the cause of my leaving his service. He said if I would set out on my return in the morning, I should be welcome to a bed that night. I told him that I had no objection to the service of my uncle, but that I could not submit to any punishment; and if I were not received upon equitable terms, I would immediately return to my own liberty.'

Next morning he took Millward's advice, and set out on his return. He reached Derby at nine in the evening, with eightpence in his pocket out of the two shillings which he had taken with him from Nottingham, having thus spent precisely one shilling and fourpence in the course of his week's rambles. His principal fare had been raw turnips and cherries.

Contrary to expectation, the returned prodigal was received with a degree of kindness by his father, who chanced to be in one of his happier moods. It was agreed that his uncle should be sent for to arrange the terms of surrender, if that were possible. Next day, Sunday, George Hutton arrived, and seemed by no means implacable; for he felt in some measure self-accused. It was finally agreed that young William should return to his duties; and he did so; but although forgiven by others, he could not forgive himself. He had lost self-approbation, lost time and money, and the effects of his unhappy conduct hung about him for years.

Nothing of consequence occurred during the remainder of his apprenticeship to his uncle. His taste for books and reading, indeed, seems first to have been developed about this period; and he also devoted himself enthusiastically to music, becoming a performer on several instruments. His term of apprenticeship having expired in the end of 1744, he continued at the stocking trade as a journeyman with his uncle; depressed, however, by the growing conviction, not only that the stocking trade was one which did not suit him, but also that it was one by which it would be difficult to earn a subsistence. As he did not relish the thought of being a journeyman for life, he asked his uncle to permit him to set a frame in his work-room, and work on his own account—which would make him a master on a small scale. His uncle at first consented, but afterwards drew back, which Hutton thought rather ungenerous, as the plan proposed was a common one in Nottingham. Nevertheless, as he did not like to

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leave his uncle, he continued to work as a journeyman under him till the month of September 1746, when his uncle's death set him at liberty, or rather cast him adrift, for he had now both a new home and new employment to seek.

After their uncle's death, William Hutton and his brother Thomas went to reside with their sister Catherine, who, in 1743, had married William Perkins, a tailor at Swithland, but had separated from him shortly afterwards, in consequence of an unfortunate disagreement, and taken a house in Nottingham. While the sister laboured hard at the spinning-wheel, the two brothers continued their trade as stocking-makers. Trade was very dull. 'The stocking-frame being my own,' says William Hutton, 'and trade being dead, the hosiers would not employ me. They could scarcely employ their own frames. I was advised to try Leicester, and took with me half-a-dozen pairs of stockings to sell. I visited several warehouses; but, alas! all proved blank. They would neither employ me, nor give for my goods anything near prime cost. As I stood like a culprit before a gentleman of the name of Bennet, I was so affected that I burst into tears, to think that I should have served seven years to a trade at which I could not get bread.'

The greater number of young men, placed in the deplorable circumstances to which Hutton now found himself reduced, would probably lose heart altogether, and sink still lower in condition. Many, indeed, would not scruple to seek relief from others, by begging or otherwise. But William Hutton, uninstructed and unrefined as he was, appears to have possessed a nobility of mind which shrunk from everything that was either mean or dishonourable. Friendless, and almost penniless, he was still a friend to himself. He resolved to battle manfully with his fate, and the battle was not in vain.

SELF-RELIANCE—MIDDLE LIFE.

Reduced to the brink of despair, in consequence of the failure of the trade to which he had been reared, young Hutton bethought himself of trying an entirely new profession; one which has more than once rescued the industrious and deserving from abject penury. This was to deal in books. He began in an exceedingly humble way. For some time he had been in the habit of amusing his leisure hours by reading, and also attempting a little literary composition, his taste, like that of most other inexperienced young men, taking a turn towards versification. These recreations led to the patching and binding of any old volume or pamphlet which fell in his way. His first bold attempt at renovation was on three volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. 'I fastened them together,' he says, 'in a most cobbled style; but they afforded me a treat. I could only procure books of small value, and these in worn-out bindings. I

learned to patch ; procured paste, varnish, &c., and brought them into tolerable order ; erected shelves, and arranged them in the best manner I was able. If I purchased shabby books, it is no wonder that I dealt with a shabby bookseller, who kept his whole working apparatus in his shop. It is no wonder, too, if, by repeated visits, I became acquainted with this bookseller, and often saw him at work ; but it is a wonder and a fact, that I never saw him perform one act but I could perform it myself—so strong was the desire to attain the art. I made no secret of my progress, and the bookseller rather encouraged me ; and that for two reasons—I bought such rubbish as nobody else would, and he had often an opportunity of selling me a cast-off tool for a shilling not worth a penny. As I was below every degree of opposition, a rivalry was out of the question.

The bookseller at length offered me a worn-down press for two shillings, which no man could use, and which was laid by for the fire. I considered the nature of its construction ; bought it, and paid the two shillings. I then asked him to favour me with a hammer and a pin, which he brought with half a conquering smile and half a sneer. I drove out the garter-pin, which, being galled, prevented the press from working, and turned another square, which perfectly cured the press. He said in anger : “ If I had known, you should not have had it.” However, I could see he consoled himself with the idea that all must return to him in the end. This proved for forty-two years my best binding press.

A bookbinder fostered by the stocking-frame was such a novelty, that many people gave me a book to bind—that is, among my friends and their acquaintance—and I perceived two advantages attended my work : I chiefly served those who were not judges ; consequently, that work passed with them which would not with a master ; and, coming from the hands of a stockinger, it carried a merit, because no stockinger could produce its equal.

Having thus begun the business of a bookbinder, he endeavoured to rely on it altogether for subsistence, but finding that he had leisure time on his hands, he filled up the intervals with labour at the stocking-frame ; and between the two he managed to support himself in a frugal way. Persevering in this manner, his prospects gradually brightened. Bookbinding became more plentiful, and he resolved to abandon the stocking trade for ever : in this resolution his sister cordially supported him. There was, however, a difficulty in the way. Hitherto he had only used the wretched tools and the materials which his friend the bookseller had been willing to sell him ; and many things were wanting which could be had only in London. To the metropolis, therefore, he made up his mind to go, for the purpose of procuring proper tools, and arranging a correspondence for future supplies. Yet where was the money to come from to meet this great enterprise ? His sister, who appears to have been the only relative for whom he could entertain an affection, came forward at this

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juncture. She raised for him three guineas, which for security she sewed in the collar of his shirt, and putting eleven shillings in his pocket, bade him good-speed on his journey.

At that time, the journey from Nottingham to London was dangerous as well as toilsome. The roads were everywhere haunted by highwaymen, one or more of whom Hutton had no doubt he should encounter, and he kept the eleven shillings given him by his sister ready to be handed to the first who should waylay him. Fortunately, no such misadventure occurred on the journey, which being performed on foot, occupied three long and painful days. An extract from his diary, descriptive of what he endured and saw on the excursion, cannot but be acceptable. 'On Monday morning at three, April 8 [1749], I set out. Not being used to walk, my feet were blistered with the first ten miles. I must not, however, sink under the fatigue, but endeavour to proceed as if all were well, for much depended on this journey. Aided by resolution, I marched on. Stopping at Leicester, I unfortunately left my knife, and did not discover the loss till I had proceeded eleven miles. I grieved, because it was the only keepsake I had of my worthy friend Mr Webb. In the evening I stopped at Brixworth, having walked fifty-one miles; and my whole expense for the day was fivepence.

The next day, Tuesday the 9th, I rested at Dunstable. Passing over Finchley Common, on the third day, I overtook a carter, who told me I might be well accommodated at the Horns, in St John Street, Smithfield, by making use of his name; but it happened, in the eagerness of talking, and the sound of his noisy cart, that he forgot to tell his name, and I to ask it.

I arrived at the Horns at five, described my director, whom they could not recollect: however, I was admitted an inmate. I ordered a mutton-chop and porter; but, alas! I was jaded; I had fasted too long; my appetite was gone, and the chop nearly useless.

This meal, if it might be called a meal, was the only one during my stay, and, I think, the only time I ever ate under a roof. I did not know one soul in London, therefore could have no invitations. Nature is supported with a little, which was well for me, because I had but little to give her. If a man has any money, he will see stalls enough in London which will supply him with something to eat, and it rests with him to lay out his money to the best advantage. If he cannot afford butter, he must eat his bread without. This will tend to keep up an appetite, which always gives a relish to food, though mean; and the scantiness will add to that relish.

The next morning I breakfasted in Smithfield upon furmity, at a wheelbarrow. Sometimes I had a halfpenny-worth of soup, and another of bread; at other times bread and cheese. I only ate to live.

If a man goes to receive money, it may take him a long time to transact his business; if to pay money, it will take him less; and if

he has but a little to pay, still less. My errand fell under the third class. I only wanted three alphabets of letters, a set of figures, and some ornamental tools for gilding books ; with leather and boards for binding.

'I wished to see a number of curiosities ; but my shallow pocket forbade. One penny, to see Bedlam, was all I could spare. Here I met with a variety of curious anecdotes ; for I found conversation with a multitude of characters. All the public buildings fell under my eye, and were attentively examined ; nor was I wanting in my inquiries. Pass where I would, I never was out of the way of entertainment.

'Though I had walked 125 miles to London, I was upon my feet all the three days I was there. I spent half a day in viewing the west end of the town, the squares, the park, the beautiful building for the fireworks erected in the Green Park, to celebrate the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. I could not forbear mentioning at night to my landlord at the Horns the curiosities I had seen, which greatly surprised him. He replied : "I like such a traveller as you. The strangers that come here cannot stir a foot without me, which plagues me to that degree I had rather be without their custom. But you, of yourself, find out more curiosities than they can see, or I can shew them."

'On Saturday evening, April 13, I set out with four shillings for Nottingham, and stopped at St Alban's. Rising the next morning, April 14, I proceeded on my journey. This was a melancholy day : I fell lame, owing to the sinews of my leg being overstrained with hard labour. I was far from home, wholly among strangers, with only the remnant of four shillings. The idea occasioned tears !

'I stopped at Newport-Pagnell. My landlord told me my shoes were not fit for travelling : however, I had no others, and, like my blistered feet, I must try to bear them. The next day, Monday the 15th, I slept at Market-Harborough, and on the 16th called at Leicester. The landlady had carefully secured my knife, with a view to return it, should I ever come that way. I reached Nottingham in the afternoon, having walked forty miles.

'I had been out nearly nine days ; three in going, which cost three and eightpence ; three in London, which cost about the same ; and three returning, nearly the same. Out of the whole eleven shillings, I brought fourpence back.

'London surprised me ; so did the people ; for the few with whom I formed a connection deceived me, by promising what they never performed. This journey furnished vast matter for detail among my friends.'

Now prepared for setting up as a bookbinder on a regular plan, the important question arose—where should he commence operations ? London first occurred, but this was very properly abandoned. It was finally determined that he should fix on some market-town

within a stage of Nottingham, and open shop there on the market-days, till he was somewhat better prepared to begin the world at Birmingham.

After some hesitation, he observes : ' I fixed upon Southwell as the first step of elevation. It was fourteen miles distant, and the town as despicable as the road to it. I went over at Michaelmas, took a shop at the rate of twenty shillings a year, sent a few boards for shelves, a few tools, and about two hundredweight of trash, which might be dignified with the name of books, and worth perhaps a year's rent of my shop. I was my own joiner, put up the shelves and their furniture, and in one day became the most eminent bookseller in the place ;' as may be evidenced by the following advertisement : ' William Hutton sells all kinds of Bibles, Common Prayers, school-books, and books in all arts and sciences, both new and second-hand ; all sorts of stationery wares, as sealing-wax, wafers, quills, pens, and paper of all sorts ; ink, slates, pencils, cards, letter-cases, letter-files, maps and pictures, books of account of all sizes ; gilds and letters gentlemen's libraries ; binds books in all varieties of bindings at the lowest prices ; and takes in subscriptions for the monthly magazines.'

It was a desperate effort, and required desperate means. The weather was rainy ; but every Saturday morning, he continues, ' I set out at five o'clock, carried a burden of from three to thirty pounds weight, opened shop at ten, starved in it all day upon bread, cheese, and half a pint of ale, took from one to six shillings, shut up at four, and, by trudging through the solitary night and the deep roads five hours more, I arrived at Nottingham by nine, where I always found a mess of milk porridge by the fire, prepared by my valuable sister. Nothing short of a surprising resolution and rigid economy could have carried me through this scene.'

Besides this resolution and economy, Hutton also exercised a reasonable degree of self-restraint. Eschewing mean temptations, and seeking counsel from his sister, he avoided with becoming tact the imprudent step of marrying before he was in a fit situation to encounter the obligations of matrimony. For such self-denial he takes occasion to congratulate himself ; for it tended greatly to promote his subsequent advancement in life.

After the experience and small successes of a year at Southwell, he thought of attempting a removal to Birmingham, and for this purpose, in February 1750, went thither to make up his mind on the subject. His account of the journey affords a graphic picture of the state of the roads in this part of England little more than a century ago.

'Wishing to take Swithland in my return to Nottingham, to visit my two aunts, I was directed through Tamworth, where I spent one penny ; then through a few villages, with blind roads, to Charnwood Forest ; over which were five miles of uncultivated waste, without any road. To all this I was a stranger.

'Passing through a village in the dusk of the evening, I deter-

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mined to stop at the next public-house ; but, to my surprise, I instantly found myself upon the forest. It began to rain ; it was dark ; I was in no road, nor was any dwelling near. I was among hills, rocks, and precipices, and so bewildered, I could not retreat. I wandered slowly, for fear of destruction, and hallooed with all my powers ; but met with no return. I was about two hours in this cruel state, when I thought the indistinct form of a roof appeared against the sky. My vociferations at length were answered by a gruff voice from within the building, and I was admitted. I was now in a small room, totally dark, except a glow of fire which would barely have roasted a potato, had it been deposited in the centre. In this dismal abode I heard two female voices, one that of an old aunt, the other of a young wife.

‘We all sat close to this handful of fire, and, becoming familiarised by conversation, I found my host agreeable. He apologised for not having treated me at first with more civility ; he pitied my case, but had not conveniences for accommodation.

‘Hints were now given for retiring to rest. “I will thank you,” said I, “for something to eat ; I have had nothing since morning, when at Birmingham.” “We should have asked you, but we have nothing in the house.” “I shall be satisfied with anything.” “We have no eatables whatever, except some pease porridge, which is rather thin, and we are ashamed to offer.” “It will be acceptable to a hungry man.”

‘While supper was *warming*, for *hot* it could not be, a light was necessary ; but alas ! the premises afforded no candle. To supply its place, a leaf was torn from a shattered book, twisted round, kindled, and shook in the hand, to improve the blaze.

‘By another lighted leaf we marched up to bed. I could perceive the whole premises consisted of two rooms—house and chamber. In the latter was one bed, and two pair of bedsteads. The husband, wife, aunt, and two children occupied the first ; and the bedstead whose head butted against their bedside was appropriated for me. But now another difficulty arose. There were no bedclothes to cover me. Upon diligent inquiry, nothing could be procured but the wife’s petticoat ; and I could learn that she robbed her own bed to supply mine. I heard the rain patter upon the thatch during the night, and rejoiced it did not patter upon me.

‘By the light of the next morning I had a view of all the family faces. The wife was young, handsome, ragged, and good-natured. The whole household, I apprehend, could have cast a willing eye upon breakfast ; but there seemed a small embarrassment in the expectants. The wife, however, went to her next neighbour’s, about a mile, and in an hour returned with a jug of skimmed milk and a piece of a loaf, perhaps two pounds, both of which, I have reason to think, were begged ; for money, I believe, was as scarce as candle. Having no fire, we ate it cold, and with a relish.

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'My host went with me half a mile, to bring me into something like a track, when I gave him a shake of the hand, a sixpence, and my sincere good wishes. We parted upon the most friendly terms. I had seen poverty in various shapes, but this was the most complete. I had also seen various degrees of idleness, but none surpassed this. Having returned to Nottingham, I gave warning to quit at Southwell, and prepared for a total change of life.'

Proceeding to Birmingham, he with some trouble succeeded in finding a small shop likely to suit him. It was the lesser half of the shop of Mrs Dix, No. 6 Bull Street, and for this he agreed to pay a rent of one shilling a week. Here he commenced business on the 25th of May 1750, his stock-in-trade being considerably increased by the purchase of a lot of old books, the refuse of a library, from Mr Rudsdall, a dissenting clergyman. The acquisition, small as it was, could not be conveniently paid for in money, and was effected by a note of hand on the following easy terms: 'I promise to pay to Ambrose Rudsdall one pound seven shillings when I am able.' The debt was in time justly liquidated, but in the meantime the young and aspiring bookseller had much to encounter. In Birmingham, his abilities were tried by a higher standard than in Southwell, and redoubled exertions were necessary. Melancholy thoughts often came over his naturally buoyant mind; and tears shed in secret may be said to have moistened his humble fare. From such feelings of despondency, he always recovered by an appeal to moral and religious considerations, and by forming new and still more ardent resolutions. On looking round his establishment, he was consoled with observing that he was increasing in the possession of worldly goods, and occasionally a bright golden guinea was added to his treasures. As time wore on, his circumstances improved. His trade was evidently supporting him; and, by dint of extreme frugality—living at the rate of five shillings a week, including food, rent, washing, and lodging—he found, at the end of a year, that he had saved twenty pounds. At the same time he made a few respectable acquaintances in the town, and now his life became more agreeable. This glimpse of prosperity, however, was for some time shaded by the persecution of the parish overseers, who were afraid that he might become burdensome to the parish, and wished to remove him; which, as the poor-laws then stood, they might have effected.

One of Hutton's first acquaintances in Birmingham was Mr Grace, a hosier in the High Street, one of the persons to whom he applied for work in 1741, when he visited Birmingham as a runaway apprentice. After being a year settled in Birmingham, he was again brought into connection with Mr Grace, by wishing to take a shop next door to him. The rent was large—eight pounds—and frightened him; but at last he ventured on taking the premises, to which he removed, and where he pursued business in a more elevated

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style, and with more success. In 1752, he says: 'I had a smiling trade, to which I closely attended; and a happy set of acquaintances, whose society gave me pleasure. As I hired out books, the fair sex did not neglect the shop. Some of them were so obliging as to shew an inclination to share with me the troubles of the world. Placed at ease, I again addressed the Muses, and, as I thought, properly applied my talent, and with better success than five years before. Some of my productions crept into the magazines and other periodical papers. Attention enabled me to abstract a small sum from trade, and I frequently amused myself with marshalling in battalia fifty bright guineas, a sight I had not been accustomed to.'

Mr Hutton, now a rising stationer, with a house of his own, began to feel the inconveniences of housekeeping. Twice he engaged a female servant; but one proved to be of intemperate habits, and the other was a dreadful sloven in cookery; and now he considered himself warranted in looking out for a helpmate. He had not far to seek. Mr Grace, his next-door neighbour, being a widower, had lately received his niece, Miss Sarah Cock, from Aston, near Derby, to keep his house, and with this young lady an intimacy sprang up. 'I saw her,' he says, 'the night she arrived, and thought her a little, neat, delicate creature, and rather handsome. It was impossible, situated as we were, to avoid an intercourse. Without my having the least idea of courtship, she seemed to dislike me, which caused a shyness on my side, and kept us at a distance. The intercourse continued; for, as I had no housekeeper, I dined with Mr Grace at a fixed price.' Matters went on in this way for three years, during which Mr Hutton's prospects were continually brightening. 'I never courted her,' he says, 'nor she me; yet we, by the close union with which we were cemented, were travelling towards the temple of Hymen without conversing upon the subject. Such are the happy effects of reciprocal love.' At first Mr Grace opposed the match, on the selfish ground that it would deprive him of his housekeeper: at length, however, he came to lend it his favour. Justice compels us to add, that on the part of the wooer there was also something like sordidness in seeking the match. On the 21st of March 1755, he observes: 'Mr Grace and I went to Aston to treat with the parents of Miss Cock. As I ever detested being a beggar, I wished to have, in the first instance, as much as they chose to give, for I knew I should never ask afterwards. I answered faithfully whatever questions were asked, and shewed the progressive state of my circumstances, which was now an accumulation of two hundred pounds. They offered one hundred. I replied: "It is rather too little." "You cannot," said her mother with mildness, for she was one of the best women that ever lived, "desire more than we can give." Struck with this reasonable reply, I could not call in one word to object.' Accordingly, after a little delay, the young couple

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were married—‘a change,’ says Hutton, ‘which I never wished to unchange.’

From the date of his marriage Mr Hutton’s property grew rapidly. In 1756 he took the hint given him by a friend who was a paper-maker, and added a paper warehouse to his shop; a step which was the means of making his fortune. ‘I perceived,’ he says, ‘more profit would arise from the new trade than the old; that blank paper would speak in fairer language than printed; that one could only furnish the head, but the other would furnish the pocket; and that the fat kine would, in time, devour the lean. These larger profits, however, could only arise from larger returns, and these would demand a larger capital.

‘Few men,’ he continues, ‘can bear prosperity. It requires a considerable share of knowledge to know when we are well; for it often happens that he who is well, in attempting to be better, becomes worse. It requires resolution to *keep* well. If there was a profit to the *seller*, I concluded there must be one to the *maker*. I wished to have both. Upon this erroneous principle I longed for a paper-mill. I procured all the intelligence I could relative to the fabrication of paper; engaged an artist to make me a model of a mill; attended to business, and nursed my children; while the year ran round. This mill mania continued for three years. I pursued the scheme, till lost in a labyrinth; and was at last glad to sell the concern to Mr Honeyborn for eighty guineas, for which I took his bond, bearing interest. Upon examining my accounts, I found I had lost in cash *two hundred and twenty-nine pounds!* Add to this the loss of three years of the prime part of my life, when trade was prosperous, and at a time when I had no opponent: I considered myself a sufferer of at least £1000. I was so provoked at my folly, that I followed up my business with redoubled spirit, cast up stock every quarter, and could not rest till I had brought my affairs into a successful line. The first quarter after the sale, which was from Midsummer to Michaelmas, I augmented my fortune twenty-nine pounds.’

These losses had no permanent effect on Mr Hutton’s fortunes. Year after year the profits of his business increased; and, notwithstanding the growing expenses of his family, he always contrived to have a large balance of the yearly income over the expenditure. Part of his profits he invested in land, purchasing small farms in the neighbourhood of Birmingham. His first speculation of this kind he thus details: ‘Ever since I was eight years old, I had shewn a fondness for land; often made inquiries about it, and wished to call some my own. This ardent desire after dirt never forsook me; but the want of money had hitherto prevented me from gratifying my wish. Nothing makes a man poorer, except gaming. And to buy land without money is often followed with ruin. My trade could spare none. Yet this did not expel the desire.

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'A papermaker at Alfrick, in Worcestershire, with whom I dealt, told me that a small farm adjoining his own was for sale. He wanted land, and urged me to purchase. I gave him a commission to buy it for £250, agreed to let it to him for £20 per annum, and I borrowed all the money to pay for it. Thus I ventured, and with success, upon a most hazardous undertaking.'

Having once begun purchasing land, it became a passion with him: fortunately, however, his bargains were generally well considered and profitable. 'The more attention,' he writes in the year 1769, 'a man pays to any undertaking, the more he is likely to succeed. The purchase of land was a delight, a study, and a profit. We saved this year £479.'

On one piece of land which he purchased at Bennett's Hill, about two miles from town, he erected a house, where he afterwards resided the greater part of every year. And so may be said to close the second chapter in his life.

PUBLIC LIFE—BIRMINGHAM RIOTS.

From the period at which we are now arrived, Mr Hutton's life for nearly thirty years ran on in an even and prosperous tenor, diversified by few incidents other than those which happen in the life of most successful citizens. His first step to public life was in 1768, when he was chosen one of the overseers of the poor—a situation in which his active and benevolent mind found congenial exercise. In 1772 he was chosen one of the commissioners of the Court of Requests in Birmingham—a court established for the recovery of small debts, and the settlement of disputes among the poorer classes, the commissioners or judges being men chosen for their temper and practical sagacity. This was precisely the proper element for such a man as Hutton, and he engaged in the duties of commissioner with the utmost relish. 'The Court of Requests,' he says, 'soon became my favourite amusement. I paid a constant attendance, and quickly took the lead. Responsibility, I knew, must follow; for, standing in the front, I was obliged to take it on myself, which excited caution. I had every party to watch, that fraud might not creep in.'

'The management of the court engrossed nearly two days in a week of my time, including the trouble it gave me at my own house. I attended the court nineteen years. During this time more than a hundred thousand causes passed through my hands! a number, possibly, beyond what ever passed the decision of any other man. I have had 250 in one day. Though I endeavoured after right, it cannot be supposed, in so large a number, they were all without error.'

In the year 1787 he published a volume, entitled *The Court of Requests*, containing a collection of decisions on a variety of cases

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which came before him in his public capacity ;* and these decisions are fitted to raise the highest ideas of his acuteness and talent as a judge. As a specimen, we may quote his report of one case, in which 'the stewards of a sick-club sued a member for the arrears of his weekly contribution. He pleaded nonage.

'*Court.*—Are you married ?

'*Defendant.*—Yes.

'*Court.*—And so you are, at the same time, a husband and an infant ! Was it honest in you to enter this club, and, if attacked by sickness, to draw money from the box, and yet, to prevent paying what was their due, shelter yourself under childhood ?

'*Defendant.*—I have never received anything from the club, consequently I owe nothing to it.

'*Court.*—So much the better that you never had occasion to demand from the box ; but every member, though he enjoys a series of health, receives a constant benefit from it ; for the very idea of a support in the day of affliction, yields to the mind a daily satisfaction. Health may be better enjoyed when there is a treasure laid up for sickness. Your not receiving is no argument why you should not pay. You continually held a claim in reversion. As we cannot precisely determine a man's age by looking in his face, we have a right to demand a certificate of yours.'

The next court-day he produced one from the church register.

'*Court.*—This proof does not come up to the point. What age were you when you were baptised ?

'*Defendant.*—I cannot tell.

'*Court.*—A man arrives at maturity twenty-one years after the day of his birth, not his baptism. We generally suppose a child may be a month older than the date of the register. But in cases where one party wishes to defraud another, it becomes necessary to draw the line with precision. If we strictly adhere to a register, it follows, those children who are not baptised till three or four years old, will not be of age till four or five and twenty ; nay, we have known instances of people being baptised at forty, which would give them a license to do what they often do without—cheat the world till threescore. As you cannot ascertain your exact age, we shall set aside your childish plea, and do you the honour of treating you as a man—an honour you would gladly accept in any place but this.'

Mr Hutton, however, had become an author previous to the publication of his *Court of Requests* ; for in 1782 was published his *History of Birmingham*, a work which has been much admired, and procured him the honour of being elected a member of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh. We now pass on to the year 1791.

* This volume is better fitted than almost any other book we know for disciplining the popular mind both in notions of justice and in right reasoning and logic, while at the same time it is entertaining as a collection of anecdotes.—*Ed.*

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'This year,' he writes, 'began prosperously, as many had done before it. Trade was extended, and successful. I had for twelve years desisted from buying land, and kept my money in business, so that I had been able to draw out a considerable sum to improve my houses, and to buy furniture, a carriage, &c. without feeling it. My family loved me. I enjoyed the amusements of the pen, the court, and had no pressure upon the mind but the declining health of her I loved. But a calamity awaited me I little suspected.'

The calamity here alluded to was the celebrated Birmingham riots of 1791, in which Mr Hutton was one of the principal sufferers. It is necessary to give a brief account of these riots, which he always regarded as constituting an era in his life.

About the year 1790-91, party-spirit ran very high in this country, principally in consequence of the public excitement relative to the French Revolution, then just begun, and as yet bloodless. In almost all the large towns of Great Britain there were two parties, one approving of the French Revolution as a triumph of popular principles, the other condemning it as a step to anarchy and irreligion. The former consisted for the most part of dissenters from the Church of England, then suffering under certain civil disabilities, which have since been removed; the latter, on the other hand, consisted principally of adherents of that church. Between the two there sprang up feelings of personal rancour and hostility, which were displayed in a very unseemly manner on all occasions.

In no town did this party-spirit run so high as in Birmingham, not only because the dissenters of that town were very numerous, but also because a theological controversy had for several years been going on in it between the celebrated Dr Priestley, then minister of a Unitarian chapel there, and the town clergy. So strong and bitter was sectarian feeling in this town, that clergymen of the Church of England, when asked to funerals, refused to go in the same coach with dissenting ministers. The great majority of the working-classes belonged to what was called 'the Church and King party,' and disliked the dissenters. Still, the display of feeling was confined to mere words, or acts of incivility; and it was not till the month of July 1791 that any breach of the public peace occurred. The immediate occasion of the terrible riots which happened in the middle of that month, was a dinner held in one of the hotels by a number of gentlemen, to express their sympathy with the French Revolution, and their admiration of its leaders. Similar meetings were held on the same day—the 14th of July—in other towns of the empire. Foreseeing the possibility of a riot, some of the gentlemen who had intended to be present at the dinner in Birmingham absented themselves; and the rest, to the number of eighty-one, broke up at a very early hour—between five and six in the afternoon—after drinking a number of political toasts. By the time the dinner was over, however, a mob of idle men and lads had gathered

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at the door of the inn, who, from groaning and hissing, and shouting 'Church and King,' took to throwing stones against the windows. Increasing in number, and growing furious with the exercise, they rushed from the inn to Dr Priestley's meeting-house, burst open the doors, demolished the pews, and set the building on fire. They then proceeded to the Old Meeting, and treated it in a similar manner. Meeting with no resistance from the authorities, they next marched out to a place called Fairhill, at a little distance from town, where Dr Priestley resided. Dr Priestley had barely time to escape with his life, when the mob arrived, entered his house, demolished his furniture, and set it on fire—destroying, in the conflagration, books, philosophical instruments, and manuscripts, which had been the labour of many years. Having accomplished all this mischief without molestation, the mob dispersed about three o'clock in the morning.

Mr Hutton, ignorant of the riot, slept that night at his house at Bennett's Hill, about two miles out of town. 'When I awoke the next morning,' he says, 'my servant told me what had happened. I was inclined to believe it only a report; but coming to the town, I found it a melancholy truth, and matters wore an unfavourable aspect; for one mob cannot continue long inactive, and there were two or three floating up and down, seeking whom they might devour, though I was not under the least apprehension of danger to myself. The affrighted inhabitants came in bodies to ask my opinion.' No precautions having been taken by the magistrates to quell the mob, it recommenced the work of destruction. The first victim was John Ryland, Esq., a dissenter, and a friend of Dr Priestley, but who had not, any more than the doctor, attended the obnoxious dinner. After destroying his house, the mob broke up into two, the one proceeding to Bordsley, a mile out of town, to burn the house of Mr Taylor, an influential gentleman of Birmingham; the other assembling in the New Street, and meditating an attack on Mr Hutton's premises. About noon, writes Mr Hutton, 'a person approached me in tears, and told me "my house was condemned to fall." As I had never, with design, offended any man, nor heard any allegations against my conduct, I could not credit the information. Being no man's enemy, I could not believe I had an enemy myself. I thought the people, who had known me forty years, esteemed me too much to injure me. But I drew from fair premises false conclusions. My fellow-sufferers had been guilty of *one* fault, but I of *two*. I was not only a dissenter, but an active commissioner in the Court of Requests. In the office of commissioner I studied the good of others, not my own. Three points I ever kept in view: to keep order, do justice tempered with lenity, and compose differences. Armed with power, I have put a period to thousands of quarrels, have softened the rugged tempers of devouring antagonists, and, without expense to themselves, sent them away friends. But the fatal rock upon which I split was,

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I never could find a way to let both parties win. Some of my friends,' he continues, 'advised me "to take care of my goods, for my house must come down." I treated the advice as ridiculous, and replied "*that* was their duty, and the duty of every inhabitant, for my case was theirs. I had only the power of an individual. Besides, fifty wagons could not carry off my stock-in-trade, exclusive of the furniture of my house; and if they could, where must I deposit it?" I sent, however, a small quantity of paper to a neighbour, who returned it, and the whole afterwards fell a prey to rapine.

All business was now at a stand. The shops were shut. The town prison, and that of the Court of Requests, were thrown open, and their strength was added to that of their deliverers. Some gentlemen advised the insurgents assembled in New Street to disperse; when one, whom I well knew, said: "Do not disperse; they want to sell us. If you will pull down Hutton's house I will give you two guineas to drink, for it was owing to him I lost a cause in the court." The bargain was instantly struck, and my building fell.

About three o'clock they approached me. I expostulated with them. "They would have money." I gave them all I had, even to a single halfpenny, which one of them had the meanness to take. They wanted more; "nor would they submit to this treatment," and began to break the windows, and attempted to seize the goods. I then borrowed all I instantly could, which I gave them, and shook a hundred hard and black hands. "We will have some drink." "You shall have what you please if you will not injure me." I was then seized by the collar on both sides, and hauled a prisoner to a neighbouring public-house, where, in half an hour, I found an ale score against me of 329 gallons.

Escaping at length from the clutches of the mob who were detaining him in the alehouse, Mr Hutton set out for his house at Bennett's Hill, which he reached about five o'clock, leaving his house in Birmingham to its fate; his son, Thomas Hutton, however, remaining in town to see what he could do to save it. His efforts were ineffectual. 'I learned,' writes Hutton, 'that after I quitted Birmingham, the mob attacked my house there three times. My son bought them off repeatedly; but in the fourth, which began about nine at night, they laboured till eight the next morning, when they had so completely ravaged my dwelling, that I write this narrative in a house without furniture, without roof, door, chimney-piece, window, or window-frame. During this interval of eleven hours, a lighted candle was brought four times, with intent to fire the house, but, by some humane person, was kicked out. At my return, I found a large heap of shavings, chips, and fagots, covered with about three hundredweight of coal, in an under-kitchen, ready for lighting.

'The different pieces of furniture were hoisted to the upper windows, to complete their destruction; and those pieces which

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survived the fall, were dashed to atoms by three bludgeoners stationed below for that service.'

But Mr Hutton's losses were not yet over. On reaching his house at Bennett's Hill the previous evening, he had made several applications to his neighbours to take in part of his furniture, fearing that the rioters, not content with destroying his house and premises in town, would soon follow him to Bennett's Hill. The neighbours to whom he applied were alarmed for the consequences to themselves of protecting the property of so obnoxious a person, and refused to receive it. Mr Hutton's fears that the mob would visit Bennett's Hill were but too well founded. Still unchecked by any decisive measures on the part of the magistracy, the mob began a third day of riot; and their first object of attack was Mr Hutton's country-house. 'Saturday the 16th,' writes Mr Hutton, 'was ushered in with fresh calamities to myself. The triumphant mob, at four in the morning, attacked my premises at Bennett's Hill, and threw out the furniture I had tried to save. It was consumed in three fires, the marks of which remain, and the house expired in one vast blaze. The women were as alert as the men. One female, who had stolen some of the property, carried it home while the house was in flames; but returning, saw the coach-house and stables unhurt, and exclaimed, with the decisive tone of an Amazon: 'Confound the coach-house, is not that down yet? We will not do our work by halves!' She instantly brought a lighted fagot from the building, set fire to the coach-house, and reduced the whole to ashes.'

It was not till late next day that the riots were suppressed by the arrival of the military from London; and in the meantime several other houses had been destroyed, and much additional damage done. On Monday the 18th, Mr Hutton, who, since the morning of the 16th, had been obliged to wander like a fugitive through the country, returned to Birmingham. 'My friends,' he says, 'received me with joy; and though they had not fought for me, they had been assiduous in securing some of my property, which, I was told, "had paved half the streets in Birmingham."

'Seventeen of my friends offered me their own houses; sixteen of them were of the Established Church, which indicates that I never was a party-man. Our cabinets being rifled, papers against government were eagerly sought after; but the invidious seeker forgot that such papers are not in use among the dissenters. Instead, however, of finding treasonable papers in mine, they found one of my teeth wrapt in writing-paper, and inscribed: "This tooth was destroyed by a tough crust, July 12, 1775, after a faithful service of more than fifty years. I have only thirty-one left." The prize was proclaimed the property of a king, and was conducted into the London papers, in which the world was told "that the antiquaries had sustained an irreparable injury; for one of the sufferers in the late riots had lost a tooth of Richard III., found in Bosworth Field, and valued at £300."

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The amount of loss sustained by Mr Hutton during the riots he estimated at £8243, 3s. 2d., exclusive of the loss resulting from the interruption of his business. The sum awarded to him as a compensation, in terms of an act of parliament passed after the riots, was only £5390, 17s.; and many of the sufferers fared even worse. 'It is inconceivable,' he writes, 'what trouble and anxiety we underwent in preparing for the trials to recover our lost property. Every obstacle of human invention was thrown in our way. I was induced to wish I had given up my claim, and lost all.'

'At the trials, every insult was offered to the sufferers that the malice of an enemy could contrive. The two judges, Baron Thompson and the Lord Chief Baron Eyre, were shocked at the foul treatment; and the latter remarked, that "he had never, in his whole life, seen so much rancour and ill-blood."

'The verdict of some of the sufferers,' he continues, 'did not cover the expenses of the suit. My part of the expenses of my own trial amounted to £884, 15s. 9d. The sum allowed was paid with as much reluctance as if the sufferers had destroyed their own property. It was two years before we received it; and I am of opinion that we never should have had it at all, but for the vigilance of Lord Aylesford and some of the county gentlemen.'

The Birmingham riots seem to have made a very keen impression on Mr Hutton's mind. He never speaks of them without evident feeling. He wrote a history of them about three weeks after their occurrence, which, however, was not published till it appeared in his Life.

'The cruel treatment,' he says, 'I had met with, totally altered my sentiments of man. I had considered him as designed to assist and comfort his species, to reduce the rough propensities of his nature, and to endeavour after perfection, though he could not reach it. But the return I met with, for having sacrificed nearly two days a week of my time, and no small portion of my talents, to the gratuitous service of the public, during nineteen years, convinced me that the nature of the human species, like that of the brute creation, is to destroy each other. These considerations determined me to withdraw from all public business, to spend the small remainder of existence with my little family, and amuse myself with the book and the pen.'

Acting on these resolutions, this pattern of a judge retired from the service of an ungrateful public. From the same cause, Dr Priestley, a man of whom England had great reason to be proud, left his country for America, where he pursued his chemical researches unmolested till the period of his death in 1804.

OLD AGE—RETIREMENT.

The struggling youth and thoughtful man was now in the decline of years, and, desirous of retiring from all active duties, at the end

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of 1793 he delivered over his business to his son, Mr Thomas Hutton, reserving his estates for his own use. From that period he resided generally at Bennett's Hill, walking in every morning to Birmingham to assist his son in the shop, and returning again in the evening. His wife, who had long been ailing, was now on her death-bed. 'My practice,' he writes, 'had long been to rise about five, relieve the nurse of the night by holding the head of my dear love in my hand, with the elbow resting on the knee. At eight I walked to business at Birmingham, where I stayed till four, when I returned. I nursed her till eight, amused myself with literary pursuits till ten, and then went to rest. January 23—I had left her as usual with the waker and my daughter, and had slept two hours. The sitter-up called me gently. I awoke in surprise. "Don't be frightened." "Is she gone?" "Yes." She had departed at half an hour past eleven. I arose. My dear treasure, whom they were preparing to undress, was laid upon the carpet. Grief stops the pen. The scene is affecting. I am undergoing a second death. I can stop the pen, but not the tear.'

Hutton's autobiography after this sad event consists of little except occasional notices of short journeys made by himself and his daughter, of purchases of land, &c. interspersed here and there with quaint humorous reflections. 'My year,' he writes in 1801, 'runs round like a boy who beats his hoop round a circle, and with nearly the same effect, that of a little exercise. I rise at six in summer, and seven in winter; march to Birmingham, two miles and a quarter, where my son receives me with open arms. I return at four o'clock, when my daughter receives me with a smile. I then amuse myself with reading, conversation, or study, without any pressure upon the mind, except the melancholy remembrance of her I loved; for, although six years are nearly passed since I lost her, yet her dear image adheres too closely ever to be forgotten, even for one day. How different my case from his who rejoices at nothing so much as the loss of a wife, except the liberty of procuring another! I am now in my seventy-ninth year.'

That same year he made a journey to the north of England to see the famous Roman wall, which crosses the island from the German Ocean to the Irish Sea; and the results of his antiquarian researches were published in a small volume. He made the journey entirely on foot; and, judging from his own account, his appearance must have been amusing. 'I was dressed,' says he, 'in black, a kind of religious warrant, but divested of assuming airs; and had a budget of the same colour and materials, much like a dragoon's cartridge-box or postman's letter-pouch, in which were deposited the maps of Cumberland, Northumberland, and the Wall with its appendages, all three taken out of Gough's edition of the *Britannia*; also Warburton's map of the Wall, with my own remarks, &c. To this little packet I fastened with a strap an umbrella in a green case,

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for I was not likely to have a six weeks' tour without wet, and slung it over that shoulder which was the least tired. A person of my appearance and style of travelling is so seldom seen upon the high-road, that the crowds I met in my whole journey viewed me with an eye of wonder and inquiry, as if ready to cry out: "In the name of the Father, &c. what art?" and I have reason to believe not a soul met me without a turn of the head to survey the rear as well as the front.'

Of this pedestrian excursion of Mr Hutton in his seventy-ninth year, his daughter, Mrs Catherine Hutton, gives the following lively and affectionate account in a letter to a friend. We introduce it, because it will help to make the reader familiar with the quaint and happy character of the man. 'Our summer excursion in 1801,' she says, was ardently wished for by both. My father's object was to see the Roman Wall; mine, the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. We talked it over by our fireside every evening the preceding winter. He always insisted upon setting out on foot, and performing as much of the journey as he should be able in the same manner. I made little objection to his plan, reserving myself for a grand attack at last.

'When the time drew near, I represented to my father that it was impossible he should walk the whole way, though I agreed with him that he could walk a considerable part: the only difference between us was, whether he should ride to prevent mischief, or *after* mischief was done. I besought him with tears to go as far as Liverpool in a carriage, and walk afterwards, as he might find it expedient; but he was inflexible. All I could obtain was a promise that he would take care of himself.

'I rode on a pillion behind the servant, and our mode of travelling was this: my father informed himself at night how he could get out of the house the next morning, before the servants were stirring. He rose at four o'clock, walked to the end of the next stage, breakfasted, and waited for me. I set out at seven, and when I arrived at the same inn, breakfasted also. When my father had rested two hours, he set off again. When my horse had fed properly, I followed, passed my father on the road, arrived before him at the next inn, and bespoke dinner and beds.

'My father was so careful not to be put out of his regular pace, that he would not allow me to walk by his side, either on foot or on horseback, not even through a town. The only time I ever did walk with him was through the streets of Warrington; and then, of my own accord, I kept a little behind, that I might not influence his step. He chose that pace which was the least exertion to him, and never varied it. It looked like a saunter, but it was steady, and he got over the ground at the rate of full two miles and a half in an hour.

'When the horse on which I rode saw my father before him, he

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neighed, though at the distance of a quarter of a mile, and the servant had some trouble to hold him in. He once laid the reins upon his neck, and he trotted directly up to my father, then stopped, and laid his head on his shoulder.

‘My father delivered all his money to me before we left home, reserving only a few pieces of loose coin, in case he should want on the road. I paid all bills, and he had nothing to do but walk out of an inn when he found himself sufficiently refreshed.

‘My father was such an enthusiast with regard to the Wall, that he turned neither to the right nor to the left, except to gratify me with a sight of Liverpool. Winander Mere he saw, and Ullswater he saw, because they lay under his feet; but nothing could detain him from his grand object.

‘When we had reached Penrith, we took a melancholy breakfast, and parted, with a tear half-suppressed on my father’s side, and tears not to be suppressed on mine. He continued his way to Carlisle; I turned westward for Keswick. After a few days’ stay there, I went back to Hest Bank, a small sea-bathing place near Lancaster, where we had appointed to meet.

‘While I remained at Hest Bank I received two scraps of paper, torn from my father’s pocket-book; the first dated from Carlisle, July 20, in which he told me he was soured in body, shoe, and stocking, and had just risen from a lodging among fleas. The second from Newcastle, July 23, when he informed me he had been at the Wall’s end; that the weather was so hot he was obliged to repose under hedges; and that the country was infested with thieves. But lest I should be under any apprehensions for his personal safety, he added, they were only such as demolished his idol, the Wall, by stealing the stones of which it was composed.

On the fifth morning after my arrival at Hest Bank, before I was up, I heard my father hem on the stairs. I answered by calling out “Father!” which directed him to my room, and a most joyful meeting ensued. He continued here four days, wondered at, and respected by the company. We set out on our return home in the same manner as before, and reached it in safety.

‘During the whole journey I watched my father with a jealous eye. The first symptom of fatigue I observed was at Budworth, in Cheshire, after he had lost his way, and been six hours upon his legs, first in deep sands, and then on pavement road. At Liverpool his spirits were good, but I thought his voice rather weaker. At Preston he first said he was tired; but having walked eleven miles farther to Garstang, he found himself recovered, and never after, to the best of my remembrance, uttered the least complaint. He usually came into an inn in high spirits, ate a hearty meal, grew sleepy after it, and in two hours was rested. His appetite never forsook him. He regarded strong liquors with abhorrence. Porter he drank when he could get it; ale and spirits never. He mixed

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his wine with water, but considered water alone as the most refreshing beverage.

'On our return, walking through Ashton, a village in Lancashire, a dog flew at my father and bit his leg, making a wound about the size of a sixpence. I found him sitting in the inn at Newton, where we had appointed to breakfast, deploring the accident, and dreading its consequences. They were to be dreaded. The leg had yet a hundred miles to walk in extreme hot weather. I comforted my father. "Now," said I, "you will reap the fruit of your temperance. You have put no strong liquors or high sauces into your leg; you eat but when you are hungry, and drink but when you are thirsty, and this will enable your leg to carry you home." The event shewed I was right. The wound was sore, and the leg round it was inflamed, as every leg under such circumstances must be; but it never was very troublesome, nor ever indulged with a plaster.

'From the time we parted at Penrith till we reached home, the weather was intensely hot. My father frequently walked with his waistcoat unbuttoned, and the perspiration was so excessive, that I have even felt his coat damp on the outside from the moisture within: his bulk visibly diminished every day. When we arrived at Wolsley Bridge on our return, I was terribly alarmed at this, and thanked God he had but one day more to walk. When we had got within four days of our journey, I could no longer restrain my father. We made forced marches, and if we had had a little farther to go, the foot would fairly have knocked up the horse! The pace he went did not even fatigue his shoes. He walked the whole six hundred miles in one pair, and scarcely made a hole in his stockings.'

Another publication besides the *Roman Wall*, and the consequence of the same excursion, appeared in 1801, entitled *Remarks on North Wales*. A rather amusing incident occurred in connection with this publication. 'The authors of the *Monthly Review*,' he says, 'criticising my tour through North Wales, bestow upon the work some encomiums, after which they remark: "We believe that this veteran traveller has at length taken a longer journey, the important details of which he will not transmit to us poor wanderers below." This occasioned the following:

"To the Authors of the Monthly Review."

MY DEAR FRIENDS—I learn from your *Review* for the last month that I was dead. I cannot say I was very sorry, though I had a great respect for the man. Your kind expressions will not be charged with insincerity, for praise is lost upon the defunct. You may as well, by these presents, bring me to life in your next, for till then, I cannot attain my former rank among the living. Your fiat musters my friends about me, some in tears; but all terminate with a smile. Others, as I walk the street, cast at me a significant glance, as if surprised to see me above ground, and uncertain whether the ghost

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or the body moves ; but a moment determines that the ghost holds its proper place. Three verses addressed to you, inoffensive as your own remark, will probably be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. I am, with sincere respect, yours, till a second death,

W. HUTTON.

From my Shades, at Bennett's Hill, near Birmingham, Aug. 13, 1807."

'In the next number the reviewers published my letter, with the following remark : 'We insert the above with much pleasure ; and as we have now a contradiction of the report to which we alluded, under our venerable friend's own hand, we will engage, if he requires it, never again to state an event which we hope is yet distant, till we have, in like manner, *his own certificate for it.*'"

Although now in his eighty-fifth year, Mr Hutton was a hale old man. 'At the age of eighty-two,' he says, 'I considered myself a young man. I could, without much fatigue, walk forty miles a day. But during the last six years I have felt a sensible decay ; and, like a stone rolling down a hill, its velocity increases with the progress. I have lived to bury two generations, and among them many friends whom I loved. I do not know, nor am known by any soul living prior to my twenty-seventh year. But although I barely live myself, I may have taught others to live. I was the first who opened a circulating library in Birmingham in 1751, since which time many have started in the race. I was the first who opened a regular paper warehouse in 1756 : there are now a great number. I was also the first who introduced the barrow with two wheels ; there are now more than one hundred. I may, in another view, have been beneficial to man by a life of temperance and exercise, which are the grand promoters of health and longevity. Some whom I know have been induced to follow my example, and have done it with success. I was never,' he says, 'more than twice in London on my own concerns. The first was April 8, 1749, to make a purchase of materials for trade, to the amount of three pounds ! the last April 14, 1806, fifty-seven years after, to ratify the purchase of an estate which cost £11,590 ! One laid a foundation for the other, and both answered expectation.'

The year 1812 concludes Mr Hutton's remarks on his own life ; he was now too feeble to use the pen. The circumstances of the last years of his life are recorded by his daughter, Mrs Catherine Hutton, a lady known in the literary world. 'My father,' she says, 'had lived to see himself twice in fashion in Birmingham. Till the riots, he was courted and respected. For some time after the riots he was insulted. He was now revered and admired. Two portrait-painters in Birmingham requested him to sit to them, and one of them placed his picture in the public library of the town.

'With strangers my father was never out of fashion. While he was able to walk to Birmingham, he was seated, during a great part

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of the day, on a bundle of paper, by the fireside of my brother's warehouse, which was facing the street door. This Mr Pratt called "Mr Hutton's throne." No day passed in which strangers were not observed to pass and repass several times, looking in, so as to leave no doubt that their object was to obtain a sight of the historian of Birmingham.

'In his ninetieth year, my father's strength and activity gradually diminished. He still walked to and from Birmingham; but he was a machine hard to set agoing, and, when going, not to be stopped. The end of his walk became a short run, in which he leaned forward in proportion to his velocity. In May he fell several times; but he was desirous to hide it from his family, because he feared that my brother and myself might endeavour to throw some obstacles in the way of his walking.

'On Tuesday the 5th of October, when my father wanted six days of completing his ninetieth year, he set out on his accustomed walk to Birmingham. When he had reached half-way, his strength began to fail. When he got into the streets, his helpless situation attracted the notice of numbers of people, who offered him their assistance. He was afraid he should have been overturned by their kindness, for a touch would have thrown him off his balance. He took the arm of one, and at length reached the paper warehouse, which now belonged to his grand-nephew, Samuel Hutton. He had been two hours in walking two miles and a quarter. On his return, he was lifted into his carriage by three men, and out of it by two. In both cases he was perfectly sensible, silent, passive, and helpless.

'I met my father at his gate, and, leaning upon me and a servant, he walked into the house. "Now," said he, bursting into tears, "I have done with Birmingham!" Too surely did I believe him, and most sincerely did I weep with him!

'My father had always a surprising facility in recovering from fatigue. Rest was sure to succeed it immediately, and the happy consequences of rest were soon visible.'

From this period Mr Hutton gradually sank, till the 20th of September 1815, when he died at the age of ninety-two. Regarding the character of this interesting man, we shall quote the concluding observations of his daughter. 'My father,' she says, 'has delineated his own character in the history he has written of his life. Little more remains to be said, and I hope that little will not be too much. I think the predominant feature in my father's character was the love of peace. No quarrel ever happened within the sphere of his influence, in which he did not act the part of a mediator, and endeavour to conciliate both sides; and I believe no quarrel ever happened where he was concerned, in which he did not relinquish a part of his right. The first lessons he taught his children were, that the giving up an argument was meritorious, and that having the last word was a fault. My father's love of peace made him

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generally silent on those inexhaustible subjects of dispute and animosity—religion and politics.

‘The few lessons of good-breeding that reached my father in early life were never forgotten by him. His friend Mr Webb had said: “Billy, never interrupt any person who is speaking.” My father was a patient hearer. He waited till his turn came; and frequently, in the clamour of a public table, his turn did not come, and what he had to say was lost. I never knew him make one of two persons speaking together. He did not begin till another had ended, and he stopped if another began.

‘My father’s conduct towards his children was admirable. He allowed us a greater degree of liberty than custom gives to a child; but if he saw us transgressing the bounds of order, a single word, and that a mild one, was sufficient to bring us back. He strongly inculcated the confession of an error. A fault acknowledged was not merely amended—in his estimation it almost became a virtue.

‘My father was an uncommon instance of resolution and perseverance, and an example of what these can perform. Another, I might almost say every other, would have sunk under supposed inability when he was falling to the ground, and would therefore have been irrecoverably in bed, while he was still walking. My father was so tenacious of his activity and independence, that he performed every one of his accustomed actions, till it was not possible for him to do it once more. I have no doubt that he prolonged his powers and his life by these exercises.

‘My father was nearly five feet six inches in height, well made, strong, and active; a little inclined to corpulence, which did not diminish till within four or five months of his death. From this period he became gradually thin. His countenance was expressive of sense, resolution, and calmness, though, when irritated or animated, he had a very keen eye. Such was the happy disposition of his mind, and such the firm texture of his body, that ninety-two years had scarcely the power to alter his features or make a wrinkle in his face.’





THE DESERTERS.

I.

IN the summer of 1812, a fine ship was holding her course in solitary pride through the blue waters of the South Atlantic. Though her sides were lofty, and she carried a heavy battery of guns, with a numerous crew, neither had her canvas the cut, nor her yards the squareness, of those of a man-of-war. She was, in truth, one of the richly freighted barks belonging to those merchant princes of the East, of whom it may be truly said that few monarchs rival them in power, and fewer still in wealth. Every sail was set below and aloft, with studding-sails on each side, to take advantage of the favourable breeze which was sending her along at the rate of nine knots an hour from the shores of England. Her course was towards that surge-beaten rock which rears its lofty summit, dark, rugged, and alone, from amid the ocean depths—the island of St Helena—a spot which was afterwards to become famous throughout the world as the prison and the tomb of the great wonder of his age, Napoleon.

It is difficult clearly to describe the scene which the Indianman presented, with her crowded cabins supplied with every article of luxury: the rich merchandise below; the stores of provisions; the dark berths of the seamen; the carpenters', blacksmiths', and tailors' shops; the cow-house; the sheep-pens and hen-coops; the kitchen,

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with its ever-active cook; the butcher and baker following their vocations; people moving in all directions; and the hum of voices heard from every part; these, with the dark line of guns lashed to her bulwarks on each side, the snowy hammocks in the nettings, the numerous boats, the clean decks, the ropes fastened down, the tall masts, the outspreading yards, the white sails, and the intricate tracery of the rigging, the whole forming a defined and familiar picture to a seaman's eye; but to a landsman, who has never beheld the like, appears an almost incomprehensible mass of confusion.

The glowing sun of the tropics, now approaching the horizon, was casting his burning rays from an unclouded sky in a shower of golden refulgence upon the dark blue waters which rose and fell in gentle undulations, merely rippled over by the playful breeze, but unbroken save where they curled and leaped round the bows of the majestic ship as calmly she parted them asunder, or where her steady track was marked by a lengthened line of snowy whiteness. Her decks were crowded with people: the after-part with the officers and cabin passengers, while on the fore-castle were collected the greater part of the crew; a few women—some natives of India, servants of the cabin passengers—and a considerable number of soldiers, mostly fresh recruits, for the service of the Company. The latter were raw youths, collected from all parts of the United Kingdom, of every sort of character and disposition, possessed of various degrees of education, and intended originally for different trades and professions, which many opposite motives had induced them to quit for the profession they had now adopted; and it was the duty of the older soldiers to amalgamate these very incongruous materials—a task not easy of accomplishment without the strictest discipline, firmness, and discretion, which last quality was too often neglected, with the most fatal results, as the following narrative will shew.

In those days it was the custom of the Company frequently to disembark their newly levied troops at St Helena, both to drill and discipline them, and to inure them to a tropical climate, before they were exposed to the hardships of actual warfare, as well as to make them take their turn in garrisoning the island; a duty which appears always to have been distasteful and irksome to the young soldiers, from the unvaried routine, the constant parades, and rigid subordination to which they were subjected, instead of beholding the wonders of the East, which they had been taught to expect.

II.

Two young men were pacing together the short space afforded them for a walk on the topgallant fore-castle—a small deck raised above what is called the upper deck, at the fore-part of a ship. They wore the military cap and undress uniform of the other recruits, though the manner in which they trod the deck shewed that they

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were accustomed to the sea, and there was that in their air and appearance which distinguished them from the rest of their comrades, and betokened them to be possessed of superior education. There appeared to be a slight difference in their ages, and the eldest therefore claims the first description. His figure was about the middle height, strongly built, with well-knit limbs, which gave promise of great bodily activity; his complexion was florid, with light closely curling hair, while his features were not only well formed, but would have been considered decidedly handsome and pleasing, had not fierce and unrestrained passions already stamped them with their indelible traces. His full gray eyes, when his feelings were unexcited, looked so calm and soft, that they appeared beaming with almost a woman's tenderness, but on the slightest opposition to his will, they instantly flashed with the angry blaze of his fiery temper; and his mouth, that more certain index of the disposition, betokened him to be a firm and fearless character, more likely to attempt leading others, than tamely to submit to dictation. The physiognomist examining his countenance would at once have pronounced him to be possessed of qualities which, if well directed, might raise him to the most elevated position, but which, were he left to his own devices, would too probably prove the cause of his complete destruction. Such was William Halliday.

He was the second son of a wealthy farmer in the north of England, whose property bordered the sea-coast. He had been sent to various schools, as well as to one of the northern universities, but had, although possessed of good abilities, been expelled from each on account of his determined resistance to all authority. At the same time that young Halliday was pronounced an incorrigible reprobate by his masters, he was beloved by his companions of the same age as himself for his kind and generous disposition. He was at all times the champion of those who were oppressed and unable to defend themselves: often, too, would he bear the punishment due to the faults of another boy, rather than betray him to his superiors. He was always the first to be accused when no other culprit could be found. The behaviour of his masters by degrees hardened his temper, and made him indifferent alike to punishment or applause. How little did his instructors imagine the ruin they were working in a noble fabric! whereas, by judicious management from the first, his faults would have been corrected, and his disposition unimpaired. Notwithstanding his general idleness, he had contrived to gain a considerable amount of information, and his indulgent father had hopes of his reformation. He listened calmly and leniently to his son's excuses for his behaviour, forgave him, and told him that he must henceforth make amends for his former wildness by assisting him diligently in his business. William promised, and intended to perform his promise, but the dull routine of a farmer's life was not at all to his taste; and though for a time he attended with tolerable

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regularity to his duties, he gladly flew to other pursuits on the slightest pretext. Living close to the sea-shore, he had from his boyhood been accustomed to pass much of his time upon the ocean, and had become, by constant practice, a bold and dexterous boatman. His delight was to steer a light skiff he claimed as his own, at early dawn, far out to sea, where, miles from land, he would remain all day, delighting in the wild solitude of the ocean, nor return till the sun warned him that evening was approaching. And often would he, in mere sport, dart through the heaviest breakers, where few would venture to follow. By his courage and experience, indeed, the crew and passengers of a large ship wrecked on the coast were preserved—a gallant act, which gained him the applause and respect of all who heard of it, as well as the gratitude of those whose lives, at the risk of his own, he had preserved.

As yet, William Halliday, with all his errors, had been free from crime. His trials had not yet come. He was not to escape the fiery ordeal of temptation; and who, without firm principles—guardian angels, ever watchful by his side—can hope to escape unscathed! Unhappily, he possessed not these; yet his thirst for excitement, and his love of enterprise, were the primary causes of his fall, rather than a vicious disposition. Had his father, instead of attempting to bring up one of his ardent temperament to the regular routine of his own profession, sent him at an early age to sea—where, while his peculiar failings would have been corrected by strict discipline, his desire for change would have been fully satisfied before it had gained overpowering strength—he might have escaped the peculiar temptations to which he was subjected. But such was not to be. Let his example prove a warning to others; and let other fathers and masters remember his fate, when they discover similar dispositions in their sons or pupils.

His love of the excitement to be found on the ocean caused young Halliday to become acquainted with all the seafaring men in the neighbourhood, some of whom were very bad characters. At that time the loose enforcement of the revenue laws gave encouragement to an extensive system of smuggling along all the coasts of England, and with many of the persons engaged in this illegal traffic he was consequently thrown in constant contact. Among the worst was a man of the name of Derrick, the owner of several smuggling craft. This man had long fixed his eye on young Halliday, calculating that he would be, from his intrepid character and social position, an able coadjutor in his plans. It was not long before he had an opportunity, of which he failed not to make use, of enticing the young man on board his cutter, and offering him a cruise to the coast of France. This offer was too willingly accepted, and frequently repeated; so that, although Halliday took no part in their business, he was completely committed with the smugglers, and very soon not only forgot the lawlessness of their proceedings, but by degrees,

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from assisting, he lent a hand in landing the goods from the vessel.

Young Halliday knew he was doing wrong, but he tried to persuade himself that, as he did not take any of the profits of these illegal transactions, he was not distinctly implicated. In this delusion he continued to associate with the contrabandists, and, as may be expected, was led from one thing to another, till he brought himself within the direct grasp of the law.

Early one morning, the party, in landing a cargo of goods, were attacked by the revenue officers; a scuffle ensued; blood was shed; several were wounded on both sides; and one man was cut down by Halliday, who forthwith fled from the fray—a murderer. Hurrying from the scene, he crossed the country on foot, met the mail going northward, and taking a seat on it, was carried to York. From this place he found his way to Hull, where he intended to ship as a seaman on board the first vessel about to sail; to what part of the world he cared not. As it happened, not one foreign-bound ship was likely to be ready for sea. He, however, found a vessel ready to sail for London, and in this he took his passage. The voyage lasted several days, during which young Halliday became acquainted with a person of indifferent character, who introduced him to parties still worse in London. Once put on a wrong track, it is inconceivable how quick is the progress to destruction. Halliday could not be called deliberately bad; but his impulses and his heedlessness had been equally injurious. Ere he had entered life, in the ordinary sense of the term, he was a ruined man. The consciousness of being a homicide, and that his character was altogether gone, impelled him to sink the deeper in guilt. He scarcely cared what came of him. In this state of mind, it is not to be wondered at that he took part in an enterprise which had for its object to rob a gentleman on his way home at night, and who was known to carry a considerable amount of valuable property on his person. This affair proved less advantageous than had been reckoned on. The gentleman to be waylaid was well armed, and on being suddenly set upon, shot one of the robbers in the breast. The others immediately fled. The wounded man was taken into an adjoining cottage, which, strange to say, proved to be one inhabited by his wife, whom he had cruelly deserted; and the scene which ensued may be more easily imagined than described.

The now doubly guilty Halliday felt that his life-hung by a single hair. Perhaps the wounded man, if able to speak, would reveal his name and residence. In this conjuncture he did what is probably done in many similar circumstances. Having exchanged his apparel for a common working-dress, and otherwise disguised himself, he enlisted into the army, or, as it chanced to be, the East India Company's service. In those days, few questions were asked about previous character, and a fine youth was not to be rejected. He was

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at once enlisted under a feigned name, and before many days elapsed, had joined the dépôt of the Company's regiments, whence in a few weeks he embarked for India.

III.

The young man whom we have mentioned as being Halliday's companion on board the ship had enlisted about the same time, but from different causes. Of a much less robust frame than Halliday, his figure would have conveyed the idea of activity, and no small power of endurance. Henry Hastings, as this youth was called, was the son of a clergyman, the rector of a small living on the south coast of England. Mr Hastings, after taking a high degree at Oxford, became a fellow of his college, where he continued to reside for some years, till he accepted the first living which fell in. Naturally of retiring manners, and possessing a poetical temperament, he had at no time mixed much in the limited society of the university, and with the world at large he was unacquainted. On his entering on the duties of his profession, he married an amiable young lady, who died in a few years, after giving birth to two children—a son and a daughter. So completely were the thoughts of Mr Hastings occupied with his scientific and literary pursuits, and with what he considered the duties of his calling, that he appeared totally to forget the necessity of attending to his worldly affairs, and to the education of his children. Fortunately for them, on the death of his wife, a widowed sister came to reside with him, and by her judicious management so corrected their failings, and excited their best qualities, that few more amiable or engaging children could be found. Julia Hastings grew up in time to be a lovely and charming girl, endued with good sense and talent, and a firmness of character which neither her father nor brother appeared to possess. Henry, though her senior by a year, had not, unfortunately, the settled principles, nor the determined spirit of his sister, though equalling her in amiability and a desire to do right, with even a more enthusiastic and romantic temperament. He had no vices, and many virtues, but they were all of a passive rather than of an active nature. Though books were his delight, his reading was too desultory and irregular to lead to any useful results; nor did any great improvement take place during the short time he was at the university. The only amusement in which, like most men of his age, he indulged, was sailing; and from his boyhood he had been accustomed to steer his light skiff over the dancing waves, and to manage her with considerable dexterity. It suited his romantic disposition. He loved to make excursions along the beautiful shores of his native county, to sail up its rivers, and visit its sheltered bays, till he almost fancied himself the explorer of new regions fertile and wealthy.

On Henry's return home, after keeping his first university term,

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he brought with him to the vicarage a friend, whom he had known from his boyhood; and certainly Lionel Ravenhurst did full justice to his discrimination of character, for a more attractive person in mind, manner, and appearance could scarcely be met with. He came to enjoy a few days' yachting, which Henry had promised him, but his visit was prolonged for several weeks. Each day that the weather was favourable, the friends spent upon the water, when Julia was their frequent companion; nor did her beauty and amiability fail to make a deep impression on the heart of their guest. At last he was compelled to leave them, to join his family abroad; and Julia only then began to discover how essential his presence was to her happiness.

Scarcely had young Ravenhurst gone, when Mr Hastings was taken alarmingly ill, and before many days had passed, he died, bestowing a blessing on his children, and expressing a hope that they would be in some manner provided for. What a blow was this to Henry and his sister! Both were thrown suddenly on new resources, and with little hope of successfully overcoming the difficulties that presented themselves. One of the first things which Henry did was to examine into the state of his father's affairs. To his consternation they were found in a very confused and embarrassed condition. His father had not consulted a rigorous prudence in giving him an expensive university education; and it would have been greatly more judicious, in the circumstances, had he placed his son in some useful profession. But regrets on these points were now useless. All that could possibly be realised for the family, including the aged aunt, was fifty pounds a year. Henry was overwhelmed with grief on his sister's account. For himself he felt not; but to leave one of so gentle a nature, and so gently nurtured, to the indifference of the world—to compel her to seek for subsistence in the capacity of a governess, to the irritating annoyances of unmannered children—the very thought was misery.

For some days his mind was in a state of anguish and uncertainty. At last his resolution was taken. He would devote all that remained of their father's property to the support of his sister, and he would seek his fortune in the world, and perhaps soon restore to her the luxuries she had lost. She, with her aunt, might thus in the meantime exist with some little comfort and independence.

The next morning, having packed up his clothes, he left a letter to his sister on the table in the sitting-room of the little cottage to which they had removed, detailing his intention, and what he had done for his support, and bidding her and his aunt farewell. He then, with an almost breaking heart, hurried from the door. Carrying his portmanteau on his shoulder, he walked some way to meet a coach going to London, where he purposed first to look out for employment. Weary and tired, he arrived there the next day, and then began to consider what he should do. He had already written

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to the few friends he possessed for introductions to people who might be of service to him in the metropolis. Some paid no attention to his request, others forwarded the introductions to the address he fixed on, but few expressed any great regret at his loss. At last, having received the letters, he set out to deliver them, but most of the people on whom he called were from home, and the rest asserted they had no means or influence to assist him. He then offered his services in various directions, and in various capacities for which he thought himself fitted; but from all those to whom he applied he received the same answer—the truth being, that in London there are always thousands of young persons needing situations, so that a new-comer cannot, or ought not to expect an opening for his services merely on making himself known. Besides, Henry had never been previously employed; and this of itself was enough to prevent him from being taken into any house of business.

At length, driven to desperation, and too proud to descend, as he considered it, to any humble kind of employment, he did that which was worse—he enlisted as a soldier in the service of the East India Company. A hurried and half-frantic note to his poor sister only informed her that he was about to leave the country for some time, and that she must not be alarmed if she did not hear from him for several months.

It appears to be customary for lads to change their names when they enlist. According to the feelings of educated Englishmen, there is a degradation in becoming a common soldier—a being sold, it may be said, for the best years of life to a state of privation, and with the most slender hopes of improvement in circumstances. Following this practice of entering the army under a feigned name, young Halliday called himself Hall, and Hastings adopted the name of Hardy.

IV.

Such were the two youths whom circumstances had degraded from their position to be soldiers, bound for a foreign clime. We left them walking on one of the higher decks of the vessel. What was their conversation?

‘A day or two more, and we shall reach St Helena,’ observed Hardy; ‘and our next move will be glorious India. Think of that, my dear fellow. Then for our first campaign, when we may hope to plant our feet on the steep ladder which leads to fame. Does not your heart beat quick in anticipation of the moment when, called from the ranks, an ensign’s commission is the reward of some gallant deed? How better far it is to feel that you have the power to carve out your own fortunes, instead of being beholden to the ungracious assistance of relations, or the cold charity of strangers!’

Hall looked earnestly at his friend for some time. ‘Hardy, I

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envy you,' he said at last. 'You always contrive to conjure up some bright vision of the future, while I can never look beyond the dark realities of the moment. I have sometimes thought that I should like to tear aside the thick veil which shrouds my fate, but no sooner has the idea occurred, than an indescribable horror has seized me, and, shuddering, I have plunged into some scene of excitement to drown the dreadful thought.'

'I am too little versed in philosophy to account for the feelings you describe,' returned Hardy; 'but I should think it is one you might by determination conquer.'

'Conquer it! I do. I trample it under foot. I defy its suggestions. But in spite of me, it will rise again and again during the moments of solitude or inaction, till I feel a fierce delight in dwelling on it.'

'Such are the freaks fancy often plays us, replied his friend. 'You are suffering from some cause you are not aware of, which affects your spirits. To-morrow will dissipate it, probably.'

'To-morrow!' muttered Hall. 'It is the to-morrow I dread. Sometimes I fancy that I shall never see our land of promise—India. Hardy, I would give thousands to know that I was to die bravely fighting amongst a host of enemies. But that I scarcely expect. I am a victim of despondent feelings. However, no more of that. We shall see what to-morrow brings forth.'

The morrow came. The glowing sun arose from his ocean bed, and directly ahead of the majestic ship appeared St Helena's lone rock, rearing the lofty heads of its rugged peaks high above the blue waves, which now leaped joyously at its base. To those long accustomed to gaze alone on the wide expanse of sea and the canopy of heaven, the dark rock, towering above the tall masts of the ship, appeared like some dreadful monster ascending from the ocean's unfathomed depths to destroy them. First rose to view the barren slopes and crags of the north side of the island, with the great Barn Rock and the cone of Flagstaff Hill, cold, rugged, and bare; but on a nearer approach, green fields, trees, and plantations shewed that the land was not quite a desert. Next were descried the church and houses of James Town, in their narrow valley, flanked on every side by strong batteries, and backed by a dark mass of woods. Coasting close in with the wall-like side of the island, a few tacks were made to reach the harbour, and the Indianan dropped her anchor before the town, under the guns of the forts. Scarcely had they arrived, when an order came on board to disembark the troops and their baggage, and to march them up to the barracks.

'What can this mean?' inquired Hardy of his friend as they were buckling on their knapsacks.

'Mean!' exclaimed Hall; 'that we are doomed to remain on this horrid rock till some other dupes come out to relieve us. I feared it would be so, but I hoped we might escape the punishment.'

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This information was correct. The recruits took up their quarters in the barracks, and in three days, their place on board the Indian-man being supplied by a few companies of well-disciplined and fully accoutred troops, she sailed on her voyage, to the great indignation of a considerable number of the young men. That ship never reached her destination. Whether she sunk beneath the ocean waves, was stranded on some distant shore, or was destroyed by fire, was never ascertained, for not a soul remained alive to tell her fate. Had the catastrophe been known, it might have proved an important lesson to those who murmured at their lot; but such was not to be. Constant drills, parades, mounting guard, and other military duties, was the daily routine, while the most rigid discipline was maintained among the men. The slightest fault was punished with unwavering severity; the halberts were in constant requisition; and too many were exposed to the ignominy of the lash. Hall and Hardy had hitherto escaped punishment. Their good conduct and attention to their duties seemed to place them above the chances of it; but this very circumstance seemed to excite the animosity of their captain more particularly against them.

It is to be hoped that there are not many such beings in the world as Captain Pieman: but some few there are, unhappily, both in the navy and army—the blight of those who serve under them—who take an actual delight in spiting the best men. ‘Eh, eh,’ said Captain Pieman one day to Hardy on parade, ‘you think yourself a fine fellow, I know; a bit of a gentleman, eh? but I’ll catch you tripping one of these days, and your dainty skin shall smart for it—so look out, my lad.’ Hardy bit his lip, but he knew his duty too well to answer a word to this brutal speech. Hall, who was near him in the ranks, heard the words; his eye flashed with fury, and he looked as if he would have sprung from his post and destroyed the petty tyrant. The captain, as he glanced along the ranks, observed the expression of his countenance. ‘I mark you, sirrah,’ he cried; ‘take care, or you will find the cat and your shoulders acquainted before long.’ Hall answered with a look of defiance, and from that moment he and his captain knew each other as deadly foes.

Week after week passed away; the cat did its work, and the recruits learned their drill; whether or not the punishment made them better soldiers, was afterwards to be proved. At length they began to look forward to being quickly relieved, and complaints became general at their long delay on the island. This feeling was still further increased by seeing several ships with soldiers pass on to India, and by a rumour that the regiment was to be detained permanently on the island. Not long before this, the troops in St Helena had broken out into open mutiny, when some of the men, led on by a sergeant, attacked the castle, a building on the sea-wall, where the governor was residing, and entering his apartments, hewed him to pieces with their swords. As soon as they had perpetrated

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the murder, they embarked in some boats they had secured, and succeeded in getting on board an American ship, which conveyed them safely to the United States, where they were numbered among the citizens of the republic. Notwithstanding this dreadful circumstance—for the mutiny originated from the same cause as the present dissatisfaction—the like system was pursued, the only difference being a stricter discipline and more constant watchfulness than had hitherto been exercised.

Some months thus passed wearily and grudgingly on, and the tyranny of Captain Pieman became insupportable. He had succeeded in his diabolical vow of bringing most of the men under his command to the halberts, but the two friends had hitherto escaped his malice. At last, Hall, grown discontented and unhappy at the state of inaction in which he was kept, resorted to the dangerous expedient of drowning his cares in liquor, and was before long detected by his captain in a state approaching to intoxication. Condemnation to be flogged soon followed. Hall bore the infliction of his sentence with unflinching fortitude, but the feeling of his degradation entered into his soul. He could not recover his spirits; the gaiety of his manner had gone for ever. He became sullen and morose; nor could his comrades, who were hardened to the punishment, and could not comprehend his feelings, rouse him to activity. In the meantime, Hardy, who, by his excellent conduct and rapid progress towards a perfect knowledge of all military duties, had won the respect of all his officers except Pieman, was to have been made a corporal, and his future advancement was prognosticated by many, when an event occurred which blasted all his brightening prospects.

V.

One day when Hardy's turn to relieve guard was not to come round till the evening, he left James Town, to enjoy a short ramble over the island. He wandered on for miles, thoughtless of how time sped. The sun and the surrounding heights served him for landmarks, and he felt certain that he could not lose his way; but unexpected circumstances combined against him. His watch had stopped, so he mistook the hour; suddenly clouds collected round the summit of Diana's Peak; the sky was overcast, deluges of rain came down; he ran for shelter beneath a rock; his landmarks were obscured, and he lost his way. He wandered about without being able to find it; darkness came on, increasing his difficulties; and it was not till late at night that, hungry and tired, he reached the town. The first person he encountered on approaching the barracks was Captain Pieman, who was returning tipsy from a party.

'What soldier is out of bounds at this hour?' asked the captain

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in his usual harsh tones. Hardy gave his name, and explained the cause of his irregularity.

'Oh, that's the reason, is it—eh? Let me tell you, my fine fellow, these excuses will not go down with me.—Here, sergeant of the guard, keep this man under arrest,' he called out.

'I speak the truth, Captain Pieman,' urged Hardy in a respectful tone.

'What! You dare contradict me?' exclaimed the exasperated officer. 'You shall pay for this to-morrow, depend on it.'

Hardy uttered not another word, but, as he was marched off by the guard, he heard the captain vowing vengeance on his head. He passed the night in a miserable state, but his conscience was clear of wrong, and he hoped that, on giving an explanation of the circumstances, he should be acquitted. With the morning, however, came an aggravation of the difficulties of his position; for a report reached his ears that a robbery had, during the evening, been committed on a farm-house in the neighbourhood of James Town by a party of men, among whom a soldier of the garrison had been observed. The result of the investigation may have been anticipated. The charges of neglect of duty, insubordination and insolence to a superior, were proved. The lofty-minded, romantic, and delicately nurtured Hardy was condemned to receive a hundred lashes; and though no proofs of his having been concerned in the robbery could be adduced, the stigma of suspicion remained attached to his name. The following morning was to see the consummation of his misery and disgrace, and as he lay on his rough pallet in the dark room which served as the prison of the barracks, how bitter were his thoughts, how acute the anguish of his mind! 'Have all my bright aspirations come to this?' he mentally exclaimed. 'Do thus end all my hopes of glory? From henceforth to be pointed at as a disgraced man, whose back is scored with the lash: to be suspected of theft! Death were surely preferable! Can I possibly endure it, and live?'

His spirit and frame were both alike exhausted by the contention going on within, and he sunk at length into a disturbed slumber. He had not slept long, when he started, from feeling a hand placed on his shoulder, and looking up, he beheld the face of Hall gazing earnestly at him, his features stern and fierce. An officer's cap was drawn over his eyes, and a cloak was thrown over his shoulders, beneath which appeared his side-arms and a brace of pistols, while in his hand he carried a dark lantern. Placing his fingers on Hardy's lips, to impose silence, he made signs to him to follow. Hardy mechanically obeyed; for so confused were his senses, that he had no time to reflect on what he was about to do. As he passed the door, he saw no sentinel to oppose his progress, nor at a second post did any one appear. At the end of a passage a window stood open, looking over the edge of a cliff. Hall now, for the first time addressing

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him, whispered in his ear that a rope-ladder was secured to the sill, by which he must descend. 'Hold on tightly, and never let go till you find your feet on firm ground. There's not a moment to lose, as you value my life and your own; if you do not, you destroy me, for I can tell you I will never be taken alive.'

Hardy felt the appeal, and did as he was desired. Descending the rope-ladder through the pitchy darkness, his hands knocking against the rough cliffs, not knowing where he was to find himself, with the risk every instant of discovery, he reached the bottom, where he was soon afterwards joined by Hall, who hurriedly informed him that they were outside the fortress, with a path before them leading down to the water's edge.

'I have no time for explanations,' answered Hall to Hardy's eager inquiries. 'Trust to me, and you are safe. A boat is in readiness to carry us beyond the reach of our enemies. Come on.'

With these words he seized his comrade's hand, and led him rapidly onwards. They proceeded thus for half a mile or more along a narrow track by the side of the cliff, till, descending, they heard the ripple of the water on the rocks close to their feet, and turning an angle of the cliff, perceived a boat, with several men in her, in a little bay on the shore of which they stood.

'All's right,' said Hall. 'And now, Hardy, I have done my duty to you. I have an affair of my own to attend to; I would not miss it for the wealth of India, which was once to be ours.' And he uttered a low laugh. 'It will cause some delay, but that cannot be avoided. The men cannot go without me, for they do not know how to navigate the boat: you, therefore, Hardy, must act as their captain. If I do not return within an hour, stand off in a south-westerly course, till you calculate you have run out of sight of the island: the others will explain the rest. Now step into the boat: keep all silent. Good-bye.'

Saying this, he made Hardy take his seat in the stern-sheets of a large boat, and hurrying off, was immediately lost sight of in the darkness.

A few words must serve to explain the cause of Hardy's liberation. Some evenings before, while drinking in a tavern with some of his comrades, Hall had encountered the master of an American merchantman, who persuaded him and the rest to run off with a boat, promising to pick them up in his brig when out of sight of land, at an appointed spot, and to carry them to America. Hall, determining not to leave his friend behind, made arrangements to free him, which, as we have seen, were thus far successful. He then hurried back, at the risk of his life, to wreak his vengeance on Captain Pieman, who he knew was living in a remote part of a barrack by himself. What were the nature of the injuries he inflicted, may perhaps be afterwards mentioned. It is sufficient here to say that he added another to his already accumulated transgressions.

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VI.

Some time had elapsed after Hardy found himself seated in the boat before his senses were sufficiently collected to enable him to consider, with any approach to calmness, the act he was about to commit. He was on the point of becoming the character which of all others a soldier detests the most—a deserter. True, he was a prisoner, unjustly condemned to suffer an ignominious punishment, and suspected of a crime from which his soul revolted ; but notwithstanding all this, he doubted whether he had a right to desert his colours, to abandon his country, and to become the citizen of another, often at enmity with his own. He could no longer console himself with the reflection that, happen what might, he had performed his duty ; from henceforth he would be ashamed to meet the eye of a Briton ; no more could he see the land of his birth and his dearly loved sister, but he was an exile wanderer among strange people. The thought was anguish. After waiting some time, the other men began to be alarmed at the non-appearance of Hall, and to express in low murmured tones their dissatisfaction at the delay. Chagrined at the detention, they had already made a pull from the shore, when Hall made his appearance, and they returned to take him on board. As soon as the boat touched the rocks, Hall sprang into her.

‘The last time my feet shall touch that sterile shore ; and now give way. When we are clear of the land, we will make sail. I am sorry for having detained you, but I am avenged ;’ and with a low hysterical laugh he threw himself back in the stern-sheets of the boat, and grasped the helm. ‘Give way !’ he cried ; and the men bending to their oars, the boat turned again from the shore.

The night was most lovely. There was no moon, but myriads of stars glittered in the dark blue firmament, and reflected their light upon the mirror-like waters, while, sheltered by the lofty cliffs, the north-westerly wind which blew scarcely rippled their shining surface, and as the boat clove her way through them, urged on by the fear-impelled arms of the soldiers, her track was marked by a bright phosphorescent light, which played also round the bows, and on the oar-blades as they were dipped in beneath it, scattering a shower of drops, sparkling like diamonds, as they rose above it. Ahead of the boat was the boundless expanse of ocean ; behind her arose, dark and frowning like some mighty demon of the waters, the towering cliffs of St Helena.

For some time not a word had been uttered. ‘What are we about ?’ said Hardy, at last breaking silence.

‘We are escaping from slavery and tyranny, and going towards a land of freedom.’

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'I wish I could persuade myself that we had done right,' said Hardy. 'Nonsense!' answered Hall in an angry tone. 'Regrets are ill-timed. Think what you would have had to undergo this very morning had you remained.'

Hardy was silenced, but not convinced that he was acting rightly. The other six men whom Hall had persuaded to desert with him were discontented characters, most of whom had undergone frequent punishment—men with little or no education or sensitive feelings, but daring and fearless, and fit for any hazardous exploit. They had all come provided with arms, determined, should any boat be sent in chase of them, to resist to the last. They knew the danger of their undertaking, and every instant they fancied they could distinguish some vessel in pursuit, but each time the sail they conjured up faded from their sight. Then they declared they could hear the splash of oars in the distance, and redoubled their efforts, Hall encouraging them; for he knew full well the hot pursuit that would be made when their escape was discovered.

A fresh breeze springing up, they hoisted their lug-sail—the only one with which the boat was furnished—and laying in their oars, ran quickly down towards the spot where the American captain had undertaken to pick them up. As the morning broke, the rock of St Helena appeared like a speck on the ocean; while shortly afterwards, between them and the land, the white canvas of a tall ship glanced in the beams of the rising sun.

'We are fortunate,' exclaimed Hall, as his eye caught the welcome sight. 'Our friend is better than his word. He promised to be up with us by mid-day, and we shall be on board him long before that.'

'He must have got under weigh before daylight to be where he is,' observed Hardy, who had been intently watching the sail.

'Mayhap she is some craft sent to look after us,' said Jackson, one of the most intelligent of the party.

'No, no; she's the American, depend on it,' persisted Hall.

Hardy had for some time kept his eye on her. 'She is not standing this way at all,' he exclaimed; 'she is beating up for the island, depend on it.'

'Well, then, we shall have to wait rather longer than we expected,' said Hall.

'No matter; we've plenty of food on board; and so, shipmates, to breakfast say I,' exclaimed Jackson. 'My pull has sharpened my appetite, I can tell you.'

The proposal was acceded to without a dissentient voice, and the deserters set to work on their slender stock of provisions, and feasted merrily.

'We've enough for three or four days,' observed Jackson; 'and as the American skipper undertook to find us in victuals, I see no use in hoarding it up.'

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'The brig may possibly be detained for a day,' said Hall, who had his reasons for not wishing to expend their provisions too rapidly. 'The captain told me so the last time I saw him; but if it were to come on thick, you know he might be some time in picking us up.'

The rest of the men, without inquiring further, promised to be more economical in future, and stretched themselves as well as they could along and over the thwarts to go to sleep. But neither Hall nor Hardy could rest. They pondered on the hazard of their present undertaking, their punishment and disgrace if captured, the hardships they must endure should the American miss them—perhaps their complete destruction. Should they even succeed in reaching the United States, could they hope to be received by honourable men in the rank of society to which they aspired? Their eyes were constantly turned towards the small speck in the horizon from whence the friendly ship was to come, but not a sail appeared. The sun rose high in the sky, his burning rays darting down on their unprotected heads; he reached the meridian, and gradually again descended towards the west, but no succour appeared. The men awoke one after the other, and lazily lifting up their heads, inquired if there were any signs of the American, but hearing that not a sail had appeared, again went to sleep. Thus passed the day; but when the sun was seen to dip beneath the waves, the whole party roused up, and again attacked the provisions, wondering what cause could have delayed the promised succour. Hall's statement, however, satisfied them, and they prepared to pass the night in the best way they could. He and Hardy were now at length overcome with fatigue and anxiety, and Jackson undertaking to keep a look-out, they threw themselves down to snatch a few hours' sleep.

Hardy slept soundly, and awoke refreshed; but as Jackson watched his comrade's features by the dim light of the stars, they appeared frightfully distorted, as if in agony; his hands frequently clutched convulsively at the air, and deep groans and broken exclamations escaped his bosom. Jackson was a brave fellow, but when Hardy awoke, he told him that he was frightened to look any longer at Hall, and could not go to sleep for thinking of what he had seen and heard. Again the glorious sun arose, and once more the deserters' eyes were gladdened by the sight of a sail about three miles off between them and the land. 'Here she is at last!' cried Jackson. The exclamation aroused Hall from his sleep. He sprang up on the after-thwart, and looked anxiously out. His gaze was long and steady; then dropping his hand, he sunk down again into his seat. 'No!' he exclaimed; 'she is a schooner, and beating up for the island. She must have passed us in the night.'

Disappointment sat on every brow, and groans burst from the lips of some, at their ill luck. 'Not the brig!' ejaculated Hardy. 'The American has played us false,' cried one. 'The villain! to entice

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us out here to let us starve,' exclaimed another. Such were the expressions which went round from mouth to mouth for some time, till as the sun, rising higher in the sky, cleared away the mists of the early morn, the man who first made her out uttered a shout of joy : 'The brig—the brig !' he exclaimed.

'If she is the brig, she is more lofty than the American,' observed Hall, after watching her attentively for some time. 'I suspect she's the *Firebrand* brig of war, which came into harbour two days ago, and that she is sent to look after us.'

On hearing this opinion, consternation took possession of the hearts of most of the men.

'Well, what are we to do, Hall?'

'Keep out of her sight in the best way we can,' he answered. 'There is no great difficulty in doing so. If we stand away to the northward till the brig of war passes this, and then if we lie close when she comes anyway near us, a hundred to one she steers within a mile of us without making us out.'

'But suppose the American should not find us, what is to become of us?' urged one.

'For my part, I'd rather the man-of-war picked us up than run the risk of starving,' observed another.

'And be shot for deserters !' exclaimed Hall. 'Mark me ! you said you would stand by me if I would assist you to escape. I have kept my word ; and the first man who attempts to signalise the king's ship, I will shoot him dead. I care not what happens, for I have determined never to fall alive into the hands of our tyrants. You know me, my friends, by this time, and may guess that I am likely to keep my word.'

This speech silenced for a time the open discontent of the five men ; for neither Hardy nor Jackson had made any complaint, and were rather inclined to side with his propositions. The lug was accordingly hoisted, and, close-hauled, they stood away to the north, increasing the speed of the boat with the oars. Hall had taken the precaution on the night of starting to have the boat painted on the outside with white, so that she might appear at a little distance to be merely the sparkling foam on the summit of a wave—a device to which he had often seen the smugglers resort to escape detection. Onward came the ship, her topsails and courses appearing one after the other, as if rising from the waves. She steered a course directly for the spot where they before had been. Hall and Hardy watched her movements with intense anxiety. Should she be looking for them, what chance had they of escaping the vigilance of her active crew ? and probably, they thought, her boats would be sent out to scour the ocean in every direction round. 'We must lower the sail, and keep ourselves close, or we shall be seen,' said Hall. 'Now remember my hint !'

The sail was accordingly lowered, and the men, sitting down at

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the bottom of the boat, peered over the gunwale towards the man-of-war. For some time she stood steadily on, then suddenly altered her course to the northward. They gave themselves up for lost; but she might not yet have seen them. Hall drew his pistols, and examined their priming. Hardy endeavoured, speaking in a low whisper, to deter him from his purpose of not surrendering with life; but in vain. His proposals drove him almost to madness. Hardy himself felt almost resigned to his fate. He wished not to live, but his religion taught him to fear to lift his hand against himself. As the last moment of liberty seemed to approach, all held their breath in an agony of suspense. In an instant there was a revulsion of feeling. The brig of war suddenly altered her course; her sails were braced sharp up on the larboard tack, and away she stood to the eastward.

VII.

The retreat of the vessel, which, going before a fresh breeze, was soon out of sight, caused the deserters to congratulate themselves on their narrow escape. They now took their morning meal, for they had been too much occupied to think of eating; and then again hoisted their sail, and ran back to the spot where they expected the American brig to pick them up. Their eyes followed the ship as she stood away to the eastward, till she was lost in the distance; but whether she was in search of them or not, it was impossible to say. All day they watched eagerly, scanning the line of the blue sea, which seemed to cut across the peaks of the far-distant rock, but no sail appeared above it to cheer their hearts. Slowly the day dragged on; the deserters attempted to lighten the time by conversation, but a few sentences only were exchanged: they were too anxious to talk. The evening closed like the former one—in bitter disappointment. The night passed in anxious doubts and fears, and another sun rose over the heads of the misguided men. In vain, as soon as light came over the world, they scanned the horizon for the wished-for ship: not a sail dotted the sea. All was blank and dreary. The eyes of the rest were turned towards Hall with reproving glances. He knew their thoughts, and felt the silent and merited reproof. He saw that some strong measure must be taken, or they would remain there till almost starved; and then they would be compelled to return to the island.

‘Comrades!’ he said, ‘I can no longer doubt that some accident has prevented the American from sailing. Perhaps some one has given information to the governor that the captain was to pick us up, and if so, when he does sail, his movements will be watched, and we shall be taken to a certainty if we remain longer here. What say you?’

‘What Hall says is very likely to be true,’ observed some of the men to each other.

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'Why, it is likely enough ; but where shall we go?' they asked.

'I have already said that I, for one, would never return alive to St Helena : but I have to make a proposition, to which I hope all will agree. Some distance from this there is, to the north-west, an island called Ascension' (he was afraid to say how many hundred miles). 'It is very small, but as it rises high out of the sea, it can be observed at a long distance off. The shores abound with fine turtle, which are very easy to catch, and we shall be able to procure all sorts of food to recover our strength, for we must live on short commons till we get there ; and we shall there also be able to lay in a store of provisions to carry us over to America, if we cannot find a ship bound in that direction. Are all agreed?'

The men consulted for some time together, and at last came to the resolution of agreeing to what Hall proposed. It must be remarked that, from the first, both Hall and Hardy had taken that position which their superior education and intelligence claimed, and had been looked on by the rest in the light of officers, though no formal respect was paid to them as such. Before shaping their course for Ascension, they examined into the state of their provisions, when they found that, with the strictest economy, eating merely enough to sustain life, they should have sufficient to last them for a week or ten days, by which time Hall calculated they would reach Ascension.

'Now remember the risk we run should it come on to blow,' said Hall. 'I don't want to conceal it from you, but for my part I prefer death to slavery.'

'So do we all,' exclaimed the rest. 'Then on to Ascension !'

The sail was hoisted, Hall took the helm, and shaping their course, the ill-fated boat stood away for Ascension. The weather proved uncommonly fine, and the wind shifted round more to the westward, so they made good way through the water. Besides Hall, Hardy and Jackson were the only ones who could steer by compass, so that they were obliged to relieve each other ; and this giving them occupation, prevented them from dwelling so constantly on their condition. The other men passed most of their time asleep at the bottom of the boat ; but it was dreary work, and soon they began sensibly to feel the want of their accustomed food and the scarcity of water ; for Hall, who well knew that their only chance of living was by maintaining the strictest discipline, kept all the provisions in the after-part of the boat, serving out the daily rations with the greatest care. Day after day was the same : around them the heaving sparkling sea ; above, the deep blue sky and the hot sun, which, darting his fierce rays on their heads, seemed to scorch up their very life's blood.

Six long days had thus passed. The seventh came, and Hall asserted that on the morrow Ascension would be in sight. The dawn of the eighth day arrived : every eye, bloodshot with the heat

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and glare of the sun, was strained to the utmost, as the light increased, to catch sight of the wished-for shore; but they looked in vain—no land was to be seen; and with cries of disappointment, they sunk down in their seats.

'We must have come along slower than I thought we had,' said Hall, anxious to encourage the rest, though dreadful misgivings crossed his own mind.

'Can we have passed it?' said Hardy to him in a whisper.

He answered with a look which shewed that in his own bosom he thought the suspicion correct. 'To-morrow we must reach the island,' he exclaimed aloud. 'We will run on all day, and lie to at night.'

They did as Hall proposed, but no appearance of land cheered their sight that day; and the scanty remainder of their provisions would only support their lives three or four days longer. The night passed as many others had done: some of the men lay groaning at the bottom of the boat with hunger; others blamed Hall for leading them into this dreadful predicament; while he, when he closed his weary eyes in slumber, appeared visited by the most appalling dreams. With a terrible shriek he awoke, and starting up in the boat, gazed around with looks of the wildest horror.

'What has alarmed you, my friend?' asked Hardy, taking his hand.

'Nothing—nothing!' he answered unconsciously. 'Did I say nothing? Was it a mere sleeping vision, or some dreadful reality? O Hardy! tell me, my friend, did you see no one? Did you hear no words of terrific import? O no; you could not, or you would have felt, like me, inclined to leap beneath the dark waves, and so end my ill-fated life and all my woes together! But what am I talking about? I am wandering in my mind—speaking sheer nonsense;' and he broke forth into a wild hysterical laugh.

Hardy endeavoured to calm him, and as the dawn appeared, his spirits became more tranquil; but with the returning light, despondency took possession of the bosoms of the rest, for all around was the boundless sea and the blue vault of heaven. No signs of land appeared on either side. They sailed on till noon, in the faint hope of yet reaching the island, when Hall, after consulting with Hardy, announced to his comrades his conviction that they must have missed it altogether. This information was received with sullen apathy by some, and fierce anger by others, each throwing the blame of what they had already suffered, and what they might have to undergo, on Hall. He bore their rebukes manfully.

'Of your own free will you came, and nothing have I done without consulting you,' he answered. 'If you suffer, so shall I; and in no way have I fared better than you; bearing, too, all the care and responsibility on my own shoulders. I will not conceal the perilous condition we are in; but we have still a chance of falling in with a

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ship from some part of America, or we must endeavour to reach the coast of the New World in the best way we can. I put it to the vote. If anybody can propose a better plan, let him say so.'

'I agree with Hall; such is our only chance,' said Hardy.

'And I,' said Jackson.

'And I—and I—and I,' exclaimed the others; and their course was once more altered in the proposed direction.

VIII.

The most indifferent could not but feel the hazard of their position. Were they to the eastward of Ascension, they might still have some hopes of falling in with it; but if not, a run of many hundred miles was before them, with provisions barely sufficient to sustain life for the space of two days longer. Hall assured the rest that they were likely to fall in with some ship which would at all events supply them with provisions; but his tones contradicted his words. The severe privations to which they were subjected had begun to tell upon all the party except Hall, whose bold unflinching spirit seemed to defy their power; his mental energies and physical strength both remained unimpaired. He had provided himself with a small map of the world, by which he found that, steering due west, they should reach near some of the Portuguese settlements, either Pernambuco or Bahia, from whence he proposed that they should find their way to the United States. 'Only let us get somewhere,' said one of the men, 'and then we'll talk of what we will do afterwards.'

The men had become fretful and sullen for want of food, and of water they had barely sufficient to wet their parched tongues, for not a drop of rain had fallen to replenish their store of that precious article. What a scene of misery did the boat with its forlorn crew now present! Placed in the midst of the wide Atlantic, a world of unbroken waters all around, provisions and water gone, no friendly hand to save, and perhaps, worst of all, each of the sufferers was less or more oppressed with remorseful feelings. The sophistry which led them to desert was now seen in all its deformity. They felt that, having undertaken a duty by a solemn engagement, they were bound to have fulfilled it at all hazards. In short, the greater number wished they had never quitted St Helena. But such wishes came too late.

Another day came, and as the provisions were served out, the men saw that, before many hours more had passed, there would be nothing wherewith to satisfy their gnawing hunger. But why dwell longer on what must have been long foreseen? At last the day arrived when they were *without food*. Slowly, and in silence, they ate their last mouthful; every man shared alike; and then they gazed vacantly into each other's eyes, and thought of *the morrow*. That dreadful morrow came. The sun rose red and hot, scorching

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up the remnant of moisture which existed in the emaciated frames of the wretched men. There they sat in their places more like spectres than living men, while the boat ran buoyantly and gaily over the dancing waves, conveying them whither they scarcely knew, except yet deeper into the vast expanse of the desert ocean, where food there was none. Yes; they felt that it was conveying them to death—death in its most appalling form—death by famine. What mockery it seemed as the boat bounded onward, as the glorious sun shone from out of the pure blue sky, and the clear sea sparkled brightly in his beams! Hope itself became faint within the breasts of all.

Towards the evening of that day, one of the men, with his dim staring eyeballs, observed something dark floating ahead of the boat; they steered towards it. 'A turtle—a turtle!' was the cry. Eagerly they hung over the side of the boat to grasp it in their arms, while one attempted to strike it on the head, for they had no other means of catching it; but, like the phantom of a dream, ere they reached the spot it sunk from their sight, and with a cry of bitter disappointment they fell back in the boat. Another and another appeared to tantalise their hopes; while now a troop of porpoises, with curved backs, would leap from the water, to remind them that abundance was on every side, but not for them. Then a flight of tropical birds would pass over their heads, but none approached within their reach. Their eyes were hollow and grim; their tongues were parched; their voices sounded faint; they glared at each other with a strange and terrific expression. What dreadful thoughts were now passing through their minds! Each man looked at his fellow in silence ominous of ill. The day ended with groans, and in tears passed the sad night. Hall's strength seemed unabated; Hardy also bore up, supported by a courage he knew not that he before possessed. Some of the men had been whispering together during the night. It was scarcely day. The cold pale light of dawn threw into deeper shade the hollows of their sunken cheeks and eyes; these gave tokens of their sufferings. They sat upright. A sepulchral voice called Hall by name. He started up from the slumber into which he had lately fallen while Hardy was steering; he looked wildly around.

'Who calls me?' he asked.

'Food—food!' was uttered by several of the men.

'There is none!' was the disheartening reply. Every one knew that this was the case. Again there was a prolonged silence.

'We must eat!' exclaimed one.

'There is no food!' again answered their leader.

'Then some one must die to feed us!' shrieked forth a soldier with accents almost supernatural. No one answered this dreadful proposal. Each man seemed to be conning it over in his thoughts. Their hearts sunk within them—their breath grew thick. Suddenly

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an unearthly cry arose of 'Lots—lots!' They said no more; each man fully comprehended the resolve of his neighbour. Again they sat staring at each other.

'I protest against it!' cried Hardy. 'Heaven may yet send us aid.'

'And I too,' said Jackson.

'The majority are for it,' exclaimed the rest.

'Be it so,' said Hall in a solemn voice. 'We might yet exist another day, but I will not vote.'

'Food—food!' cried the others, glaring at those who opposed them. 'If we cannot have it by fair means, we will by foul;' and they seemed as if they were about to rush on Hardy.

'You will not consent to wait?' said Hall.

'Food—food!' was the dreadful response.

Without again speaking, Hall cut a piece of rope into eight uneven lengths, and throwing them into a hat together, the dreadful ceremony began. Who could venture to paint the countenances of those wretched men?

'I suppose,' said Hall, 'he who draws the *shortest* piece of rope must suffer for the rest? Shall it be so?'

'Agreed—agreed!' cried the men.

The lots were accordingly drawn, each man looking away as he dipped his hand in the hat. A loud cry escaped from Hall's lips—he had drawn the shortest length. An awful silence ensued. Then starting up, and drawing a pistol from his belt, Hall broke into a hysterical laugh. The true, the haughty spirit of the man shewed itself.

'Fools!' he exclaimed, 'do you think I, who am the strongest, with more of life in me than all together possess, will die to save your worthless lives? He who moves, that instant dies!' Then he stood firm and strong in the stern-sheets of the boat, his weapons pointed towards the heads of his comrades. They cowered before him. Suddenly a new temper came over him. Hurling his pistols from him into the deep ocean, he sunk down into the bottom of the boat, and hiding his face in his hands, his bosom heaved convulsively. Oh, with what bitter anguish was his mind racked! No one disturbed him. It might have been a kindness had they then slain him. Perhaps he expected it. He thought of his misspent youth, his wild and vicious career in early manhood, the anguish he had caused his father's heart, the crimes he had committed, the murder which was on his soul. Then the slaying of his captain appeared in its true light. 'And must I die with all these follies and crimes unatoned for?' he exclaimed to himself. 'Must I leave the bright world I enjoyed so much—to go where? O God, I know not! And for what? To enable these men to prolong their dull lives for a few hours. O Heaven, give me strength to bear my lot!' He prayed for mercy. 'And yet,' he continued, 'it was I who led

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them hither: had it not been for me, they would not have embarked; had it not been for me, they would have given themselves up to the ship of war. Then Heaven's retributive justice has overtaken me, and I must bow to His stern decrees. I am the guilty one. It is right that I should suffer; and God's hand was in it when the fatal lot fell to my share.'

Earnestly he prayed. Hardy knelt by his side, and petitioned Heaven to send them aid. He offered up prayers for the life of his friend, and registered a vow that, should his be spared, he would deliver himself up into the hands of the authority from whom he had escaped, and undergo the punishment to which he was sentenced.

Hall at length rose. 'Hardy,' he said, 'I have determined to bear my fate as a man. Should you escape, and something tells me you will, visit my father. Tell him I died repentant, and petitioning for Heaven's forgiveness and his. Comfort the old man, but say not how or why I died. This is my last will and testament.—Comrades, your pardon for what I have brought on you.—And now, Hardy, I will shew you how a noble Roman died. I learned it at school, and little thought I should have to practise it myself. 'Tis all I remember.' And he laughed faintly. 'Take my hand, Hardy. Farewell! Who would think that, in a few minutes, I shall be the inhabitant of another sphere? It is a dream too frightful to dwell on; and madness will seize me if I dispel it not with the reality.'

Tears started from Hardy's dim eyes; and while he was yet vainly entreating the rest to defer the fatal moment till another day, Hall drew forth a nail from one of the seats, and throwing off his coat, he opened the veins of both his arms. Hardy sickened at the sight, and hid his face with terror. Drop by drop the ruddy stream gushed forth, and soon the strength of their youthful leader grew as weak as the rest. Hardy saw not what followed. A convulsive sob struck his ear—it was the departing spirit of his friend.

IX.

The reader must picture the scene which now ensued: no pen could describe its horrors. Jackson had taken the helm. The boat sailed on as before. The sun arose in glorious brightness; and some of those who then lived were never to see it set, for death in other forms was busy with those hapless beings. Madness had seized one, and ere his comrades could save him, with a loud shriek he leaped into the waves, and sunk for ever. Another lay down, and never rose again. Their numbers were thinning fearfully. Still the rest clung to life. Never had Hardy or Jackson passed a day and night of more acute suffering and wretchedness: gnawing hunger was tugging at their vitals; anguish of heart; dark forebodings of what the future might produce.

The dawn was approaching, when, as Hardy was seated at the

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helm steering, his eyes, from weariness, scarcely able to distinguish the compass, he was aroused by a cry from Jackson, who had just then risen from the bottom of the boat, to relieve him from his dreary watch. He looked up, and his eyes piercing the gloom ahead, a dark object rose directly before them.

'Land—land! A high rock directly ahead of us!' shouted Jackson with a hysterical laugh. 'Land—land—land!' and he almost leaped into the ocean in his eagerness to reach it. The cry aroused the rest from their brutal lethargy, and lifting up their heads, they gazed at the dark mass which towered above them.

'Stand by to haul aft the sheet, if we should have to bring the boat up in the wind,' said Hardy. 'Out with your oars, ready to pull her round in case we find ourselves among reefs.'

Onward sailed the boat towards the wished-for object, when Hardy, who was keeping his eyes intently fixed on it, exclaimed: 'That is no land—it is a ship!'

'A ship! Where are her sails, then?' exclaimed Jackson. 'It looks to me like a rock.'

'It is the hull of a large ship, but completely dismayed,' answered Hardy. 'I can see her rising and falling in the waves. We must be careful when we approach her, to avoid the spars and masts probably towing overboard.'

'Ay, ay; we shall have time enough for that,' said Jackson. But he was deceived in the distance by the uncertain light; for scarcely had he spoken, when the boat passed close under the counter of a large ship, without a mast standing, though free from any of the wreck of spars which Hardy expected to find. He and Jackson, uniting their feeble voices, hailed the ship; but no answer was returned. He then entreated the other men to assist in calling for aid; and all joining in reiterated shouts, endeavoured to call the attention of any who might be on board, but without eliciting any responsive hail from the crew of the ship. All was silent as death.

'We must get on board without assistance,' said Hardy. 'Are there no ropes hanging over her sides by which we may clamber on board?'

'I can scarcely make out in this light,' answered Jackson; 'but if we run close alongside we shall find out.'

'We shall be swamped if we attempt it, without great care; we have not strength to fend off as she rolls over,' observed Hardy. And this was apparent to a person of any nautical knowledge; for though, with an active crew, there would have been no difficulty in boarding the ship, to persons so completely exhausted as were all in the boat, in the uncertain light of the break of day, it was a hazardous and difficult experiment. The sea, however, was tolerably tranquil. At each return of that long swell which continually agitates the bosom of the Atlantic, the vessel rolled from side to side, till her ports almost reached the water.

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'Has she any drink on board, I wonder?' exclaimed one of the men in a voice husky from want of water.

'She may have, probably,' answered Hardy; 'and if you follow my directions, we may be able to procure some; but if not, I will not venture alongside, for we should all be drowned to a certainty. Now listen to me; get out your oars, boat-hook, and stretchers, to push off as she rolls over. Do you, Jackson, go forward, and endeavour to hook on to the main chains; and remember, let only one at a time attempt to spring on board.'

Without further delay, Hardy steered the boat alongside the ship, while Jackson, with a rope ready in his hand, made it fast to the main chains. Climbing up the lofty side, he was not long in finding ropes to assist the rest. Hardy, seizing one, with difficulty hauled himself on board; but one of the other men, in his eagerness to spring forward, missed his hold as the boat receded from the side, and with a shriek of despair, fell head foremost into the dark water. The boat and the ship again met; his late companions looked for him in vain: he rose not again. The remaining two were safely drawn on board, and the boat being allowed to fall off at the end of a long rope, the party, reduced to four, stood on the deck of the ship.

The light of day was appearing in the east, but, exhausted with their exertions, the hapless beings had scarcely strength left to crawl in search of the food they hoped to find. Not a living being appeared on the deck; not a sound broke the solemn silence, except the never-ending splash of the waves as they washed the sides of the ship. Shattered spars, bales of goods, rigging, and sails, lay about the deck, over which it was difficult to find their way in the dark, and with one accord they threw themselves down amid the confused mass, to wait till daylight should enable them to commence a search for food. At last the light fleecy clouds which floated in the sky became tinged with red, and Hardy, raising himself up, crawled, as well as his strength would allow him, to the after-part of the deck. As he passed on, he saw more than one ghastly human form pressed down beneath the superincumbent wreck, 'destroyed evidently by the falling spars. Others, then, had been sufferers like themselves on the desert ocean—perhaps guiltless, too, of crime. But hunger urged him to proceed in his search, though it was with a feeling of awe that he descended the companion-ladder leading to the main cabins. What might he there expect to see? Perhaps forms like those on deck dissolving into corruption. The cabin-door was closed: he opened it. No one was there. It was large and handsome, richly ornamented with a shrine and the figure of a saint at the after-part, which at once betokened her to be a Spanish or Portuguese ship; but what attracted his eager gaze more than all the signs of wealth which surrounded him, was a red clay jar slung in one corner of the cabin. He eagerly clutched it: it was icy cold

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to the touch : and tilting it up, he poured a draught of pure cold water down his parched throat. Oh, what delicious nectar it seemed ! With a cry of joy he called on Jackson to partake of the reviving fluid, as the latter entered the cabin ; and then discovering an open locker, he drew forth a basket of broken biscuit and a piece of salt meat, which, dry and mildewed as they were, appeared delicious morsels to the starving wretches. Scarcely had they commenced eating, when the two other survivors found their way below. Hardy pointed to the water-jar ; both rushed to it at once, and, maddened by their burning thirst, one struck the other a blow which felled him to the deck, while he, placing his lips to the brim, drank till, with a deep groan, he sunk down by the side of his comrade.

Hardy and Jackson, seeing what had occurred, without the power of preventing it, dragged themselves to the spot where the two men lay, to render them assistance ; but it was useless : the lives of both were ebbing fast away, one senseless from the blow, and his murderer suffering excruciating torment from the quantity of cold water he had swallowed. The two survivors, taking warning from their fate, partook but sparingly of the food ; and then, unable to move from the cabin, they lay down, and a deep slumber fell over them. It was towards the close of evening when they awoke, with their burning thirst unassuaged ; and on returning to the water-jar to drink, the fate of their two comrades was recalled to their minds by seeing them lying where they had fallen, both with life extinct. They drank and ate again ; and then, overcome by excessive drowsiness, threw themselves into berths on either side of the cabin ; nor did they again awake till the sun of another day was rising from his ocean bed. Hardy arose with his mental and bodily faculties strengthened and refreshed, and collecting his thoughts, he felt how ungrateful to Heaven he had been ; then kneeling down, he offered up his thanksgiving to that Almighty Power who had thus far preserved him.

Along with Jackson, he again partook of the provisions they had discovered ; and then, with renovated strength, set out on a tour of inspection through the ship. They first clambered on deck, where such a scene of havoc and confusion met their eyes as they had rarely witnessed. On further examination, it was evident that the vessel had been dismasted in a gale, either at sea or on a lee-shore, where she had been deserted by her crew. That the last was the case, they discovered afterwards when going forward, from seeing the remains of two cables hanging out of the hawse-holes : so it was clear that after the crew had left her, a strong wind had come off the land, and driven her out to sea.

The individuals whose bodies they saw had been killed by the falling spars, and the condition in which they were in, was another proof of the length of time she had been floating untenanted on the ocean ; for not a particle of flesh remained on their bones, and it

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was their ghastly skulls which had first, in the uncertain twilight, caught Hardy's eye. At first, it struck Hardy that they might be able to navigate the ship to shore, or till they fell in with another vessel; but, unaccustomed to a seaman's resources, he soon found that this was beyond their power, and as probably she would scarcely be able to weather another gale, they prepared to resume their voyage in their own frail, but easily managed craft. The boat, which had fortunately escaped injury by knocking alongside for such a length of time, was now hauled up, and they set to work to prepare her better for sea, by nailing planks round her gunwale, and decking over a considerable part forward, to shelter their stores from the spray, covering it tightly over with canvas. They then fitted fore-and-aft sails, and filled all the smaller casks and jars they could find with water, of which there was an abundance on board, stowing them at the bottom of the boat. Over this they placed several casks of salt beef and pork, with others of biscuits, covering all up with canvas, filling up the spare room with wood for firing—having discovered some iron-work in the caboose, in which a fire could safely be lighted. They also collected a supply of clothes, carpenter's tools, and numerous other things which they thought might be necessary. Having cooked some food, sufficient to supply them as long as it could last good, they shoved off from the ark which had proved their preservation.

Three days had passed since they first stepped on board the ship, for in their weak state all these preparations took up a considerable time; but as the weather gave every promise of continuing favourable, they felt it was better to complete everything which might be necessary to encounter any heavy gale to which they might be subjected. How fearfully had their numbers decreased! Of the eight who left St Helena, two alone remained alive. Before leaving the ship, they wrapped the bodies of the dead in a torn sail, and with some heavy shot attached, launched them in their common coffin into the deep. What a contrast was there now between their condition four days ago and their present one! A fine breeze carried them onward; they had abundance of all the necessities of life, and were daily recovering strength; but many days passed before their eyes were gladdened by a sight of land; and when at length their feet once more touched dry ground, they found that their trials were not yet over. After returning thanks to the Almighty Being who had thus far preserved them, they were walking towards a fort which they observed along the coast, when they found themselves surrounded by a party of Portuguese soldiers, who, roughly seizing them, dragged them before the commandant of the fort. Here they were unceremoniously consigned to a miserable dungeon, to await an investigation of their character.

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X.

We now shift the scene of our story to St Helena. On the occasion of the desertion which has been narrated, the fate of the unhappy men was not believed to be doubtful. No sooner had the authorities notice of their disappearance, than an embargo was laid on all the ships in the harbour, with the hope of compelling them to return; and this it was which prevented the American from keeping his promise. As, however, they did not return, they were supposed to have perished miserably. A new governor had been appointed, by whose enlightened, though strict management a spirit of perfect subordination had been introduced among the troops under his orders. One day, about a year after the dismal events narrated, he was walking on a terrace overlooking the sea, in front of his residence, when a young man, in the costume of a sailor, presented himself before him.

‘What is it you want, my good man?’ said the governor.

‘I come, your Excellency, to fulfil a duty I owe to my country, and to accomplish a vow,’ answered the young man in a deep voice, slightly trembling with agitation.

‘What is this? I do not understand you,’ replied the governor, thinking his visitor was affected in his mind.

‘You see a man who has deserted from his colours, and has returned to deliver himself up to justice,’ said the stranger.

‘A heavy offence, young man, and one which must be severely punished,’ said the governor.

‘I am ready to undergo any punishment the laws of the service may inflict,’ said the stranger.

‘You! What are you talking about? There have been no desertions since I came to the island, full ten months ago,’ answered the governor mildly. ‘But stay, young man,’ he continued, regarding him earnestly; ‘I never forget a countenance I have once seen, and those features of yours I know well. What is your name?’

‘Hardy was the name under which I enlisted,’ answered the stranger.

‘But not the one you always bore,’ answered the governor, eyeing him still more attentively. ‘You say that you enlisted: in what corps, then? and how do I see you with the appearance of a seaman?’

‘I assumed the dress because I acted as one to work my passage here,’ answered Hardy; and then, as rapidly as the governor would allow him with his frequent interruptions, he narrated all his adventures. How he had escaped from the Portuguese fort with Jackson; how he had reached Pernambuco; and from thence, with

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numerous hardships, had arrived at Rio de Janeiro, from whence he worked his passage in an English ship to the Cape of Good Hope, and so back to St Helena.

When he had concluded, the governor, instead of ordering him into instant confinement, calmly addressed him. 'Your fault in deserting was a heinous one for a soldier; but in your case there are many extenuating circumstances, and you have already been most severely punished. Your conduct, too, in returning as soon as you had the power, in spite of all difficulties, and with the uncertainty of how you might be treated, is worthy of all commendation. This should be a set-off against all your previous faults, had we not the acknowledgment of that unhappy man, Captain Pieman, on his death-bed, that he had treated you most unjustly. I now remember all the circumstances, for I made full notes of them on my arrival. He even entreated that Hall might be pardoned, for he recovered from the wound inflicted by that unhappy man, and died only a few months ago from another cause. So far, I may congratulate you, young man, on your providential preservation. And now, tell me the name you bore before you enlisted—I have my reasons for wishing to know?'

'I would rather it were never heard till every stain of dishonour had been washed from it,' answered Hardy in a faltering tone.

'You are right; and if I mistake not, it is one as noble as any in the land. Your accents betray the station to which you were born. Do I mistake you?'

'Your Excellency is, I firmly believe, correct: my name is Hastings.'

'I thought so. Your father was my earliest friend, and often have I seen you during his lifetime. For his sake, as well as for your own, the first commission I can bestow shall be yours.'

'Pardon me,' exclaimed Hardy, scarcely able to express himself from emotion; 'I am not ungrateful for the kind interest you shew; but after what has occurred, I cannot accept your offer. I must win my way to the rank you would bestow, and not receive it as an undeserved gift. Then may I be able to lift my head among my equals, and defy the malice of my enemies.'

'I applaud your determination, and it shall be as you wish. The eye of those with more power than I have shall be upon you; and if the chances of war allow it, your fortune shall be in your own hands. Farewell, Mr Hardy; my heart is with you, though from henceforth you must assume the station you have chosen. A ship is expected shortly, to convey troops to India. You shall join them. In the meantime enlist again, and do your duty here under the name you have chosen.'

The kind governor made a sign to Hardy to leave him; and the latter, with feelings of heartfelt gratitude, and a firm resolve to deserve his good fortune, forthwith went about the duties he had

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been ordered to perform. Hardy's return, and many of the circumstances connected with the fate of his companions, were well known at the time in St Helena, though his real name never transpired.

XL

Several years after these events, as Mr and Mrs Ravenhurst were seated one lovely evening in summer in the drawing-room of their beautiful villa on the coast of Devonshire, with their lovely children playing round them as they gazed forth on the moonlit dancing waters of the ocean, the servant announced a visitor.

'Who did you say?' asked Mrs Ravenhurst. But before an answer could be returned, a stranger entered, and bowing to the master and mistress of the house, took the seat which was offered him.

'My intrusion at this hour may appear strange,' he observed; 'but I am anxious to make inquiries respecting a dear friend, a near relative of yours, I understand—Henry Hastings—Colonel Hastings, I ought to say.'

A deep sigh escaped the bosom of the lady. 'I once had a brother of that name,' she answered; 'an affectionate, noble brother. But he, we have too much reason to fear, has long been dead.'

'And yet I can scarcely be mistaken,' observed the stranger, as if musing. 'We were in India together but a few months ago, and quitted it at the same time. He himself assured me of the relationship.'

'Sincerely do I wish you are not mistaken,' said Mrs Ravenhurst. 'It would indeed be an unspeakable increase to my happiness to have my long-lost brother restored to us.'

'Did he tell you the reasons for keeping us so long in ignorance of his existence, sir?' said Mr Ravenhurst, wishing to ascertain the truth of the stranger's statements.

'His adventures were romantic in the extreme, and having already given his sister cause to mourn his death, while every day the reality was so likely to occur in the chances of war, he was unwilling to give her the additional grief, should he fall. That she was happily married to the man of her choice, he had heard, and he therefore determined to remain unknown till he had won the station and name for which he panted. You have seen, probably, the name of Colonel Hardy mentioned in the accounts of the late wars in India?'

'Frequently—one of the most gallant and fortunate officers in the service!' exclaimed the husband and wife in the same breath.

'Such was the name your brother assumed,' said the stranger in an agitated tone. Just then the servant entered with lights. Both

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Mr and Mrs Ravenhurst started, and gazed earnestly at the stranger.

‘Henry!’ exclaimed the husband, hastening towards him.

‘My brother!’ cried the lady, throwing her arms round his neck, and bursting into tears—but they were tears of joy. It was Colonel Hastings, once the deserter from St Helena—the sole survivor of the misguided party; and few can tell the agony of mind and the physical suffering he endured before he once more trod the pathway to honour.



PEARLS AND PEARL-FISHERIES.

FEW, if any, of our readers can be unacquainted with the appearance of the substance which we denominate pearl—a substance which, in its most perfect forms, has ever been held in the highest estimation as an ornament. Commercially, it occurs in two states: in drops or pellets, less or more spherical, from the size of a coriander-seed to that of a boy's marble, called *pearls*; and in small plates or slips of variable thickness, called *mother-of-pearl*. The former are used in the manufacture of necklaces and head-dresses, or set as jewels in rings, ear-rings, bracelets, and other articles of personal ornament; the latter is employed in inlaying cabinet-work, in forming knife-handles and buttons, and in the construction of a vast variety of toys and fancy articles. These substances, lustrous and beautiful as they come from the hand of the artist—whether set as a stud on a common shoe, or as a jewel in the crown of royalty—have one and the same origin; are, in fact, the production of ordinary shell-fish, the congeners of our vulgar mussels and oysters. It is the object of the following pages to illustrate the formation and natural history of pearls, the modes of obtaining them in various quarters of the world, the manner of preparing them for use, the value which has been set upon celebrated specimens in ancient and modern times, and, generally, to afford such information respecting them as may at once prove interesting and instructive.

ORIGIN AND FORMATION OF PEARLS.

If the reader will take the trouble to examine the inside of certain shells—as those of the fresh-water mussel, the pinna, the pearl-oyster, or the staircase-shell of the curiosity-dealer—he will find their inside coated with a smooth substance of a white, bluish, or yellowish-white colour, and of an opalescent, or rather iridescent lustre. This substance, known to the learned as ‘nacre,’ is in reality pearl; constituting mother-of-pearl when the shell is sufficiently large and thick to afford a workable plate after the rough outside surface has been ground away. Frequently attached to this nacreous lining are tuberculated pellets, of a form more or less approaching a perfect sphere, of greater hardness and lustre than the nacre to which they are attached, and altogether of greater beauty and attraction. Sometimes these pellets are free and detached within the muscular or fleshy part of the shell-fish, in which case they are still more beautiful and perfect in form. These lustrous spherules constitute the ‘pearls’ of the jeweller; so called, it is said, on account of their form, from the Latin word *spherula*; and mother-of-pearl derives its designation as being the source of

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mother from which the true pearl springs. Other etymologists, however, derive pearl from an old Teutonic word *perala* or *berala*, a diminutive of the word for berry. Substances so unlike the composition of the shells in which they are found, must naturally give rise to speculations respecting their origin; and thus we find in times ere science had determined their real nature, various amusing hypotheses to account for their existence. Pliny, the celebrated Roman naturalist, gravely tells us that the oyster which produces pearls does so from feeding upon heavenly dew, or as Drummmond translates him :

‘With open shells in seas, on heavenly dew
A shining oyster lusciously doth feed;
And then the birth of that ethereal seed
Shews, when conceived, if skies look dark or blue.’

Our own early writers entertained the same notion; and Boethius, speaking of the pearl-mussel of the Scottish rivers, remarks that ‘these mussels, early in the morning, when the sky is clear and temperate, open their mouths a little above the water, and most greedily swallow the dew of heaven; and after the measure and quantity of the dew which they swallow, they conceive and breed the pearl. These mussels,’ he continues, ‘are so exceedingly quick of touch and hearing, that, however faint the noise that may be made on the bank beside them, or however small the stone that may be thrown into the water, they sink at once to the bottom, knowing well in what estimation the fruit of their womb is to all people.’ In the East, the belief is equally common that these precious gems are

‘Rain from the sky,
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.’

But alas for poesy and romance; the science of chemistry—which has, with its sledge-hammer of matter-of-fact, converted the all-glorious diamond into vulgar charcoal—has also pronounced the precious pearl to be composed of ‘concentric layers of membrane and carbonate of lime!’

Admitting its composition, the question still remains as to the cause of a substance so dissimilar in appearance to the shell in which it exists, and why it should be present in some shells, and absent in others. Many naturalists have maintained that pearls are the product of disease, or ‘a distemper in the creature that produces them.’ This is not the case, however. Pearls may be properly said to be the calcareous secretion of certain animals of the class *Mollusca*,* which inhabit chiefly bivalve shells—as oysters,

* In all animals of the class *Mollusca*, the body itself is of a soft consistence, as its name imports, and is enclosed in an elastic skin, lined with muscular fibres, which is termed the *mantle*. It is from the surface of this mantle that the calcareous matter is exuded which forms the shell, in those species which possess such a protection: its particles are held together by a sort of glue or gelatine, which exists in much larger proportions in

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mussels, &c. These shells have all a fine pearly lustrous internal surface; so much so, that it is said by Dampier, in his *Voyage Round the World*, that 'the inside of the shell is more glorious than the pearl itself.' This internal coat is the *nacre* of the chemist; and upon analysing pearls, we find that they consist of alternate layers of very fine membrane, and layers of this nacre, regularly spread over each other like the coats of an onion. These pearls are found either adhering firmly to the inside of the shell, or lying loose in the very substance of the animal itself, commonly in its thickest and most fleshy part. According to the situation in which they are found, so are they more or less valuable, and require a different explanation to account satisfactorily for their growth.

In all cases, it appears that the ultimate cause of the animal's forming this beautiful substance is to get rid of a source of irritation. Sometimes this happens to be a grain of sand, or some such small foreign body, which has insinuated itself between the mantle of the oyster and the shell, and which, proving a great annoyance, the animal covers with a smooth coat of membrane, over which it spreads a layer of nacre. At other times, it is caused by some enemy of the inhabitant of the shell perforating it from the outside to get within reach of its prey. With a plug of this same matter, the oyster immediately fills up the opening made, and shutting out the intruder, balks it of its nefarious design. In both these cases, we find the pearl usually adhering to the internal surface of the shell. The best, however, and the most valuable specimens are generally found in the body itself of the animal; and the source of irritation here is proved, according to the observations of Sir Everard Home, who has paid great attention to this subject, to be an ovum or egg of the animal, which, instead of becoming ripe, proves abortive, and is not thrown out by the mother along with the others, but remains behind in the capsule, in which the ova are originally contained. This capsule, being still supplied with blood-vessels from the parent animal, goes on increasing in size for another year, and then receives a covering of nacre, the same as the animal spreads over the internal

some species than in others. In very hard and brittle shells, if the calcareous matter be removed by the action of an acid, the animal matter that remains appears in the form of separate flakes; but in many other shells thus treated, the animal portion retains its form after the removal of the lime, and there are a few in which the (so-called) shell consists only of a substance like horn, without any intermixture of calcareous particles. Such a substance appears to be formed by the young animal before the true shell is secreted; and it is also the first that appears when the animal is repairing the effects of an injury to the old one. It is this that constitutes what is called the *epidermis* of shells—a covering possessed in their natural state by all that are not enveloped in a fold of the mantle. The shell is most solid and massive in those species which lead an inactive life, and is usually light and thin, or altogether deficient in those whose powers of locomotion are greater. Its thickness often varies greatly among different individuals of the same species, according to the roughness or tranquillity of the waters they inhabit. These explanations may be of use to the inquiring reader who will take the trouble to compare such animals as the common naked slug, the garden helix or snail, the mussel, cockle, oyster, the large strombus used as a mantel-piece ornament, the mother-of-pearl shell in the window of the curiosity-dealer, and the elegant paper nautilus, all of which are members of the class *Mollusca*.

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surface of the shell. This discovery was rather pompously announced by Sir Everard some years ago, when he stated: 'If I can prove that this, the richest jewel in a monarch's crown, which cannot be imitated by any art of man, either in beauty of form or brilliancy of lustre, is the abortive egg of an oyster enveloped in its own nacre, who will not be struck with wonder and astonishment!'

We are certainly indebted to the learned baronet for calling the attention of scientific men to this subject; but long before that time, Sandius had made known the same fact, and gives as his authority for the statement the testimony of an eye-witness, 'Henricus Arnoldi, an ingenious and veracious Dane.' In a letter which he sent to the Royal Society of London, dated 1st December 1673, he says: 'Pearl-shells in Norway do breed in sweet waters; their shells are like mussels, but larger; the fish is like an oyster, it produces clusters of eggs; these, when ripe, are cast out, and become like those that cast them; but sometimes it appears that one or two of these eggs stick fast to the side of the matrix, and are not voided with the rest. These are fed by the oyster against her will, and they do grow, according to the length of time, into pearls of different bigness, and do imprint a mark both on fish and shell by the situation conform to its figure.' Sir Everard Home does not appear to have been aware of this statement of Sandius at the time he first made his discovery of this curious fact; but was led to it when investigating the mode of breeding of the fresh-water mussel, by generally finding in the ovarium round hard bodies, too small to be noticed by the naked eye, having exactly the appearance of seed-pearls, as they are called. Sometimes he found these bodies connected with the surface of the shell, in contact with the membrane covering it. In further examining into the structure of pearls, he ascertained that all split pearls upon which he could lay his hands universally possessed a small central cell, which surprised him by its extreme brightness of polish; and in comparing the size of this cell with that of the ovum when ready to drop off from its pedicel, he found it sufficiently large to enclose it. He came thus to the conclusion that these abortive eggs are the commencement or nuclei of the pearl. Being once formed, the animal continues to increase its size by the addition of fresh coats, adding, it is said, a fresh layer every year. It is extremely probable, however, that its presence being still a source of irritation to the creature, the nacreal covering is more rapidly deposited

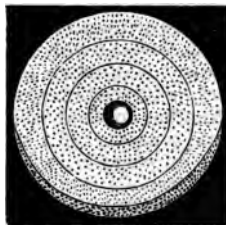


upon the pearl than upon the shell itself. Those pearls found in the substance of the animal are generally round (a), but occasionally we find them of a pyramidal form, the pedicel by which the egg is attached appearing to have received a coat of nacre as well as itself (b). People conversant with the pearl-fishery assert that they

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do not appear till the animal has reached its fourth year, and that it takes from seven to nine years for the oyster to reach maturity.

The true pearl is remarkable, as is well known, for its beautiful lustre—a lustre which cannot altogether be given to artificial ones. According to Sir Everard Home, this peculiar lustre arises from the central cell, which is lined with a highly polished coat of nacre; and the substance of the pearl itself being diaphanous, the rays of light easily pervade it. Previous to Sir Everard's theory, it was supposed by opticians that the peculiar splendour was the effect of light reflected from the external surface. They took for granted that pearls were solid bodies, denied them to be diaphanous, and therefore, considering the subject mathematically, they contended that their brilliancy must be produced by the reflection from the nacreal surface. In the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, we are told by Sir David Brewster that the fine pearly lustre and iridescence of the inside of the pearl-oyster arises from the circumstance, that we find in all 'mother-of-pearl a grooved structure upon its surface, resembling very closely the delicate texture of the skin at the top of an infant's finger; or the minute corrugations which are often seen on surfaces covered with varnish or with oil-paint.' Similar appearances, we are told, are to be seen in the structure of pearls. 'The direction of the grooves,' says Sir David, 'is in every case at right angles to the line joining the common image and the coloured image; hence in irregularly formed mother-of-pearl, where the grooves are often circular, and have every possible direction, the coloured images appear irregularly scattered round the ordinary image. In the real pearl these coloured images are crowded into a small space round the common image, partly on account of the spherical form of the pearl; and the various hues are thus blended into a white unformed light, which gives to this substance its high value as an ornament.' Pearls, however, at least the most valuable, are not perfectly solid, and are certainly translucent. In fact, in a split pearl we find the transparency to be considerable. 'Upon taking a split pearl,' says Sir Everard Home, 'and putting a candle behind the cell, the surface of the pearl became immediately illuminated; and upon mounting one with coloured foil behind the cell, and by putting a candle behind the foil, the outer convex surface became universally of a beautiful pink colour.' If we take a split pearl, and set it in a ring with the divided surface outwards, and look at this through a magnifying glass, this central cell becomes very conspicuous, and the different layers of which the pearl is composed are also beautifully displayed, as may be seen in the accompanying sketch.



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ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

It is the brilliancy above described that distinguishes the real from the factitious pearl—a lustre which no art can altogether give, though often attempted with considerable success. The Romans, who valued pearls so highly, do not seem to have been aware of any method of manufacturing them; but soon after their time, attempts were made to create them by artificial means. Philostratus, in his *Life of Apollonius*, informs us that in the first centuries of the Christian era, the Arabians on the shores of the Red Sea adopted a plan by which they were able to form pearls at pleasure. ‘The Arabs,’ he says, ‘first poured oil upon the sea, which it is well known has the effect of calming the agitation of the waves, and consequently rendering the water more transparent at the bottom. They then dived in those spots where they knew the fish were to be found, and enticed them to open their shells by rubbing them with some kind of ointment as a bait; which having effected, they pricked them with a sharp instrument, having first placed near them a vessel hollowed out in various places into the form of pearls, into which moulds the liquor which flowed from the wound was received, and there hardened into the shape, colour, and consistence of the native gems.’ The method thus described is sufficiently apocryphal to induce even the most credulous to withhold his belief as to the exact mode adopted. That, however, some attempts were then made to form pearls in a somewhat similar manner is extremely probable, as we know that the Chinese have long been famous for a similar artifice. Two or three different methods have been described, by which that ingenious people caused them to be produced within the pearl-producing shells.

One method is, by taking a small portion of the substance of the shell, and turning it in a lathe into hemispheres of different sizes. These small hemispheres they introduce through the shell of the oyster, with the convex surface toward the animal. This prominent part proving a source of irritation to the creature, consequently soon gets covered with a coat of nacre, and a fresh coat is added every year. Half-pearls are thus formed in a few years; and these, when set, will readily pass off undiscovered by an inexperienced eye. Another method is said to be by ‘opening the shell very carefully, and scraping off a small portion of the internal surface of the shell. In its place is inserted a spherical piece of mother-of-pearl about the size of a small grain of shot. This serves as a nucleus, on which is deposited the pearly matter, and in time forms pearls.’ In the British Museum there is a fine specimen of a fresh-water shell from China, nearly allied to the fresh-water mussel, containing several very fine regular-shaped semi-orbicular pearls of most beautiful water. There are several fragments also of the same shell, with

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similar pearls upon them ; 'and on the attentive examination,' says Mr Gray, 'of one of these, which was cracked across, I observed it to be formed of a thick coat, consisting of several concentric plates formed over a piece of mother-of-pearl, roughly filed into a plano-convex form like the top of a mother-of-pearl button. On examining the other pearls, they all appeared to be formed on the same plan. In one or two places where the pearl had been destroyed, or cut out, there was left in the inside of the shell a circular cavity with a flat base, about the depth, or rather less than the thickness of the coat that covered the pearls, which distinctly proves that these pieces of mother-of-pearl must have been introduced when the shells were younger and thinner ; and the only manner that they could have been placed in this part of the shell must be by the introduction of them between the leaf of the mantle and internal coat of shell ; for they could not have been put in through a hole in the shell, as there was not the slightest appearance of any injury near the situation of the pearls on the outer coat.' Mr Gray describes another pearl found in the same species of shell from China, and which is deposited in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of London. Upon attentively examining it, he found that this pearl was formed upon a small piece of silver wire, which had been introduced between the mantle of the animal (while yet alive) and the shell.

In 1748, the celebrated naturalist Linnæus had his attention turned to this subject. He may have remarked the formation of pearls in shells the outer coat of which had been perforated by some marine worm, and the hole caused by which had been plugged up, as already mentioned ; or he might have acquired some knowledge of the Chinese methods of making pearls, and turned it to his own account. In a letter to his friend Haller, he says : 'At length I have ascertained the manner in which pearls originate and grow in shells ; and I am able to produce, in any mother-of-pearl shell that can be held in the hand, in the course of five or six years, a pearl as large as the seed of a common vetch.' This is believed to have been accomplished by his puncturing the shell with a pointed flexible wire, the end of which perhaps remained therein ; and the discovery seems at first to have been viewed in such an important light by the States of Sweden, that they rewarded him with a premium of eighteen hundred dollars, a sum equal to about £450, which at that time, and in that country, must have been a very considerable sum. This illustrious naturalist was soon after raised to the rank of nobility, and it is understood to have been in part owing to this discovery. The Swedish government at first made a great secret of it, and established artificial pearl manufactories ; but at the end of a few years it was obliged to abandon them, the benefits derived being far from sufficient to cover the expenses. In fact, of the great number of pearls so formed, it was very rare to find

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any that had that perfect form and lustre which give to the gem its principal value.

All pearls produced by these unnatural methods have this great fault—they cannot be strung; they are only fit for being set. The Chinese, however, ever fertile in plans for not over-honestly making money, seem to have tried a different mode still. They open the live shell carefully, and throw into it five or six minute mother-of-pearl beads strung on a thread; and it is said in the course of one year they are found covered with a crust perfectly resembling real pearl. In these methods of manufacturing pearls, though art was called in, and beautiful specimens were produced, still it was to the animal itself that the lustre was owing; and it required time and patience, often, indeed, several years, before success attended such efforts. A quicker mode was invented by the Italians in the beginning of the sixteenth century. They constructed small hollow beads, and incrustated them internally with a pearl-coloured varnish. A considerable quantity seems to have been manufactured, for at last the government prohibited the sale as being fraudulent.

Towards the end of the same century, we are informed by Humboldt that the Venetians had imitated pearls so exactly that it materially contributed to injure the pearl-fishery that had by that time existed for a considerable period on the shores of America. The method they adopted is not mentioned, nor does it seem to have continued long; but in Paris a bead-manufacturer, about the year 1656, invented a mode of making artificial pearls, which seems to have been exceedingly successful, as it was difficult at first to distinguish them from the best Oriental; and the celebrated Reaumur informs us that many necklaces were made so beautifully that the most expert jewellers would have estimated them at immense prices, if they had seen them round the neck of a princess. This M. Jaquin, for so was he called, carried on his business in the Rue du Petit Lion, at Paris, where his heirs continued the manufactory for many years. He was led to this discovery by observing that after washing the small fish called the Bleak (*Cyprinus alburnus*), the water contained a great number of scales of a bright silvery lustre. These scales he dried and reduced to powder, and this he used as an enamel, with which small beads made of wax, alabaster, or glass, were coated externally. It was soon found out, however, by the ladies, that when necklaces made of these beads were worn in hot weather, the enamel separated from them, and adhered to the skin. A lady then recommended him to use *hollow* beads, as had been already practised by the Italian manufacturers. By doing so, and making other improvements, he at length succeeded.

The practice was long kept secret, but the celebrated naturalist Reaumur explained the process before the French Academy in 1716; and from him we learn that it is only the silver-like substance found upon the under surface of the scales that is used to produce the

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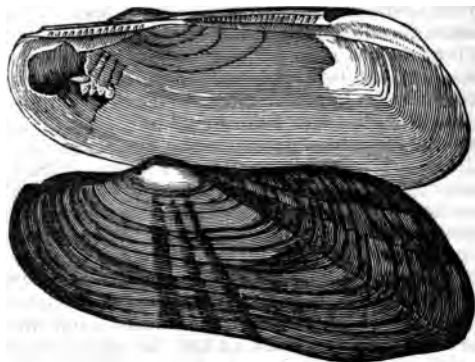
pearly lustre. The scales, taken off the fish, are washed and rubbed with several fresh quantities of water, and the several liquors suffered to settle; after which the water is poured off, and the pearly matter, of the consistence of oil, remains at the bottom. This substance is called by the French 'Essence d'Orient,' or 'Essence of Pearl.' Beckmann, in his *History of Inventions*, thus describes the process: 'Of a peculiar kind of fine glass, of a bluish tint, slender tubes are formed, which are then blown into small hollow globules; and the better to imitate nature, the artist gives to some of these small blemishes like those occasionally seen in real pearls. In order to incrust these, he mixes the essence with melted isinglass, and blows this varnish into each bead with a fine glass pipe, diffusing it equally over the internal surface by immediately placing the bead thus prepared in a vessel suspended over the table at which he works, and which he keeps in constant motion with his foot. To render the beads solid, they are then filled with white wax, and being perforated with a needle, they are threaded in strings for sale; but the holes are first lined with thin paper, to prevent the thread from adhering to the wax. Of the little fish from which this essence is procured, and which are found in abundance in the river Seine at Paris, four thousand will scarcely produce a pound of scales, from which not more than four ounces of pearl essence can be obtained; and as this soon becomes putrid, great inconvenience was often occasioned by the necessity of using it immediately.' Reaumur made many attempts to preserve it, but failed. It is now known that it can be kept without injury in volatile alkali. The date of the *introduction* of these pearls is not exactly known; but that it was practised with success in 1686 is well ascertained, as we learn from an anecdote mentioned in one of the periodicals of the day, the *Mercure Galant* of that year. A certain French marquis had, it appears, insinuated himself into the good graces of a young lady by the present of a necklace of pearls valued at two thousand livres, but which proved on inspection to be false, and had been purchased for three louis! Mucilage of fine gum-arabic is now used to fill the beads instead of wax, as it increases the translucency, and is not liable to melt with the heat of the wearer's body. The glassy appearance of the outside is removed by exposing it for a short time to the action of the vapour of hydrofluoric acid.

PEARL-PRODUCING SHELLS.

There are many kinds of shells which produce pearls; and indeed, from what has been said of their formation, it seems natural to expect to find them in all shells the interior of which are highly nacre and polished. They are not confined, as has been asserted, to bivalve shells, though they are more frequent in them than in others; and they are generally of the same colour as the inside of

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the shell which produces them. Our common edible oyster (*Ostrea edulis*) frequently produces them. In the British Museum there is a specimen of an oyster-shell which contains one of very large dimensions, occupying, in fact, nearly one-half the inside of the shell. It is of a dull white colour, irregular in shape, and of an uneven surface, and therefore valueless as an ornament. Our common mussel (*Mytilus edulis*) is another shell which produces pearls. In the same collection there is a considerable series of large, well-formed pearls taken from this common shell, and they are of a very dark or deep blue colour, resembling the interior of the shell. They frequently occur also in the large swan mussels (*Anadonta cygneus* and *Anatinus*) of our fresh-water ponds (see fig.); but the most



esteemed pearls that are found in this country are taken from the species generally called the Pearl Mussel (*Alasmadon margaritifera*), found in large and rapid streams like the Tay. This shell is of a considerable size, and externally of a very rough and black appearance. In the British Museum there are many pearls to be seen taken from this mussel, perfectly round, beautifully white, and apparently of a fine water.

The shell which we have already mentioned as producing the pearls in China is a large species of fresh-water mussel, of a somewhat wrinkled or corrugated appearance externally, flat, and of an oval figure, and of a fine, highly polished surface internally. Another shell, mentioned by Pliny, and found in the Mediterranean and in the Red Sea, produces pearls, but not perhaps to any great extent. This is the pinna or wing-shell, which often grows to a large size, and is moored, as it were, to the bottom, by a thick rope of fine silky fibres, called the *byssus*, or beard, and from which gloves and other similar objects are sometimes manufactured by the curious.

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The inside of this shell is of a reddish hue, and the pearls found in it are of a fine pink colour. Bruce, in his *Travels to discover the Sources of the Nile*, tells us that this shell occurs abundantly in the Red Sea ; and that, in all probability, these beautiful pink-coloured pearls are those we find mentioned in Scripture, and which, in our versions of the Bible, are sometimes erroneously translated *rubies*. When Solomon, he says, terms them the most precious of all productions, he must be understood to mean chiefly this species of pearl, as having been the most valued in the land of Judea. There are three very fine, large, rosy-coloured pearls, of a beautiful form and colour, to be seen in the British Museum. These used to be considered the produce of the large stromb-shell, so common on our mantel-shelves, and which is of a rich pink colour internally. It is now ascertained, however, that they are formed by the animal inhabiting the *Turbinellus*, a shell which comes from New Providence. A fine specimen, with a large pink-coloured pearl in its mouth, may now be seen in the magnificent collection alluded to.

The shell, however, which produces the great proportion of the pearls of commerce, and which is found in both East and West

Indies, is what is usually known by the name of the pearl-oyster, or mother-of-pearl shell (*Meleagrina margaritifera*). This shell is often of a large size, thick, and of an imperfect oval, or almost round figure. It sometimes occurs from eight to ten inches in diameter, though in general they measure about four. The outside of the shell is smooth and variegated in structure, and the inside (see fig.) is even brighter and more beautiful than the pearl itself. The body of the oyster is white and fleshy, much fatter and more glutinous than the common edible



oyster, and so rank as to be unfit for the table. Dampier, in his *Voyage Round the World*, tells us of the pearl-oysters of America, that, 'when opened, one part is as red as a cherry, the rest white ; they are so large, that one stewed is a meal for five men ; the crew ate them for want of better food.' And again he describes them 'as so large, that one stewed with pepper and vinegar is enough for two men : very tolerable food.' Almost all writers agree that they are almost unfit for food, except Mr Morier, who says those in the Persian Gulf are considered excellent, and that there is no difference to be perceived in respect of taste between them and the common oyster.

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VALUE OF PEARLS.

Pearls seem to have been considered as an article of value from the very earliest periods. Even in the days of Job we find them mentioned as articles of great price; for in the reproof which he administers to his *comforting* friend Bildad, he says: 'But where shall wisdom be found? Man knoweth not the price thereof. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. No mention shall be made of coral, or of *pearls*; for the price of wisdom is above rubies.' History, too, teaches us that from time immemorial the princes and princesses of the East sought this kind of ornament with avidity, and employed them in decorating their garments, and even their instruments. The Romans, at the period of their greatest glory and luxury, esteemed them highly; and Pliny tells us that, in his time, pearls held the very highest rank in everything that was valuable. The Roman ladies used them on all parts of their dress, and over the whole of their bodies; and when they wore them as ear-rings, had three or four to each ear. Sometimes these were of immense value; hence the moralist Seneca reproves some one by telling him 'that his wife carried all the wealth of his house in her ears.' Julius Cæsar presented one of this kind to Servilia, the mother of Marcus Brutus, valued at £48,417, 10s. of our present money; and the celebrated Cleopatra, wishing, it is said, to expend a larger sum in one feast than Mark Antony had done in his most sumptuous repasts, in procuring which he had lavished all the riches of the East, took a large pearl from her ear, and throwing it into a cup of vinegar, swallowed it—the eccentric draught costing about £80,729, 3s. 4d. of our money! It was not uncommon amongst that luxurious people to dissolve pearls and drink them; for Valerius Maximus informs us that Clodius, the son of Æsopus the tragedian, swallowed one worth £8072, 18s. 4d.—a goodly sum for the son of a play-actor to expend in a single draught. Athenæus tells us that amongst the ancient Persians the value of pearls was their weight in gold; but Tavernier informs us that even as late as his time, immense sums were given for pearls by the natives of the East. One bought by that traveller at El Katiff, in Arabia, and now in the possession of the Shah of Persia, was valued at £110,000; and one obtained by Philip II. of Spain, in 1587, from the island of Margarita, off the Colombian coast, which weighed 250 carats, was estimated at 150,000 dollars.

The grand sources from whence these early nations procured their supplies were, according to Pliny and other authors, from the Persian Gulf, the island of Ceylon, and the Red Sea; and it is curious enough, that though many other parts of the world produce shells that form pearls, some of these same fisheries, which existed so many centuries ago, are still the most productive, and at this day

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furnish nearly all the pearls of commerce. Those on the Red Sea, it is true, have nearly disappeared; they have either been exhausted or neglected, and cities of the greatest celebrity have in consequence sunk into insignificance or total ruin. Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, tells us that Dahalac was the chief port of the pearl-trade on the southern coast of the Red Sea, and Suakin on the north. The principal divers were furnished by Dahalac; and near Suakin, at a place called Gungunnah, the largest pearls were usually found. They were said to be inferior to none in water or roundness; and it is traditionally reported that they belonged exclusively to the Pharaohs and ancient kings of Egypt. 'Under the Ptolemies, and even long after—under the califs—these were islands whose merchants were princes; but their bustle and glory have long since departed from them, and they are now thinly inhabited by a race of miserable fishermen.' The two grand fisheries in the East are now at Bahrein Island in the Persian Gulf, and in the Bay of Condatchy in the Gulf of Manaar, off the island of Ceylon. Oysters containing beautiful pearls are found, it is true, all along the coast of Arabia, and amongst the various islands in the Persian Gulf, and are frequently fished in these localities. They are also abundant in different parts of the Indian Ocean, along the Coromandel coast, and in various other places; but the two first-mentioned localities furnish the grand supply at the present day.

EAST INDIAN FISHERIES.

The fishery at Ceylon is a monopoly of our own government. Previous to 1796, this fishery was in the hands of the Dutch, though they had not fished there since 1768. In 1797, the produce of the fishery was £144,000; in 1798, it yielded £192,000; but in 1799, it decreased to £30,000—the fishery having been exhausted by the three previous years. In 1804, it was leased by government for £120,000; but in 1828, it brought only £30,612. A fishery which could yield such large sums annually, must, it can easily be believed, be of great importance to the place where it is carried on. 'There is no spectacle the island affords,' says Mr Perceval in his Account of Ceylon, 'more striking to a European than the Bay of Condatchy during the season of the pearl-fishery. This desert and barren spot is at that time converted into a scene which exceeds in novelty and variety almost anything I ever witnessed—several thousands of people of different colours, countries, casts, and occupations, continually passing and repassing in a busy crowd; the vast numbers of small tents and huts erected on the shore, with the bazaar or market-place before each; the multitude of boats returning in the afternoon from the pearl-banks, some of them laden with riches; the anxious expecting countenances of the boat-owners, while the boats are approaching the shore, and the eagerness and avidity with

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which they run to them when arrived, in hopes of a rich cargo; the vast number of jewellers, brokers, merchants, of all colours* and all descriptions, both natives and foreigners, who are occupied in some way or other with the pearls, some separating and assorting them, others weighing and ascertaining their number and value, while others are hawking them about, or drilling and boring them for future use: all these circumstances tend to impress the mind with the value and importance of that object which can of itself create this scene.'

The principal oyster-bank is situated opposite Condatchy, and is about twenty miles from the shore; and the best fishing is said to be found in from six to eight fathoms water. There are fourteen banks, but not all equally productive; and before the fishing commences, these banks are surveyed. The state of the oysters is thus ascertained, and a report is then made to government. If it is found that the quantity is sufficient, and that the oysters have arrived at a proper degree of maturity, the particular banks to be fished that year are put up for sale to the highest bidder, or are kept in the hands of government, to be fished on its own account. The pearl-oyster, as already mentioned, is supposed to reach its maturity in about from seven to nine years; and it is said that after that period the pearl becomes disagreeably large to the fish, and is then vomited out of the shell. The Dutch, with inconsiderate avarice, had nearly exhausted the banks; but since the island of Ceylon has come into our hands, a different policy has been adopted, to prevent such an accident happening again. The banks are divided into several portions, and not more than two or three can be fished in one season. These different portions are leased annually in succession; so that now a sufficient time is given for the oysters to increase in size and numbers. Moreover, the period during which the fishing is permitted to be carried on is only about six weeks or two months at the most, commencing in February, and ending about the beginning of April; and so numerous are the holidays amongst the divers, that the number of fishing-days in each season seldom exceed thirty. During the season, the boats regularly sail and return together. A signal-gun is fired at the station Arippeo about ten at night, when the whole fleet sets sail with the land-breeze. They reach the banks before daybreak, and at sunrise they commence fishing. In this they continue busily occupied till about noon, when the sea-breeze sets in, and warns them to return. When the boats come in sight, another gun is fired and the colours hoisted, to give notice to the anxious owners of their arrival. The cargoes are taken out immediately the boats arrive, so as to be completely unloaded before night sets in.

Each boat carries twenty men, with a *tindal* or chief boatman as pilot. Ten of these men are rowers, and also assist the divers in ascending; and the other ten are divers. Those from Colang, a

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small place on the Malabar coast, are reckoned the most expert, and are only rivalled by the Lubbahs, who remain in the island of Manaar for the purpose of being trained. These divers go down five at a time alternately, thus giving each other time to recruit. Accustomed to this trade from their infancy, these men fearlessly descend to the bottom in from four to ten fathoms water; and to accelerate their descent, they use a large stone. Five of these are brought in each boat, composed of red granite, of a pyramidal shape, round at top and bottom, and having the smaller end perforated with a hole, so as to admit a rope. When about to plunge, the diver seizes the rope to which the stone is attached with the toes of his right foot, taking a bag made of network with his left. Accustomed to make use of his toes to work with and to hold by, the Indian can pick up articles with them almost as well as a European can with his fingers. He then seizes hold of another rope with his right hand, and holding his nostrils shut with his left, plunges to the bottom. He there contrives to hang his net around his neck, and with much dexterity and despatch collects as many oysters as he can while he is able to remain under water; then pulling the rope, which he continues to hold in his right hand, he gives the signal to his comrades in the boat, who draw him up with his cargo, the large stone which he carried down being left behind, to be drawn up by the rope attached to it. The oysters are sometimes found, according to Sir Alexander Johnston, in what are called cables or ropes, of which a good diver is immediately sensible, and coils the whole into his net without breaking it. At such times, or when the ground is well clothed with them, the diver will bring up one hundred and fifty shells at a dip.

The exertion undergone during this process is so violent, that upon being brought into the boat, the divers discharge water from the mouth, ears, and nostrils, and frequently even blood. This does not, however, prevent them going down again; and they will often make from forty to fifty plunges in a day. Some rub their bodies with oil, and stuff their ears and nostrils, to prevent the water from entering, while others use no precautions whatever. The time the divers can remain under water, at the depth of seven fathoms, seldom exceeds one minute, sometimes one and a half, though they are occasionally known to remain about two. Mr Perceval asserts that there are instances known of divers who could even remain four or five minutes; which was the case, he says, of a Caffre boy, the last year he visited the fishery. The longest instance ever known, he adds, was a diver who came from Arjango in 1797, who remained under water absolutely full six minutes. This, we imagine, is rather apocryphal; though Mr Morier, in his *Journey through Persia*, asserts that the divers at Bahrein can remain five minutes under water. They seldom live to a great age; their bodies break out in sores, and their eyes become very weak and bloodshot. Indeed,

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they often die from over-exertion, being struck down on arriving at the surface as if by a shock of apoplexy. It is recorded of one that he died immediately after he had reached land, having brought with him, amongst other shells, one that contained a pearl of surprising size and lustre ; and on this incident Mr Procter has founded the exquisite lines entitled *The Pearl-wearer* :

' Within the midnight of her hair,
Half-hidden in its deepest deeps,
A single, peerless, priceless pearl
(All filmy-eyed) for ever sleeps.
Without the diamond's sparkling eyes,
The ruby's blushes—there it lies,
Modest as the tender dawn,
When her purple veil's withdrawn—
The flower of gems, a lily cold and pale !
Yet, what doth all avail ?
All its beauty, all its grace ?
All the honours of its place ?
He who plucked it from its bed,
In the far blue Indian Ocean,
Lieth, without life or motion,
In his earthy dwelling—dead !
And his children, one by one,
When they look upon the sun,
Curse the toil by which he drew
The treasure from its bed of blue.

Gentle bride, no longer wear,
In thy night-black odorous hair,
Such a spoil. It is not fit
That a tender soul should sit
Under such accursed gem !
What ! needest *thou* a diadem ?—
Thou, within whose eastern eyes,
Thought (a starry genius) lies ?—
Thou, whom beauty has arrayed ?—
Thou, whom love and truth have made
Beautiful—in whom we trace
Woman's softness ; angel's grace ;
All we hope for ; all that streams
Upon us in our haunted dreams ?

Oh, sweet lady ! cast aside,
With a gentle, noble pride,
All to sin or pain allied !
Let the wild-eyed conqueror wear
The bloody laurel in his hair !
Let the black and snaky vine
'Round the drinker's temples twine !

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Let the slave-begotten gold
Weigh on bosoms hard and cold !
But be *thou* for ever known
By thy natural light alone !'

The danger, however, which the divers dread most arises from the chance of their falling in with the ground-shark, a terrible creature, which prowls near the bottom, and proves a source of perpetual uneasiness to the adventurous pearl-fisher. No wonder that, with such an object of terror constantly before their eyes, these superstitious people should eagerly have recourse to supernatural means to insure their safety. They flee to the conjurer for assistance, and no business is begun till he has been consulted. Nor will they attempt to descend till he has performed his ceremonies. They place implicit reliance upon his supernatural powers; and term him, in the Malabar language, *Pillal Harras*, or *Binder of Sharks*. These conjurers, we are told, 'during the time of the fishery, stand on the shore from the morning till the boats return in the afternoon, all the while muttering and mumbling prayers, distorting their bodies into various strange attitudes, and performing ceremonies to which no one, not even themselves, can attach any meaning. All this while it is necessary for them to abstain from food or drink, otherwise their prayers would be of no avail. These acts of abstinence, however, they sometimes dispense with, and regale themselves with toddy, a species of liquor distilled from the palm-tree, till they are no longer able to stand at their devotions.'

The address of these fellows in redeeming their credit when any untoward accident happens to falsify their predictions, deserves to be noticed. Since the island came into our possession, a diver at the fishery one year lost his leg, upon which the head conjurer was called to account for the disaster. His answer gives a most striking picture of the knowledge and capacity of the people he had to deal with. He gravely told them that an old witch, who owed him a grudge, had just come from Colang, on the Malabar coast, and effected a counter-conjuration, which, for the time, rendered his spells fruitless; that this had come to his knowledge too late to prevent the accident which had happened; but that he would now shew his superiority over his antagonist by enchanting the sharks, and binding up their mouths, so that no more accidents should happen during the season! 'Fortunately for the conjurer,' says our informant, 'the ~~event~~ answered his prediction, and no further damage was sustained from the sharks during the fishing of that year.' So well grounded, however, is the divers' dread of these ravenous creatures, that the appearance of a single shark will produce as great a panic amongst the whole body as a hawk does when descried hovering over a brood of partridges. Should a diver perchance come roughly against a sharp stone at the bottom, straightway ~~he~~

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fears conjure up the shark, he ascends immediately, gives the alarm to the rest of the divers, and perhaps the whole fleet of boats will return to shore before the real cause of alarm has been discovered.

The divers are paid differently, according to the agreement made before the fishing begins. Sometimes they receive their wages in money, and at others in oysters, receiving a certain number upon the chance of their finding pearls in them. This latter method, indeed, is the one they most frequently prefer; and they get up besides, amongst themselves, oyster lotteries, in which the European residents often join. A quantity of shells is purchased by an individual unopened, and he takes the risk whether they contain pearls or not. One hundred and fifty pearls, including the small ones called seed-pearls, have been found in one oyster, whilst again as many oysters have been opened without finding a single specimen. The divers frequently purloin the best pearls; and the conjurers, by way of giving their devotees more courage against their dreaded enemies the sharks, often accompany them in the boats, when they are always on the look-out to pilfer and steal. The oyster, when left undisturbed for a time, will often open its shell of its own accord; a large pearl may then be easily discovered, and the thief, adroitly gagging the shell, by introducing a piece of soft wood or a bit of grass, will watch his opportunity for picking it out unseen.

CEYLONESE MODE OF PREPARING THE PEARL.

The mode of extracting and subsequently preparing the pearls for the market are as follows: 'As soon as the oysters are taken out of the boats, they are carried by the different people to whom they belong, and placed in holes or pits dug in the ground to the depth of about two feet, or in small square hollow places cleared and fenced round for the purpose, each person having his own separate division. Mats are spread below them, to prevent the oysters from touching the earth, and here they are left to die and rot. As soon as they have passed through a state of putrefaction, and have become dry, they are easily opened, without any danger of injuring the pearls, which might be the case if they were opened fresh, as at that time to do so requires great force. On the shell being opened, the oyster is minutely examined for the pearls; it is usual even to boil the oyster, as the pearl is frequently found in the body of the fish. The stench occasioned by the oysters being left to putrefy is intolerable, and remains for a long time after the fishery is over. It corrupts the atmosphere for several miles round Condatchy, and renders the neighbourhood of that country extremely unpleasant till the monsoons and violent south-west winds set in and purify the air.'

After being extracted and perfectly cleaned, the pearls are rounded and polished with a powder made of the pearls themselves. They are then sorted into classes according to size. This is accomplished

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by passing them through brass sieves, or saucers full of round holes. These saucers are ten in number, and are all apparently of one size, but made so as to go one within the other. They are distinguished by the numbers 20, 30, 50, 80, 100, 200, 400, 600, 800, and 1000. 'This is a kind of ratio,' says Mr Milburn, 'to estimate the value of the different sizes of pearls; and probably the distinguishing numbers in some measure correspond with the quantity of holes in each basin.' These completely occupy the bottom of the vessel, and as they increase in number, necessarily decrease in size. The pearls are thrown in a promiscuous heap into the uppermost sieve, which, being raised a little and shaken, the greater part of them pass through into the second sieve, and only those remain which exceed a large pea in size. The second sieve is shaken in the same manner, the pearls remaining in it being the size of a small pea or grain of black pepper. The quantity of pearls gradually increases as the size diminishes. Those which fall through all the ten saucers belong to the class of *Tool* or seed-pearls, so called from the smallness of their size. The pearls contained in the sieves 20 to 80 inclusive are distinguished by the general name of *Mell*, or the first order. Those from 100 to 1000 are called *Vadivoo*, or the second order. Both these orders are divided into various sorts, according to shape, lustre, and other qualities. The first sort, called *Annees*, are perfectly round, and of the most brilliant lustre. An inferior kind of this first sort is called *Annadaree*. The second sort are called *Kayarel*; they are not so completely round, and are of a duller colour. An inferior kind of this sort is called *Samadiem*, nearly of the form of a pear; and another *Kallipoo*, having flat sides. The third sort are called *Koorwell*. The pearls of this sort are double, ill-shaped, and of a dull water. To this kind belong the *Pesul*, the most deformed of all; and the *Tool* or seed-pearl, the most diminutive. These different kinds are sent to different markets; but at the fishery all the kinds are sold together, mixed, at two hundred pagodas per pound [a pagoda = about 8s.]. The method of determining the price (according to the last quoted authority) of the different sorts is regulated by an imaginary criterion, estimating the proportion of that quality which attaches to them their highest value. It has the appearance of being intricate and difficult, but is considered simple by those who understand it. Size, roundness, and brightness seem to be the qualities on which it depends.

The next process is drilling the pearls and stringing them. In this the natives are very expert, a good workman being able to perforate three hundred small or six hundred large ones in a day. 'I was very much struck,' says Mr Perceval, 'with the instrument they employ in drilling, as well as the dexterity in using it. A machine made of wood, and of a shape resembling an obtuse inverted cone, about six inches in length and four in breadth, is supported upon three feet, each twelve inches long. In the upper

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flat surface of this machine, holes or pits are formed to receive the larger pearls, the smaller ones being beat in with a little wooden hammer. The drilling instruments are spindles of various sizes, according to that of the pearls; they are turned round in a wooden head by means of a bow-handle, to which they are attached. The pearls being placed in the pits which we have already mentioned, and the point of the spindle adjusted to them, the workman presses on the wooden head of the machine with his left hand, while his right is employed in turning round the bow-handle. During the process of drilling, he occasionally moistens the pearl by dipping the little finger of his right hand in a cocoa-nut filled with water, which is placed by him for that purpose; this he does with a quickness and dexterity which scarcely impedes the operation, and can only be acquired by much practice. They are next washed in salt and water, to prevent any stains they may have acquired from the drilling instrument, and then they are strung. This is considered the most difficult operation of the pearl-merchant, and is one in which very few excel.

The pearls of largest size being most costly, and esteemed as emblems of greatness, find a ready sale amongst the rich natives of India, in the Nizam's dominions, in Guzerat, &c. The finest *annee* pearls from sieve 30 to 80, which make most beautiful necklaces, are sent to Europe. A handsome necklace of pearls smaller than a large pea costs from £170 to £300; but one consisting of pearls about the size of a peppercorn will only cost about £15. The former pearls sell at a guinea each, and the latter about 1s. 6d. When they descend to the size of small shot, they are sold at a low price. The smaller sorts are sent to the markets of Hydrabad, Poonah, and Guzerat, in which last place pearls of a yellow tinge are preferred, being considered to have arisen to a higher state of maturity, to be less liable to fade, and to retain their lustre longer. The refuse and lower orders of pearls are sold readily in China. The pearls obtained in the Ceylon fishery are more esteemed in England than those from any other part of the world, being of a more regular form, and of a fine clear and brilliant silvery white. The true shape of the pearl is a perfect sphere; but if pearls of a considerable size are of the shape of a pear, as is not unfrequently the case, they are not less valued, as they then serve for earrings and other ornaments, and often bring a large price.

PERSIAN FISHERIES.

Though we have spoken thus largely of the Ceylon fishery, as being perhaps the most interesting to British readers, yet that which is carried on at Bahrein Island, in the Persian Gulf, is even more valuable, and may be considered as the greatest pearl-fishery in the world. The fishery extends along the whole of the Arabian coast,

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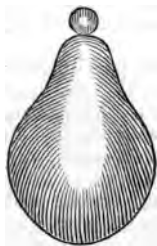
and to a large proportion of the Persian side of the gulf, though the most productive banks are those off the island Bahrein and Khar-rack. The fishery, we are told by Major Wilson, late political resident at Bushire, and to whom we owe many details in the following account, is now an entire monopoly in the hands of the Sheik of Bushire. 'The fishing season,' he says, 'is divided into two portions: the one called the short and cold, the other the long and hot. In the cooler weather of the month of June, diving is practised along the coast in shallow water; but it is not until the intensely hot months of July, August, and September that the Bahrein banks are much frequented. The water on them is about seven fathoms deep, and the divers are much inconvenienced when it is cold; indeed, they can do little when it is not as warm as the air, and it frequently becomes even more so in the hottest months of the summer. When they dive, they compress their nostrils tightly with a small piece of horn, which keeps the water out, and stuff their ears with bees-wax for the same purpose. They attach a net to their waists to contain the oysters, and aid their descent by means of a stone, which they hold by a rope attached to a boat, and shake it when they wish to be drawn up.' From what the major could learn, he considers two minutes as rather above the average time of their remaining under water. Although severe labour, and very exhausting at the time, diving is not considered at Bahrein as particularly injurious to the constitution: even old men practise it. A person usually dives from twelve to fifteen times a day in favourable weather; but when otherwise, three or four times only. The work is performed on an empty stomach. When the diver becomes fatigued, he goes to sleep, and does not eat till he has slept some time.

At Bahrein alone, the annual amount produced by the pearl-fishery may be reckoned at from £200,000 to £240,000. If to this the purchases made by the Bahrein merchants or agents at Aboottabee, Sharga, Ras-ul-Rymack, &c. be added, which may amount to half as much more, there will be a total of about £300,000 or £360,000; but this is calculated to include the whole pearl-trade of the gulf; for it is believed that all the principal merchants of India, Arabia, and Persia who deal in pearls make their purchases through agents at Bahrein. Such is the estimate of Major Wilson, whose situation gave him no doubt good opportunities of making such a calculation. 'I have not admitted,' he adds, 'in the above estimate, much more than one-sixth of the amount some native merchants have stated it to be, as a good deal seemed to be matter of guess or opinion, and it is difficult to get at facts. My own estimate is in some measure checked by the estimated profits of the small boats; but even the sum which I have estimated is an enormous annual value for an article found in other parts of the world as well as here, and which is never used in its best and most valuable state except as an

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ornament.' Large quantities of the very small or seed pearls are used throughout Asia in the composition of majoons or electuaries, to form which nearly all kinds of precious stones are occasionally mixed, after being pounded. The majoon, in which there is a large proportion of pearl-powder, is much sought for and valued on account of its supposed stimulating and restorative qualities.* The Bahrein fishing-boats are reckoned to amount to about fifteen hundred, and the trade is in the hands of merchants, some of whom possess considerable capital. They bear hard on the producers or fishers; and even those who make the greatest exertions in diving hardly have food to eat. The merchant advances some money to the fishermen at cent. per cent., and a portion of dates, rice, and other necessary articles, all at the supplier's own price; he also lets a boat to them, for which he gets one share of the gross profits of all that is fished; and finally, he purchases the pearls nearly at his own price, for the unhappy fishermen are generally in his debt, and therefore at his mercy.

A great many of the pearls found at Bahrein are of a beautiful yellow hue. Though these are not esteemed much in Europe, they are highly prized in the East, where they are considered to retain their colour better than those of Ceylon, and not to become tarnished by wearing them. Mr Morier, who visited this fishery in 1812, says: 'The pearl of Ceylon peels off; that of the gulf is as firm as the rock upon which it grows; and though it loses in colour and water one per cent. annually for fifty years, yet it still loses less than that of Ceylon. It ceases after fifty years to lose anything.' El Katiff, on



the Arabian coast, situated opposite to Bahrein, was the site of a celebrated fishery in the days of Pliny, and it was at this place that the largest and most perfect pearl, as regards colour and water, was found that has ever yet been discovered. Tavernier, who travelled through Persia previous to the year 1670, has described this famous gem, and gives a figure of it, which we have copied in the accompanying engraving. It is pear-shaped, of a regular form, and without the slightest blemish. It measures six-tenths of an inch in diameter at the largest part, and is one and a half inch long. Pearls of great value have also been found at Ormuz, an island off the Persian coast. Tavernier gives an interesting account of one which he saw there, which he describes as the most beautiful pearl in the world: not so much for its size, he says, for it does not weigh more than twelve 1-16th carats, nor from its perfect roundness, but because it was so clear and so transparent

* Pearls were formerly used medicinally in our own country; but their medical operation is not different from that of any other calcareous earth. A little lime-water or prepared chalk is quite as efficacious as the most expensive solution of pearl.

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that you could almost see the light through it. It belonged to Imenheit, Prince of Muscat. At the conclusion of a grand entertainment given by the Khan of Ormuz to this prince, at which Tavernier was present, Imenheit drew from a small purse he had suspended round his neck this beautiful pearl, and exhibited it to the company. The Khan of Ormuz wished to purchase it from the prince, to make a present of it to the Shah of Persia, and offered 2000 tomans for it; but the owner of the pearl would not part with it. He was afterwards offered by a Banyan merchant, an agent for the Grand Mogul, 40,000 crowns; but the prince would not accept the offer, so highly did he prize it.

BRITISH AND EUROPEAN PEARLS.

That pearls were found in Great Britain, seems to have been known to the ancients at an early period. So famous had the report of their value become, that Suetonius relates, as a fact, that Julius Cæsar was induced in a great measure to undertake the conquest of Britain for the sake of its pearls. He seems to have been a great connoisseur in this precious ornament; for so expert had he become at comparing the sizes, as sometimes to have ascertained their weight by his hand alone. It is generally believed that Cæsar was disappointed in his hopes with regard to the value of the British pearls, as they were found, says Pliny, to be small and colourless. That, however, he did collect a good number during his expedition is certain, as the last-mentioned author informs us also that he brought home to Rome a buckler made of British pearls, and hung it up in the temple which he had dedicated to the goddess Venus.

Pearls are found in various places in Great Britain. At one time a fishery to a considerable extent existed at Perth. Pennant tells us, that from 1761 to 1764, £10,000 worth were sent to London, and sold from 10s. to £1, 16s. the ounce. 'I was told,' says this traveller, 'that a pearl has been taken there that weighed thirty-three grains; but the fishery is at present exhausted from the avarice of the undertakers. It once extended as far as Loch Tay.' The mode of fishing in the Tay is thus described in the old *Statistical Account of Scotland*: 'The mussels are fished with a kind of spear, consisting of a long shaft, and shod at the point with two iron spoons, having their mouths inverted; their handles are long and elastic, and joined at the extremity, which is formed into a socket to receive the shaft. With this machine in his hand by way of staff, the fisher, being often up to the chin in water, gropes with his feet for the mussels, which are fixed in the mud and sand by one end, and presses down the iron spoon upon their point; so that, by the spring in the handles, they open to receive the mussel, hold it fast, and pull it up to the surface of the water. He has a pouch or bag of network hanging by his side, to carry the mussels till he come ashore, where they are

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opened. In shallow water the operation is much easier.'—Other Scottish rivers besides the Tay seem to have been in early times fished for pearls. Boethius thus quaintly describes the mode of capture practised in the Don and Dee: First, four or five persons wade into the river together, and stand in manner of a circle with the water up to their shoulders. Each one of them has a staff in his hand, that he may not slide; and then they look through the clear water until they see the mussels; and because they cannot reach them with their hands, they take them up with their toes, and sling them to the nearest bank. The pearls, adds this old chronicler, that are found in Scotland are not of small value; for they have a clear shining whiteness, round and light, and sometimes are as large as a man's finger-nail, as specimens in our possession can testify. It was shewn to him by some traveller that there were similar mussels in Spain; but these, he adds, contained no pearl, for they lived in salt water! Some years ago, the Scottish pearl-fishery was revived, and specimens worth from £5 to £90 each were collected.

The river Irt in Cumberland was also famous for pearl-mussels. The famous navigator Sir John Hawkins had a patent for fishing that river. Having observed pearls plentifully in the Strait of Magellan, he flattered himself with the hope of being enriched by procuring them within his own island. The river Conway in North Wales was noted for producing pearls in the time of Camden; and it is said that Sir Richard Wynn of Gwydir, chamberlain to Catharine, queen of Charles II., presented her majesty with one taken from that river, which is to this day honoured with a place in the royal crown. A fishery still exists there; and a writer in Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History* says that he has been informed 'that a lady on the Conway nets nearly £1000 a year by the pearls of that river, under a charter.' The fishery exists at the mouth of the Conway, and is carried on by many of the inhabitants of that part of the country, who obtain their livelihood entirely by their industry in procuring the pearls. 'When the tide is out, they go in several boats to the bar at the mouth of the river, with their sacks, and gather as many shells as they can before the return of the tide. The mussels are then put in a large kettle over a fire, to be opened, and the fish taken out singly from the shells with the fingers, and put into a tub, into which one of the fishers goes barefooted, and stamps upon them until they are reduced into a sort of pulp. They next pour in water, to separate the fishy substance, which they call *solach*, from the more heavy parts, consisting of sand, small pebbles, and the pearls, which settle in the bottom. After numerous washings, until the fishy part is entirely removed, the sediment, if I may so term it, is put out to dry, and each pearl separated on a large wooden platter, one at a time, with a feather; and when a sufficient quantity is obtained, they are taken to the overseer, who pays the fisher so much per ounce for them.' The pearls found at the mouth of the river are generally very

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small, of a dirty white or sometimes blue colour, and the shell from which they are taken is the common edible mussel. About twelve miles farther up, however, and near Llanrwst, they have been found as large as a moderate-sized pea, and have been sold for a guinea the couple; but the search is very precarious, and good pearls are rarely met with. The shell in which these latter pearls are found is the *Alasmadon margaritiferus*; and the Welsh call them *Cregin y Dylu*, or Shells of the Flood.

Ireland, too, can boast of her pearls. In the last century, several of great size were found in the rivers of the counties Tyrone and Donegal. The river Bann was at one period famous for its pearl-fishery, and pearls are still occasionally found there. In the old Down Survey, we find the following particulars: 'The pearls are found in fresh-water mussels, in shape and colour like the sea-mussels, but of a larger size; the shells of which are sometimes used by the poorer people instead of spoons. The fish of this mussel cuts like the oyster, is of a dark-green colour, and soon corrupts; but being of an insipid disagreeable taste, it is seldom eaten even by the poor. The shell is fastened by two cartilages, one at each end, and in this particular differs from the oyster and scallop, which have only one in the middle. Sir Robert Reading, in a letter to the Royal Society, dated October 13, 1688, from his own experience gives an account of these fish, and the manner of fishing for them in some rivers in the county of Tyrone; which, as it differs little from the Bann practice, may be applicable here. He tells us he saw the mussels lying in part opened, putting forth their white fins, like a tongue out of the mouth, which direct the eye of the fisher to them, being otherwise black as the stones in the river. That the backs of the shells above the hinges, on which the valves open, are broken and bruised, and discover the several crusts and scales that form the shell, which, he thinks, is caused by great stones being driven over them by the impetuosity of the floods. The insides of the shells are of a pearly colour, and of a substance like a flat pearl, especially when first opened; and he was told by an ingenious person on the spot, that he had observed in some shells under the first coat a liquor orient and clear, that would move on the pressure of the finger; but that such a mussel never had a pearl: and Sir Robert judges this liquor to be the true mother-of-pearl. He tells us that the pearl lies in the toe or lesser end of the shell, at the extremity of the gut, and out of the body of the fish, between the two films that line the shell. He is of opinion, with some naturalists, that the pearl answers to the stone in other animals, and, like that, increaseth by several crusts growing over one another, which appears by pinching the pearl in a vice, when the upper coat will crack and leap away; and that this stone or concretion is cast off by the mussel, and voided as it is able.

'Sir Robert affirms that the shells containing the best pearls are

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wrinkled, or bunched, and not smooth and equal as those that have none; which the fishers so well know, that though they are carefully watched, yet they will open such shells under the water, and conceal the pearls. That those pearls, if once dark, will never clear upon any alteration in the health or age of the mussel; and that if the first seed be black, all the coats superinduced will be clouded. He adds that a vast number of fair merchantable pearls are offered for sale every summer assize, some gentlemen of the country making good advantage thereof. That he saw one pearl bought for fifty shillings that weighed thirty-six carats, and was valued at £40; and that, had it been as clear as some others produced with it, would have been very valuable. That a miller found a pearl, which he sold for £4, 10s. to a man that sold it for £10, who disposed of it to the Lady Glenawly for £30, with whom he saw it in a necklace, for which she refused £80 from the old Duchess of Ormond.'

Pearls are likewise found in several of the continental rivers, as in the Elster in Saxony, from its origin down to the town of Elsterberg, as well as in the rivulets that fall into Elster. Since 1621, a pearl-fishery has been established there, of course for the benefit of the sovereign. Also in the river Watawa in Bohemia, and in the Moldau river from Krumau to Frauenburg, pearls are found sometimes of great beauty, and difficult to be distinguished from the Oriental pearl. The fishery there is the property of the landowner.

AMERICAN FISHERIES.

In almost all countries we thus find that that sea-born gem, the bauteous pearl, was at the earliest periods of their history in high estimation. In the East, and in various parts of Europe, the prices given for them were often enormous; and we have seen that the fisheries were objects of national importance. The western hemisphere presents no exception to this remark; and it appears certain that long before the discovery of America, pearls were in high esteem by the natives. The Spaniards, upon their first landing in the New World, were surprised to find the savages decked out with pearl necklaces and bracelets; and soon afterwards observed that the comparatively civilised natives of Mexico were as eager in the search of a pearl of a beautiful form as were the people of Europe. Hernando de Soto found an immense quantity in Florida, where the tombs of the princes were adorned with them; and amongst the presents made to Cortes by Montezuma before his entry into Mexico, and which were sent to the Emperor Charles V., were necklaces garnished with rubies, emeralds, and pearls. The natives of Peru also attached a great value to this gem; but the laws of Manco Capac forbade the Peruvians the task of diving, as being little useful to the state, and dangerous to those who undertook it.

The fishery of the ancient kings of Mexico seems to have been

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on the west coast, between Acapulco and the Gulf of Tehuantepec ; but the Spaniards sought for them in the Caribbean Sea, near the small islands of Cubagua, Margarita, and Coche ; and such was their success, that soon cities rose there into splendour and affluence. The wealth and luxury of their merchants has been handed down to us ; but in the sixteenth century the fishing rapidly diminished ; by 1683 it had already ceased, the islands had almost become unknown, and now not a vestige of their cities remains, and downs of shifting sands cover the desolate islands. At first the island of Coche alone furnished 1500 marks' worth of pearls, or 3000 dollars a month. The tax or *quint* which the king's officers drew from the produce was 15,000 ducats. Till 1530, the value of the pearls sent to Europe amounted yearly, on an average, to more than 800,000 piastres. In 1587, there was sent to Seville 697 pounds-weight, amongst which a good many of great beauty were reserved for Philip II. This same monarch had a magnificent one sent him from the island of Margarita, which weighed 250 carats, and was valued at 150,000 dollars. These islands, then so productive, became the frequent objects of mercantile speculations. The Emperor Charles V. granted the privilege of proceeding with five vessels for this purpose to the coast of Cumăna, to a person named Lewis Lampagnano, who was a relation of the assassin of the Duke of Milan. The colonists, however, sent him back with this bold answer : 'The emperor, too liberal of what was not his own, had not the right to dispose of the oysters which lie at the bottom of the sea.' The poor adventurer, not being able to pay the merchants of Seville the sums they had advanced for his outfit, remained at the island of Cubagua for five years, and then died insane.

Las Casas, the great apologist of the Indians, describes the great cruelties practised upon the poor divers by the Spaniards at the time of the conquest 'as a tyranny than which there could be nothing more cruel or more detestable.' As soon as the diver rose to the surface, he says, a cruel overseer was close at hand ; and should the miserable wretch presume to remain a little time to draw his breath, and rest a few minutes from his toil, his tormentor beat him with many blows ; and seizing him by the hair of his head, forced him again to descend. The food allowed them was such as was not sufficient to allay the pangs of hunger, and their bed was the cold ground. Frequently they descended in quest of the shells, but never reappeared, having been devoured by the sharks which prowled around them. If they escaped these cruel monsters of the deep, they soon fell victims to their equally ruthless masters ; for they quickly died of profuse spitting of blood, while their hair had already, from a deep glossy black, the natural colour, become of a dull gray, like that of the sea-wolf ; and so injurious was their dreadful trade, that they had assumed the appearance more of a monster in shape of a man, than a man himself. The avarice of

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the Spaniards soon destroyed their fisheries: they exhausted the banks by their never-ceasing and indiscriminate destruction of the oysters; and now the pearl-fishery of America is comparatively of no moment.

The only places in the New World which now furnish pearls for commerce are the gulfs of Panama and California. The fishery in the latter place had, soon after the commencement of the seventeenth century, begun to rival the older established ones; and the pearls found there were often very large, and of a fine water. The Indians and negroes, however, employed in the fisheries, were so ill paid by the Europeans, that the fishing soon became almost abandoned; and the disturbed state of these countries has prevented the governments from making fresh exertions. In our time, various attempts, indeed, have been made by Englishmen to renew the fishery, but not with much success. Joint-stock companies have been formed, and commissioners sent out to examine the banks; and as good divers were difficult to be had, proposals were made to use diving-bells instead. In 1825, one of these companies, 'The General Pearl and Coral-fishing Association of London,' sent out Lieutenant Hardy, R.N., to Mexico, as their commissioner, to examine into the state of the fishing, and their prospect of success. The fishery he found in a very poor state; and further ascertained that the use of diving-bells for the purpose, however desirable they might be, could not be made available. He found that in many places the divers are afraid to go down, for fear of the *tintereros* or ground-sharks, and the *mantas* or *marrayos*. This latter fish, he was informed, is an immense broad fish, formed like a skate. They hug the divers with two large fins, and carry the poor fellows off. One was struck by a Captain Hall with a harpoon, and when taken, was found to measure twenty feet across the back! Notwithstanding these dangers, and anxious himself to ascertain the state of the oyster banks, Mr Hardy became a diver; and with his graphic account of this perilous trade, as practised by himself, we shall conclude this section of our subject.

'If it be difficult to learn to swim,' says Mr Hardy, 'it is infinitely more so to dive. In my first attempts, I could only descend about six feet, and was immediately obliged to rise again to the surface; but by degrees I got down to two or three fathoms, at which depth the pressure of the water upon the ears is so great that I can only compare it to a sharp-pointed iron instrument being violently forced into that organ. My stay under water, therefore, at this depth was extremely short; but as I had been assured that as soon as the ears should burst, as it is technically called by the divers, there would be no difficulty in descending to any depth, and wishing to become an accomplished diver, I determined to brave the excessive pain, till the bursting should, as it were, liberate me from a kind of cord, which limited my range downwards, in the same way

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that the ropes of a balloon confine the progress of that machine upwards. Accordingly, taking a leap from the bows of the boat, full of hope and resolution, with my fingers knit together over my head, the elbows straight, and keeping myself steadily in the inverse order of nature—namely, with my feet perpendicularly upwards—the impetus carried me down about four fathoms, when it became necessary to assist the descent by means of the hands and legs. But, alas! who can count upon the firmness of his resolution. The change of temperature from hot to cold is most sensibly felt. Every fathom fills the imagination with some new idea of the dangerous folly of penetrating farther into the silent dominions of reckless monsters, where the skulls of the dead make perpetual grimaces, and the yawning jaws of sharks and tintereros, or the death-embrace of the manta, lie in wait for us. These impressions were augmented by the impossibility of the vision penetrating the twilight by which I was surrounded, together with the excruciating pain I felt in my eyes and ears: in short, my mind being assailed by a thousand incomprehensible images, I ceased striking with my hands and legs; I felt myself receding from the bottom; the delightful thought of once more beholding the blue heavens above me got the better of every other reflection; I involuntarily changed the position of my body, and in the next instant found myself once more on the surface. How did my bosom inflate with the rapid inspirations of my natural atmosphere, and a sensation of indescribable pleasure spread over every part of the body, as though the spirit was rejoicing at its liberation from its watery peril! In fact, it was a new sensation, which I cannot describe. I did not suffer it, however, to be of long duration. Once more I essayed, with a more fixed determination. Again I felt myself gliding through the slippery water, which, from its density, gave one the idea of swimming through a thick jelly; again I experienced the same change of temperature in the water as I descended; and again the agonising sensation in my ears and eyes made me waver. But now reason and resolution urged me on, although every instant the pain increased as I descended; and at the depth of six or seven fathoms I felt a sensation in my ears like that produced by the explosion of a gun; at the same moment I lost all sense of pain, and afterwards reached the bottom with a facility which I had thought unattainable. . . . I no sooner found myself at the surface again, than I became sensible of what had happened to my ears, eyes, and mouth: I was literally bleeding from each of these, though wholly unconscious of it. But now was the greatest danger in diving, as the sharks, mantas, and tintereros have an astonishing quick scent for blood.'

In a short time our adventurous hero became a most expert diver; and after numerous submarine excursions, he ascertained that, on the coast of California, the pearl-oysters are not lying, as he had always previously supposed them to be, in regular beds or heaps, but that

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they chiefly occurred in sheltered bays, the bottoms of which were covered with large rocks; and that they were most abundant in fissures or clefts of these rocks, adhering firmly by a strong byssus, so strongly indeed that it requires no little force to tear them away. In such a coast as that, therefore, diving-bells, he soon saw, could be of no use; for though they would afford a complete protection to the diver from the voracious monsters of the deep, yet the particular situations in which the oysters occurred most abundantly would necessarily prevent the people employed in descending in the diving-bells from reaching them.

In diving, Mr Hardy tells us it is usual for the person so employed to carry a short stick about nine inches long, and pointed at both ends. Armed with this, an experienced diver will often fight the shark in its own domain. He grasps the stick in the middle; and when attacked by the shark, he thrusts it into the monster's expanded jaws, in such a position that, in attempting to seize his victim, the jaws close upon the two sharp points. He had no adventure of this sort to boast of himself, during his diving excursions; but a native of the name of Don Pablo Ochoa, who was for many years a superintendent of the fishery, and himself a most expert diver, gave him the following account of one of his watery adventures:

'The Placer de la Piedra Negada, which is near Loréto, was supposed to have quantities of very large pearl-oysters round it—a supposition which was at once confirmed by the great difficulty of finding this sunken rock. Don Pablo, however, succeeded in sounding it; and, in search of specimens of the largest and oldest shells, dived down in eleven fathoms water. The rock is not above a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in circumference; and our adventurer swam round and examined it in all directions, but without meeting any inducement to prolong his stay. Accordingly, being satisfied that there were no oysters, he thought of ascending to the surface of the water; but first he cast a look upwards, as all divers are obliged to do who hope to avoid the hungry jaws of a monster. If the coast is clear, they may rise without apprehension. Don Pablo, however, when he cast a hasty glance upwards, found that a tinterero had taken a station three or four yards immediately above him, and most probably had been watching during the whole time that he had been down. A double-pointed stick was a useless weapon against such a tinterero, as its mouth was of such enormous dimensions that both man and stick would be swallowed together. He therefore felt himself *rather nervous*, as his retreat was now completely intercepted. But under water, time is too great an object to be spent in reflection, and therefore he swam round to another part of the rock, hoping by this means to avoid the vigilance of his persecutor. What was his dismay, when he again looked, to find the pertinacious tinterero still hovering over him, as a hawk would follow a bird! He described him as having large, round, and inflamed eyes, appar-

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ently just ready to dart from the sockets with eagerness, and a mouth (at the recollection of which he still shuddered) that was continually opening and shutting, as if the monster was already, in imagination, devouring his victim, or at least that the contemplation of his prey imparted a foretaste of the *gout*! Two alternatives now presented themselves to the mind of Don Pablo—one, to suffer himself to be drowned; the other, to be eaten. He had already been under water so considerable a time, that he found it impossible any longer to retain his breath, and was on the point of giving himself up for lost with as much philosophy as he possessed. But what is dearer than life? The invention of man is seldom at a loss to find expedients for its preservation in cases of great extremity. On a sudden he recollected that on one side of the rock he had observed a sandy spot, and to this he swam with all imaginable speed; his attentive friend still watching his movements, and keeping a measured pace with him. As soon as he reached the spot, he commenced stirring it with his pointed stick, in such a way that the fine particles rose and rendered the water perfectly turbid, so that he could not see the monster, nor the monster him. Availing himself of the *cloud* by which himself and the tinterero were enveloped, he swam very far out in a transvertical direction, and reached the surface in safety, although completely exhausted. Fortunately, he rose close to one of the boats; and those who were within, seeing him in such a state, and knowing that an enemy must have been persecuting him, and that by some artifice he had saved his life, jumped overboard, as is their common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing the water; and Don Pablo was taken into the boat more dead than alive.'

MOTHER-OF-PEARL.

It has been already stated that mother-of-pearl differs from true pearl only in form, and in being less compact and lustrous. Chemically speaking, it is one and the same substance; and as it constitutes the shell or protection of the animal, must be a natural secretion, and not an accidental concretion, which most of the real pearls are, whether attached to the inside of the shell, or free and enveloped in the folds of the mantle. Carbonate of lime is the great ingredient of all shells; some being coarse and earthy in aspect, as the common cockle; others porcellanous, as the cowry; some horny, as the common mussel; and others pearly and nacreous, according to the manner in which the layers of lime and animal albumen are arranged and compacted. We have mentioned that the brilliant hues of mother-of-pearl do not depend upon the nature of the substance, but upon its structure. The microscopic wrinkles or furrows which run across the surface of every slice, act upon the reflected light in such a manner as to produce the chromatic effect;

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and Sir David Brewster, to whom we are indebted for the discovery, has shewn that if we take, with very fine black wax, or with the fusible alloy of D'Arcet, an impression of mother-of-pearl, it will possess the iridescent appearance. According to this discovery, therefore, the lustre and beauty of any plate of mother-of-pearl will be determined by the minuteness and arrangement of these furrows, and not by the mere composition and compactness of the substance.

It is the nacreous class of shells, whether containing pearls or not, which furnish the mother-of-pearl of commerce—the shell, with the exception of the rough outside, being entirely composed of that substance; and it is the large oysters of the Indian seas alone that secrete this coat of sufficient thickness to render it available to the purposes of manufactures. Our chief supply is obtained from the Gulf of Persia, and from the seas, straits, and creeks of the Indian archipelago. When stowed loose as dunnage, the shells are allowed to pass free of freight; and in this way about 950,000 pounds-weight are annually imported into Britain. Of course it is only those of the largest size, of a fine lustre, thick, even, and free from stains, that are chosen; and if the reader will take the trouble to examine some Chinese fancy-box, a parasol handle, a pearl paper-folder, or the like, it will enable him to form some conception of the size, thickness, and beauty of these shells. Mother-of-pearl is somewhat difficult and delicate to work: it is fashioned by saws, files, and drills, with the aid sometimes of a corrosive acid, and finally polished with the colcothar of vitriol. As an ornamental substance, it is extensively used in the arts, particularly in inlaid-work, and in the manufacture of handles for knives, folders, buttons, toys, snuff-boxes, and the like. The Chinese have employed the substance from time immemorial, fashioning it into beads, fish, counters, spoons, fancy-boxes, &c.; and giving to it a finish to which European artists, with all their mechanical facilities, have not been able to attain.



Carved Shell—work of Monks near Jerusalem. Purchased at door of Holy Sepulchre.



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THE LITTLE GIPSY GIRL.

I.

TWAS the Easter of the year 1635, and amidst a crowd assembled in one of the churches at Paris might be seen a young girl, apparently about twelve or thirteen years of age. Her countenance was interesting for the mildness and sweetness of its expression, more even than for its beauty, which was remarkable. Her dress indicated extreme poverty; the miserable rags scarcely sufficing to cover her, though, with instinctive modesty, she endeavoured to gather them around her as she knelt. The service over, she was still lingering in the porch, when another girl, as miserably clad, but somewhat older, appeared at the door, and was advancing on tiptoe, as if awed by the sanctity of the place, till suddenly perceiving the young creature first described, she ran forward, and catching her impatiently by the shoulder, said: 'What are you about so long, Alice?'

'Hush, Sarah!' replied the other in a tone of entreaty; but without heeding the caution, she ran on: 'They have been looking for you everywhere. The old mother has been crying out for you this hour, and if you do not get a beating when you go back, I wonder at it.'

'I cannot help it, Sarah,' said Alice. 'I have been praying, and asking for grace and strength to be patient to bear all!'

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'Alice,' said Sarah, with a look that might almost be called grave, 'I do not know what has come over you this some time. Instead of playing or going to beg with the rest of us, you are weeping and praying in every hole and corner, or talking to me of a whole heap of things of which I can make neither head nor tail.'

'O sister,' said Alice, 'if you but knew how wretched we are, we gipsy children!'

Sarah went off into a fit of laughter, which Alice endeavoured to suppress by putting her hand on the mouth of her companion.

'I think you might find a fitter place to laugh in than a church, you pair of little beggars,' cried an old woman who was also waiting in the porch, and whose costume marked her out as a housekeeper in some family of distinction.

'Indeed, madame, if we thought it was any offence to God to laugh, we would not do it,' said Sarah, assuming at once the whining tone of the mendicant.

'You are a young hypocrite,' said the housekeeper, as she adjusted her spectacles on her nose.

'You are not doing right now, Sarah; you know you are not,' whispered Alice. 'If you had been at the sermon, you would have heard the preacher say'——

'Really, Alice, if you go on this way, no one will believe that you are a gipsy, no more than that I am a princess; but perhaps I know more about you than you think. But be this as it may, to look at you and your ways, would be enough to convince me you were not a gipsy.'

'How so?' said Alice. 'Would that you were right. But what makes you think so?'

'Everything,' answered Sarah. 'True, you are dressed like the rest of us; but your petticoats, though not always whole, are never dirty. Your hair is more tidily arranged than ours, and I verily believe that you comb it out every three or four days.'

'Every day, Sarah,' interrupted Alice.

'Well, you see it is even oftener than I thought,' replied Sarah. 'Then you actually wash your face and hands, I do not know how many times in the day.'

'Only twice, I assure you,' said Alice in a deprecating tone.

'Is that all indeed?' retorted Sarah. 'And pray, how much oftener would you wish to do it? I doubt if her majesty the queen pretends to do more than that! No, no; any one in her senses would know you cannot be a gipsy child!'

'Would to God I were not!' said poor Alice sadly.

'But, I tell you,' said Sarah, 'we had better get back as quick as we can to the Court of Miracles. If the old mother knew that I was all this time in a church, she would say you have been spoiling me; and indeed, Alice, do you know that I have been good for nothing ever since you began to preach to me, and that you have

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been crying and breaking your heart all day long, and all night too, when we are lying together on the straw! I have got so much in my head all your talk about the good God, that I am afraid of everything now.'

'O Sarah! thinking of Him makes me afraid of nothing but doing wrong; and I know He is so good, that I tell Him when any evil grieves or terrifies me, and it gives me such courage! I am a poor ignorant girl: I cannot read myself; but the first day I heard the preacher read the words of love from the Book of God, I felt as if my heart told me I could never be happy in the ways of sin, and that is now more than a year ago.'

'You have told me often enough about it, Alice,' said Sarah. 'Come, come, it is getting late; I tell you we are in for a beating. Come along.'

In quitting the church, they passed close by the old lady, who had just been searching her pockets several times, and was now exclaiming: 'Where is my pocket-handkerchief? I lay anything these little rogues have carried it off!'

'You are mistaken, madame; you dropped it, and here it is,' said Alice, picking up a bright red handkerchief, and presenting it to the woman.

'Well, what luck I am in! They did not take it. Thank you, little girl;' and the old lady left the church.

'What a fool you are, Alice!' whispered Sarah. 'Why did you give it to her?'

'Simply because it belonged to her, and did not belong to me,' answered Alice.

II.

Hastening as rapidly as possible through several streets, the young girls soon entered a very large court, known from time immemorial by the name of the Court of Miracles. It was a long, muddy, filthy, unpaved, blind alley, at each side of which were a range of wretched dark hovels built of earth and mud. The two young girls, who seemed perfectly well acquainted with the place, made their way directly to one of these hovels, hardly distinguishable from the ground, and entered without any apparent fear for their heads, upon which, nevertheless, it seemed threatening to fall.

On the instant that the two young girls crossed the threshold of this uninviting abode, they were greeted by a vast number of maimed, blind, and lame; of persons who, after having feigned all kinds of diseases and infirmities, were now busied in getting rid of all their paraphernalia of falsehood. Some were throwing up in the air the crutches, without which it was before supposed to be impossible they could walk; some were opening eyes which they had protested were for ever shut to the light of day; others were getting rid of their

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hunch, or rubbing off their skin the livid dye which gave their faces a corpse-like hue, that extracted from the beholder alms as for the dying; others, again, were once more resuming an upright position, and suddenly recovering the use of their limbs; so that any one who, standing at the entrance of the court, had seen pass that legion of lame, blind, paralytic, and aged, and afterwards looked into their place of assemblage, and beheld, instead of all that mass of decrepitude, a set of strong, healthy young people, must certainly have great temptation to believe that the court well deserved its name, and was indeed a Court of Miracles. The two young girls, however, seemed not at all astonished at the transformations, and making a sign to those nearest the door not to notice their arrival, they glided timidly into the farthest corner of the room.

That room, into which the light of day was admitted only through the door opening into the court, was at that moment illuminated by a large turf-fire, upon which figured an immense caldron, in which were boiling and hissing whole quarters of beef and a quantity of cabbage, which an old woman kept stirring with a huge pot-ladle, grumbling as she did so. In the middle of the room were ranged here and there tables of black wood, the legs of which did not seem much more firmly attached to them, though somewhat more needed, than the wooden legs of some of those who were crowding round them.

'Mother Fragar, are not the girls come home?' cried the cook to another old woman who was cutting up large slices of bread into porringers of green earthenware.

'How do I know, Mother Verduchene?' answered Mother Fragar.

'They have been here these two hours, good girls as they always are,' cried an ex-paralytic, pointing to the children, who by their silence lent themselves to this falsehood.

'Why do they not come, then, and shew themselves, and tell what they have been doing to earn their dinner?' cried the two old hags at once.

The young girls came forward, evidently in great trepidation.

'Nothing in your hands—nothing in your pockets?' said the old women, as each seized upon a girl and searched and shook her roughly.

'Nothing, indeed,' said they both with tears in their eyes.

'So much saved, then, of to-day's dinner,' replied the two furies: 'no work, no bread.'

And as several of the pauper band were beginning to intercede for the children, to the great displeasure of the two old women, there suddenly arose above all the din of voices—some entreating, and some threatening—a 'Hush!' so authoritatively uttered, that it instantly produced, as if by magic, a profound silence of the whole assembly.

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III.

The personage who by the single word 'Hush !' had so instantaneously imposed silence on the riotous conclave, appeared at first sight to be a fine old man, to whom long white hair gave a most venerable appearance; one of his coat sleeves was unfilled by the arm, which hung uselessly by his side, and one of his legs, bent at the knee, was fastened to a wooden supporter. But after uttering the word that had such magic power over all who heard it, the seeming old man threw his wooden leg to one side, and his white wig to the other, and quickly releasing his arm from the confinement in which it had been for the day, sat down at a table, and with a blow of his fist that made all that was on it rattle, he cried: 'Hush ! Bring me my dinner, and listen to me. We are ruined ; all is over with us !'

This preamble was not very encouraging, and every one lent an anxious ear.

'Oh, it is soon told,' resumed he. 'You may bring dinner; before it has had time to cool, I shall have said my say. This very day, the 5th of May, in the year 1635, my lord the king, Louis XIII., has sent letters-patent to parliament to this effect: "We hereby command that all vagabonds, all who cannot give a good account of themselves, such as gipsies, sturdy beggars, deserters from the army, shall be taken up, and sent, without any form of trial, to the galleys." Now, boys, there is little doubt that in this precious document our lord the king has had an eye to our worthy selves.'

'And there can be no doubt that the best thing we can do is to pack up, bag and baggage, and be off with ourselves as soon as we can,' cried several of his auditors, rising and looking for their sticks, to go that very moment.

'Stay a little,' resumed he who seemed to be the head of the band. 'There is no such violent hurry, so eat your dinners quietly. You know well, comrades, that so long as we are in our own quarters here, we have nothing to fear. No commissary, no officer of justice, no policeman, dare shew his face in this court, either night or day, unless he has a fancy for being torn to pieces; and I have my doubts whether any of these gentlemen would like that the least degree more than we should like being hanged. However, as we cannot stay here for ever without going out, for the simple reason that the court affords none of the necessaries of life, there is no help for it—we must leave Paris; but let us leave it like true gipsies, and do as much good for ourselves, and as much harm to those who are hunting us out of it, as we can. For example, there exists at the Hôtel des Porcherons a certain individual of the name of Barbier. This Barbier is the keeper of the royal treasures, commonly called Comptroller of Finance to his majesty King Louis XIII. Now, my boys, I have got an idea in my head, and not a bad one either, you

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will say. It is only to get a loan from our beloved monarch, through the hands of his treasurer; in short, just to take with us some of the money-bags when we are going.'

'An admirable idea, my son!' cried Mother Verduchene.

'Yes, indeed; Jean Verduchene's idea is a capital one,' said several voices.

'But how is it to be carried out—how is it to be done?' asked a little old man with a monkey face, who, as member of the band, had usually the part allotted to him of amusing the crowd, while his comrades were picking pockets, and lightening them of everything superfluous.

'I have thought of that too,' said Jean Verduchene, after a moment's reflection. 'The Hôtel des Porcherons is situated, you know, in one of the most retired, lonely parts of Paris. One of us must gain admission, disguised either as a mendicant, as a pilgrim, or as a monk, whichever his rogue's phiz will suit best. He need only ask hospitality: it is never refused. He will be let into some part or other of the hôtel; and once in, he must be a bungler indeed if he cannot find some way of opening the door in the middle of the night for a band of his friends. Well, I do not think I have planned it badly; I hope not, at least.'

'It is planned well enough—no fault in that,' was echoed on all sides. 'But which of us is to play the pilgrim?'

'Let me see,' said Jean Verduchene, as he examined, one after another, the faces around him. 'I must own, here is a difficulty; you are all more like devils than pilgrims. I want a youthful, mild, hypocritical face—a voice with tones to reach the very heart; in short, I must have an honest face, and I do not see a single one here.'

'Nor do I,' said Mother Fragard, 'unless, indeed, that of Alice would answer.'

'Yes; Alice, Alice, Alice!' was enthusiastically shouted by all present.

'Very well, then, let it be Alice,' said the stentorian voice of the captain; and pale and agitated, the poor child came forward from the corner, in which she had been lying upon some straw.

After surveying her for some moments with a complacent air, Jean Verduchene said: 'Yes, she is the very thing: air of decency, poor, but honest, and genteel-looking enough to pass for a decayed duchess. Then, too, a soft, timid voice, and tears coming to her eyes just at the right time. Her age, too; who could suspect a girl of twelve? It is all settled: Alice will play the part of beggar to perfection!'

'What part?' asked the young girl, raising to the speaker two large black eyes, hitherto veiled by their long lashes.

'The child is becoming every day a greater fool,' said Mother Verduchene, shrugging her shoulders in great ill-humour.

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'Gentle mother, I beg of you not to speak so very roughly to the child,' said the chief.—'Listen to me, Alice,' added he in the mildest tone: 'your costume is perfect; it could not be better; so you can leave that as it is. But your hands are rather too clean. I cannot conceive your mania for never having them dirty; hands were intended to touch everything. You must do me the favour of not washing them from this till night, and in every other respect you will do very well. But now, listen to me attentively. This evening, at dusk, you are to station yourself close to the gate of the Hôtel des Porcherons, and then'——

'Do not give her too difficult a part, Jean,' said Mother Verduchene. 'Alice is a born fool, when you think that in her whole life she never arrived at stealing a pocket-handkerchief; and yet, I am sure, it was neither for want of teaching nor opportunity.'

'You are right,' said Jean; 'but a child of two years old could do what I am going to tell her.—Listen to me, Alice; that pale face of yours will suit admirably. You are to be outside the hôtel gate as if you were dead; that is all you need do; I shall take care that you get in. But once inside'——

'Well,' said Alice; 'once inside, what am I to do then?'

'Only to try to find out where the key of the street door is kept, and to come and open it for us. This is all you are wanted to do.'

The young girl's face flushed crimson to her forehead. 'I will not do any such thing,' said she determinedly.

'What!' cried the chief; 'you will not pretend to be dying?'

'That I may do,' said Alice, to whom some new thought seemed suddenly to occur.

'But once inside, will you open the door for the band?' asked Mother Fragard.

'No; that I will never do!'

Mother Fragard aimed a blow at the poor child, but her arm was arrested on its way by Jean Verduchene. As to Alice, she had made no attempt to avoid the meditated violence.

'Alice,' said the captain mildly, 'you do not love us, since you will not do so much for us.'

'And why should I love you?' answered Alice, with still greater vehemence. 'Who am I? Have I a mother here? Have I any one belonging to me in the whole world? Was I stolen from my parents, or am I a foundling? I know nothing of all this; but I know that you are all carrying on a dreadful trade; that you are robbers, plunderers, liars; that you are provoking God every moment of the day, and that He will yet surely punish you!'

At this violent outbreak on the part of a child, addressed to a troop of banditti, there arose such a storm of murmurs, threats, and imprecations, that poor little Alice believed her last hour was come, and, terror-struck, she fell on her knees, and with the remains of strength, which was fast failing her, she raised over her young head

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her slight and delicate hands, crying: 'For pity's sake, if you are going to kill me, do it at once!' At this moment she felt a friendly arm around her neck, and clasping it convulsively: 'Let them kill me, Sarah,' she whispered; 'I had rather die than stay with them.'

But it seemed as if the chief had taken a fancy to her: there is a secret attraction in the exhibition of innocence and purity of heart. By an imperious gesture, he restored silence, and then, addressing Alice, he asked: 'How is it that you talk of God? Who told you anything about Him? Who taught you to care about Him?'

'A good clergyman, who has often given me alms, and who preaches such fine words about His justice, and such sweet words about His love.'

'And to whom, doubtless, you have told all the secrets of the band?' interrupted Verduchene impatiently. 'Perhaps this is the very cause of our being hunted down now.'

'I never spoke to him but of myself and my wretchedness,' said Alice meekly.

'How can we be sure of that?' asked Mother Fragarad.

'I now have known him a year, and I see him every day at the chapel door. Only ask himself,' said she with great simplicity.

'Did you ever see such a little fool?' interrupted Mother Verduchene.

'She is indeed a little fool,' resumed the chief. 'However, as she has known him a whole year, we should have been all hanged before this if she had ever told about us; so I think we may trust her. But now, Alice, say yes or no. Will you go, or will you not, to the Hôtel des Porcherons?'

'Why need you beg and pray so much?' said Sarah, before Alice had time to answer. 'You want a cunning, clever girl, who knows how to faint properly: I can do it to perfection, so as to deceive a whole college of physicians. Send me to the Hôtel des Porcherons, and I engage that before midnight all the doors shall be open for you.'

'Indeed!' said the captain.

'O Sarah, surely you will not be so wicked!' whispered Alice.

'Be quiet, I tell you,' said Sarah in the same low tone. 'This is a bold stroke to make us all rich.'

'It is all settled,' cried Jean: 'I fix upon Sarah.'

Suddenly, as if actuated by some thought that had that moment struck her, Alice cried: 'No, no; not Sarah. Send me.'

'What strange things children are!' said Mother Verduchene: 'they are all alike. If you want them to do a thing, they won't do it; forbid them, and they are all agog for it.'

'I certainly should prefer Alice,' said the chief; 'she looks so much more honest than Sarah.'

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'Cannot they both go?' said Mother Fragar, 'as it seems they are now both so anxious to do so.'

Alice was about to speak, but checked herself; while Sarah, clapping her hands for joy, said: 'O yes, let us both go.'

'Well, then, let it be so,' said the chief.

IV.

The Hôtel des Porcherons, situated in the Faubourg St-Honoré, was a vast building of great antiquity, in which Louis XI., consecrated king at Rheims the 14th August 1461, lodged the last day of that month, when making his public entrance into Paris. At the period of which we are writing, this hôtel was inhabited by Barbier, Comptroller of Finance to his majesty.

On the very evening of the day in which the plot was hatched in the Court of Miracles, the curfew-bell had just tolled, when a loud knocking was heard at the street gate.

'Do not open on any account, Jacquand,' said an old woman, whom we have already introduced to our readers in the porch of the Chapel des Porcherons, addressing herself to the porter of the hôtel, to whose lodge she sometimes went to have a little gossip: 'do not open; it can be for no good that any one knocks at such an hour as this.'

'Bad people seldom knock, Dame Mathurine,' remarked the porter; 'they get in without knocking. Perhaps it is our young master. Young men are not always at home at regular hours—such as seven, or half-past seven at latest: they seem to think the curfew intended to tell them the hour to go out, whereas curfew means: Go in; shut yourself up; put out your fires; blow out your candles'——

'And do not open the doors to those who knock after proper hours,' said Dame Mathurine, completing the sentence.

'They are actually knocking still,' said the porter, now beginning to look rather grave.

At this moment the door of the lodge opened, and a gentleman, tall, pale, and still young, though study, toil, and, it may be, care, had marked his brow with premature furrows, entered, exclaiming: 'Jacquand, you must be deaf. Somebody has been knocking this hour.'

'But, sir,' said the porter as he got up, 'who can it be at this time of night?'

'Instantly go and see,' said the gentleman, in a tone so decided, though mild, that it permitted no reply; and Jacquand went to the gate.

'As I have had the honour of having you in my arms the day you were born, sir,' said Dame Mathurine very respectfully, 'perhaps I may be permitted to observe that any one who knocks at so late

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an hour can be only some vagabond, or some person who has been assaulted.'

'In that case, it is the duty of every Christian to do anything in his power to help.'

This last word was echoed from without. It was the porter calling out: 'Help, help!'

'What is the matter? What ails you?' cried Monsieur Barbier and the two women, as they came out into the front yard.

'I have got here two young creatures, one dead, and the other not far from it,' answered the porter. 'I want help to bring them into the house.'

At eight o'clock at that season of the year, it is not too dark to hinder objects in the street being distinguished perfectly, so that, as he went forward, M. Barbier beheld two young girls lying upon the ground apparently almost insensible; the face of one of them bearing the undoubted stamp of innocence and modest purity. 'But surely it could not have been either of these children that knocked at such a rate?' said M. Barbier.

'No, your honour,' answered the porter; 'it was a man who was passing by, and who, when I opened the door, just said as he went away: "Will you see what is the matter with these two poor creatures? I must be off for home, for the curfew has tolled, and the streets of Paris are not safe." But what are we to do with these poor young things, your honour?'

'Bring them into the house, and let the women take good care of them.'

'Take them into the house!' exclaimed Mathurine; 'surely, sir, you will not think of it. Only consider all the horrible things that go on at night in the streets of Paris, all the robberies, the assaults, the murders'—

'The greater reason for not exposing these two poor young girls to them, Mathurine.'

'But, sir, who told you that they are two poor young creatures?'

'I rather think, woman, you need only look at them to know so much,' said M. Barbier, by this time quite losing patience.

'A thousand pardons, my dear master, for thus seeming to stand in the way of any good action of yours,' persisted Mathurine; 'but such extraordinary things have been done by the band of gipsies, under the command of Wooden Leg, as they call him. These wretches take every form they please; they are old, young, ugly, handsome, hunchbacked, lame, blind at will. Take your old nurse's advice, sir, and let us manage these creatures. Let them stay outside, and we will take to them anything you like—broth, wine, covering; but, for the love of Heaven, do not bring them into the house!'

'Oh, for the love of God, my good lady, do not leave us in the street, I implore you!'

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These words were uttered in a very faint voice by the young girl with the least prépossessing appearance. 'Come, Jacquand, you must not mind Mathurine; do what I order you.' And as he said these words, the Comptroller of Finance stooped, and took up in his arms the young girl who had not yet spoken, and carried her into the hôtel. Jacquand lifted the other, and followed his master, while his wife went on grumbling: 'What a piece of folly!' and Dame Mathurine chimed in with: 'You are quite right, Madame Jacquand; it is absolutely mad imprudence. God grant that my master may not have cause to repent of it!'

V.

'Who are you, and whither were you going?' Such were the first questions addressed by M. Barbier to the girls, as soon as he deemed them sufficiently restored by the nourishment administered to them to be in a condition to answer.

The one who had already been spokeswoman took upon her to reply. 'My sister Alice and I are two poor orphans without relations or friends, or any one in the world to take care of us; we live by the charity of the public. In the day we wander through the streets, and at night we sleep where we can, often under the porch of churches, or the pent-houses over the market-places; but this evening our strength was entirely exhausted, and we could go no farther than your gate; we had eaten nothing since morning.'

While Sarah was speaking—we need scarcely say it was she—M. Barbier could not take his eyes off Alice, who, pale as death, with her head bent upon her breast, seemed quite overwhelmed with grief; and at every word uttered by Sarah, the big tears fell slowly down her emaciated cheek. Grief thus quiet and yet deep, at so tender an age, had something in it that went to M. Barbier's heart. 'Where do you intend to put them to sleep?' he inquired of Mathurine.

'I am sure we need not be very particular, sir,' answered the housekeeper; 'any of the out-offices, the stable, or the barn.'

'Is there no closet near your own room, Mathurine, which would be a better place for them?'

'Oh, your honour, the stable will do quite well,' said Sarah eagerly; 'my sister and I are not accustomed to sleep upon beds.'

'Oh, the closet; if you will be so good, madame, as to allow us to sleep there,' said Alice in a tone of such earnest entreaty, and with a look of such agonising appeal to M. Barbier, that he instantly answered: 'It shall be in the closet, my poor child.'

'In the closet, close to my own room, that I may be the first to have my throat cut!' muttered Mathurine.

'And why are you to have your throat cut?' asked Sarah.

'How do I know?—how can I tell?' said the old woman.

MORAL TALES, FROM THE FRENCH.

'If you be afraid of us, madame,' said Alice submissively, 'lock the door upon us;' and she turned to Sarah with a beseeching glance, which was returned by a look so threatening, that M. Barbier, who was watching the two girls, was quite surprised. 'It is very singular,' thought he; but as looks continued to be exchanged on both sides, still more supplicating on the part of Alice, and more threatening on that of Sarah, he determined to elicit an explanation.

'The point is easily settled,' said he; 'we will lock up the one that wishes to be locked up, and the other can go to the stable.'

A flash of joy passed over Sarah's face, whilst Alice at the moment became still paler than before, and exclaimed, in evident consternation: 'O sir, for mercy's sake, do not separate us!'

The astonishment of M. Barbier was at its height. His eyes seemed fascinated, so riveted were they upon Alice.

'How you do look at that little creature, sir!' observed Mathurine.

'It is very singular, very singular,' said M. Barbier musingly: 'methinks that face is not strange to me, and I could almost fancy the tones of her voice were familiar.'

'I know them now myself,' said the housekeeper; 'they are the two little beggars I saw so often at the door of the Church des Porcherons.'

M. Barbier now left them, saying: 'Mathurine, put them both into the closet next to your own room, and do not let them go away in the morning till I have seen them.'

Mathurine had no alternative but to obey, and taking up a light, she desired them both to follow her, and led the way through several corridors and up a long stone staircase to a small closet, in which was a bed. As she was retiring, taking with her the light, Sarah cried: 'Are you going to leave us in the dark, madame?'

'The moon is up,' answered the housekeeper, 'and what more do you want?'

At the moment she was passing out of the room, Alice whispered to her: 'Lock the door upon us.' But these words had no other effect than to increase Mathurine's fears to such a degree, that she ran off as fast as she could, forgetting to take the precautionary measure suggested to her.

VI.

'So you want to ruin us all, Alice?' said Sarah, as the steps of the old housekeeper died away along the passage.

'On the contrary, I want to save you,' answered Alice gently; and then added: 'Is there nothing in what you have seen—a master owing his authority to love and respect, instead of fear, and so good and kind to us: is there nothing to touch your heart, and make you desire virtue, and shrink from all the terrible things we have around us every day?'

THE LITTLE GIPSY GIRL.

'It is certain, Alice, I would rather spend my life here than in the Court of Miracles: but that is nothing to the purpose; I promised the captain I would open the gate and let in the band; and do it I will.'

'O no, Sarah, you will not—you will not be so wicked: but you shall not do it!' said she vehemently; 'for if you attempt to move or leave this room before to-morrow morning without me, I will alarm the house, and tell the whole dreadful plot. Sarah, my sister, my own Sarah,' added she, throwing herself on her knees at the feet of her companion, while tears streamed down her cheeks—'are we not both children stolen from our parents? Oh, let us not make ourselves unworthy to be received by them. Something tells me we shall yet discover them. There is a God in heaven, Sarah, a God both just and good, and who will reward those that seek Him and love Him. But you are not heeding me, Sarah.'

'I promised to open the gate,' repeated Sarah, in precisely the same tone as before.

'But a promise to do wrong, Sarah, ought never to be kept,' urged Alice.

'I only know I promised,' persisted Sarah doggedly.

In utter despair at her obstinacy, Alice turned to the window and looked out of it for a few moments, while deliberating how she could prevent the threatened mischief, without criminating Sarah. The height of the casement from the ground led her to conclude that the room was in the third story of the hôtel; and she soon satisfied herself that the walls around it were so high as to preclude all ingress but by the gate. Somewhat reassured by having ascertained this point, she now turned to survey the little room. Narrow and low, its only furniture the bed, upon which Sarah had thrown herself: it had no outlet but the window and the door, which Mathurine had left open. Alice turned to Sarah, to make one last appeal. 'O Sarah, remember the eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good. He sees all the good of the kind master of this house, and all the evil, too, we are plotting against him. Oh, if you have no gratitude for him—no pity for him, when he has pitied us—have mercy on me, have mercy on your own soul!'

Sarah, who had been just dropping asleep, now looked stupidly up in her face; and Alice, seeing that it was hopeless to think of prevailing upon her, resolved upon putting into execution a plan that for the last few moments had been floating in her brain. She seized the moment when Sarah had sullenly turned from her, and bounding out of the room, and shutting the door with some violence, double-locked it. All was the work of an instant; and she was fleeing along the passage before Sarah had leaped from the bed. She heard her calling loudly after her, but this served but to quicken her flight. Suddenly, as she turned round a corner, she came upon Mathurine and M. Barbier.

MORAL TALES, FROM THE FRENCH.

‘Now, sir, will you believe me again?’ cried Mathurine. ‘Here is one of them actually trying to make her escape;’ and she seized Alice by the arm.

Thus wholly taken by surprise, the poor child knew not what answer to make. She stood silent, with drooping head and down-cast eyes.

‘Speak, child,’ said M. Barbier; ‘where were you going?’

And as Alice did not answer, Mathurine broke in: ‘And where else can you think she was going, my dear master, but to open the gate to the gang of robbers to which the dreadful little wretch belongs, and who at this moment, I would lay any wager, are lurking about the hôtel? I consent to have my hand cut off if I did not already hear three times the signal for the massacre of us all! You must only shut her up in the dungeon till we can give her up in the morning into the hands of the provost-marshal, who, I warrant, will make short work with her.’

‘Why do you not speak, unhappy child? Answer me: Where were you going now?’ repeated M. Barbier, whose heart resisted even the evidence of his eyesight.

‘Deal with me as you please, sir,’ said Alice, in tones so soft, so sad, that the good man, deeply affected, exclaimed: ‘No; it is not possible that those tones, that sweet face, can belong to anything capable of such vileness.’

‘Deal with me as you please, sir,’ again said Alice; then clasping her hands in an agony of terror, she added: ‘but oh, do not let her out of the room! I have locked the door upon her.’

‘This girl is a perfect mystery to me,’ said M. Barbier. ‘But tell me, child,’—

‘I can tell you nothing till to-morrow, sir,’ said Alice.

‘To-morrow, indeed!’ interrupted Mathurine. ‘We are much obliged to you. By to-morrow all our throats will be cut.’

‘Shut me up in a dungeon, or anywhere you please, madame,’ answered Alice; ‘but let nothing induce you to open the gate to any one, under any pretence whatever, until morning, and no harm can happen.’

Threats and promises alike failing to extract anything more from Alice, M. Barbier determined to confine her for the night in one of the dungeons; and then, after placing a guard at the gate of the hôtel, he went to bed. But finding it impossible to sleep, he got up before day, and feeling an irresistible desire to question the little girl again, nay, to look upon her once more, he resolved to pay her a visit. The look, the voice of that child strangely revived memories long buried in his heart. Eleven years had elapsed since he had lost a little girl of about two years of age, in the most unaccountable way. It had been sent out to nurse in the environs of Paris; and when the alarm was given that the child was missing, it was discovered that the nurse was deranged; and it was impossible to

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ascertain whether her insanity was the cause or the consequence of the loss of the child. Had the nurse, in a paroxysm of madness, destroyed the infant? This was the general belief; but the sorrowing parents could not elicit, by the most diligent inquiry, anything that could serve to throw certain light upon the fate of their child. The mother survived her loss but five years, and M. Barbier was left a widower with an only son.

But now the poor little girl so strangely introduced to him recalled vividly the memory of his wife. It was her very look, the expression of her face, nay, more, the very tones of her voice. What wonder, then, that M. Barbier felt his heart stirred within him by hopes and fears the more agitating from their very vagueness.

Unable to shake off thronging thoughts, so as to obtain any sleep, M. Barbier, as we have said, got up, and providing himself with a lantern, descended to the place where he had locked up Alice. Hearing no noise as he entered, he for a moment thought: 'Is it possible she has made her way out of this also?' but soon the light fell upon a heap of straw in a corner, and he beheld Alice in a deep sleep. He could not bear to wake her, and sitting down on a stone at a short distance from her, and contriving to throw the light full upon the head of the sleeper, he began to examine every feature. Even in sleep, the face of the child bore the subdued expression of extreme suffering: deep sighs burst from her little heart, and from her parted lips came from time to time a wailing sound that fell sadly on the listener's ear. As he watched her feverish slumbers, he suddenly perceived around her neck a green silk string, to which was hanging a little locket. To see it and to grasp it was the act of the same instant; but the motion awoke Alice, and she started up with a cry of terror at the sight of the nocturnal visitor.

'Where did you get this?' asked M. Barbier, as he pointed to the locket.

Without answering, Alice took it off and handed it to him.

'You will give it back to me, sir?' said she with somewhat of uneasiness. 'It is the first time it has ever been off my neck.'

'And what is the inscription upon it?' demanded M. Barbier, as if not daring to trust his own eyes.

"'Never part with it,'" said Alice; 'and I never do. I wear it always.'

'O my God! thy ways are indeed past finding out! After so many years of sorrow and unavailing search, am I now to find my child?' And scarcely able to articulate, he turned to Alice: 'Speak, speak! In mercy, say where you got this locket! Who gave it you?'

'It is my own,' said Alice; 'and I had a great many more things—so Sarah tells me—but they were gold, and they took them away from me: this was worth nothing, so they left it with me.'

'Sarah! Who is Sarah?' asked M. Barbier.

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'The young girl I locked up. She knows all about me, I am sure, though she would never tell me.'

'Come with me,' said M. Barbier, suddenly taking the arm of Alice, and drawing her out of her dungeon. It was now daylight; and no sooner did she perceive it, than she involuntarily exclaimed: 'Thanks be to God! all danger is now over.'

'What danger?' inquired M. Barbier, still rapidly moving onward.

'Oh, you shall know all, sir, now. But pardon for Sarah; pardon for me, I beseech you.'

While still hurrying on in the direction of the closet, he was met by Mathurine, who, receiving no answer to her question of where he was going, thought she might as well follow, so that all three arrived together at the closet door, and on opening it, found Sarah weeping bitterly. M. Barbier at once advanced towards her, and pointing to Alice: 'Sarah,' said he, 'who is this child? Speak, and speak the truth; and whatever may be your answer, you are at liberty to go where you please.'

'The sun is risen, my friends are gone, and I am alone in the world, so there is nothing to prevent my speaking out,' said Sarah: 'you are now the disposer of my fate.'

'In mercy, speak quickly,' said the agitated M. Barbier.

Sarah went on, still weeping. 'Alice and I are part of a gang of gipsies, who were to leave Paris last night, and for whom we were to open the gate of your hôtel; and I would have done it, but that Alice locked me up in the room. There's the truth for you.'

'Did I not say so!' cried Mathurine; and there is no knowing how she might have gone on to evince her triumph in her sagacity, had not her master silenced her somewhat angrily.

'But Alice—Alice! who and what is she? Speak, girl; I care for nothing else.'

'She is like myself—a stolen child, sir,' answered Sarah; 'with this difference, however, that I can tell the place she was stolen from, whereas the only person that knows anything about me is gone.'

'Well, girl—well!' interrupted M. Barbier, now nearly frantic from suspense.

'About eleven years ago,' said Sarah, 'I was on an excursion with Mother Verduchene in the environs of Paris. I used to beg, and I was never refused, for I had a pretty face, and I had learned sweet words and winning ways, that interested people for me. Well, one day as we were passing a cottage, Mother Verduchene went in to ask for a drink of milk, and there was no one in the cottage but a child asleep in a cradle. She was dressed in the finest cambric and lace, and had, I well remember, a gold chain round her neck. Mother Verduchene caught up the child, and ran off with her so fast that I did not overtake her till she had got into a wood, where

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I found her stripping the infant. But when she began to untie a green string, to which a locket was suspended, the little one screamed at such a rate, and then lisping: "Never part with it!—never part with it!" that Mother Verduchene thought she might as well leave it with her. The next day we left Paris, and the gipsies thought it best to take the child with them.'

'My daughter! my daughter!' exclaimed M. Barbier, as he pressed her fondly to his bosom. 'Well do I remember that your mother used so often to repeat the words which she had engraved on the locket when fastening it round your neck, that at last your young lips had learned to form the sound; and no one could touch it, not even myself, without your trying to say: "Never part!—never part!" But how shall I thank the gracious Being who has so wondrously preserved my child, innocent, pure, and virtuous, amid such a gang of wretches; and who, in inspiring her with the determination not to be instrumental in betraying a stranger, has, to reward her, permitted her to find in that stranger a father! My child! my child!'

But wonder and joy had been too much for Alice, and she had fainted in the encircling arms of her father. Tender cares, fond soothing, and words of love, to which she had been long a stranger, hailed her returning senses; and her father, eager to present her to her brother, now cried: 'Come with me, my child! I am impatient to shew to the whole world my recovered treasure.'

'But—Sarah—my father!' said Alice hesitatingly, yet imploringly.

'Sarah shall always stay with you, if you like it, my child.'

'And can you trust her, my young lady?' said the old house-keeper.

'She may trust me,' said Sarah, 'if I once promise; and I do promise to try to be good, like herself.'

'And we will ask God to make us both good,' said Alice, 'and to take out of our minds all the bad things they used to try to teach us; and I know nice words for asking Him—"Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me!"'

'Surely His providential care over you, my sweet child,' said M. Barbier, 'is a proof that there are no possible circumstances in which the way of duty is not open to us, if we have but honest, truthful purpose of heart to walk therein.'

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THERE lived in a small town in the Upper Alpes a poor man named Marcel; he had been early left a widower, with two young boys, the elder called Jerome, the younger Louis. Having much good sense, he felt the deficiency of his own education, and deeply regretted that

his poverty deprived him of the power of affording a good one to his sons: he did his best, however, to instil pious and virtuous principles into their youthful minds. Jerome was giddy, and when his father was absent, would amuse himself with all the young scamps of the village. Scrambling over garden-walls to rob the fruit, beating dogs or cats, and throwing stones at the fowls, were their favourite occupations; and when the younger brother attempted to remonstrate, he not unfrequently received a blow in return. As Louis grew older, his naturally gay disposition was saddened by the reflection that he could not find any mode of acquiring information; there was not any village school; and at last, after much hesitation, he went to the curate, and expressing all his grief for his ignorance, he earnestly entreated him to teach him to read. This worthy man was surprised, and much pleased, at this request from so young a child, and willingly acceded to it. The close attention of the pupil so gratified his kind master, that, not satisfied with teaching him to read, he taught him to write, to keep accounts, a little Latin, history, and geography; at the same time carefully attending to his religious education. Jerome ridiculed his brother for his assiduity to his studies; and his faults increasing as he grew up, at the age of fourteen the youth had succeeded in making himself feared and thoroughly detested by the whole village. When the two boys had attained their fifteenth and sixteenth years, their father called them to him, and said: 'My dear children, you are both old enough to seek some profitable occupation. I can give you no assistance, for you know that it is with difficulty that I have hitherto supported you. I have saved two pounds; here is one for each of you. Go to the city; try to earn your bread, and let me often hear from you. For thee, my dear Louis, I have no fear; I am truly grateful to the curate for the instruction he has so kindly given thee; it will serve thee everywhere, and thou wilt get on well. As for thee, my poor Jerome, I cannot see thee depart without much anxiety: thou hadst the same opportunities as thy brother, but thou hast not availed thyself of them; thou hast preferred idleness and dissipation, and I greatly fear thou wilt have cause to repent it. My heart forms the same wishes for both of you. Go, my children; may every happiness attend you!' and Marcel tenderly embraced his sons, and wept over them. Just then the curate came in. Louis threw his arms around his benefactor, and was so overcome by his feelings, that he could not utter a word to express his gratitude. Jerome likewise shed tears, for even the most corrupted cannot completely shake off all natural feeling. At last the two boys walked away, their father and the good curate gazing after them whilst they remained within sight.

The two boys walked for some time sadly and in silence, which was at length broken by Louis asking his brother what occupation he meant to follow. 'Oh,' said Jerome, 'it will be time enough to consider that when our money is exhausted.'

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‘That will not take long, Jerome. I have read somewhere that children and fools think that twenty years and twenty shillings never come to an end.’

‘No more sermons, brother, I beg.’

‘Well, I shall say no more.’

Towards evening, our two pedestrians came to an inn, where they stopped for the night; it was about fifteen or eighteen leagues from Lyon, which they hoped to reach within two days. There were a good many people at the inn; amongst others was one whose rakish air attracted the notice of Jerome. He was a *fourrier* (a petty officer attached to each company in the French army), returning to the garrison of Grenoble. Jerome soon began to talk freely to this man, who, as soon as he discovered that the poor boy had some money, proposed a game at cards. At first, Jerome’s purse filled so fast, he thought it quite inexhaustible. The wiser Louis vainly tried to dissuade his brother from the dangerous amusement. He was so rudely received, that he was forced to desist. Another game commenced, and now Jerome’s purse was completely emptied. ‘Lend me some money,’ said he to Louis, ‘that I may recover what I have lost.’

‘No,’ said his brother firmly; ‘you refused to listen to good advice, and now I must keep my money.’

The friendship of the fourrier was singularly cooled when he found that Jerome had not a penny left; he soon retired, wishing him a good-night and better luck. When the two boys were alone, Louis said: ‘I see, brother, that we can never get on together; our tastes and inclinations do not agree, and it is much better for us to separate. I will pay our expenses at this inn, and we will then equally divide what money remains.’

The plan of Louis was adopted; and early the next morning they started on different roads. Jerome took the road to Grenoble, and walking slowly, was soon overtaken by the fourrier. ‘What are you doing here?’ exclaimed the latter. ‘I thought that you were off to Lyon this morning?’

‘Oh, I have changed my mind. I am going with you to Grenoble; I wish to serve in your regiment.’

‘Indeed; you are a capital fellow! We can go together, and I will present you to my captain.’

They arrive at Grenoble; Jerome is presented and enlisted! he puts on the uniform, shoulders the musket, and commences drill. For a time this was all well enough. He had touched the bounty, and had won a little money at cards from his companions; but this was quickly run through in dissipation and drunkenness on those days when he was not on duty; and how was he to obtain more? Not liking to work, and tired of soldiering, he resolved, although at the risk of being taken and shot, to rob his fellow-soldiers and desert. Knowing that some of them had saved a little money, or

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earned it in the town when off duty, he watched his opportunity, and searched the knapsacks of these poor men in their absence. In this way he picked up nearly £10, and hastily quitting the barracks, he exchanged his uniform for the dress of a countryman, and left Grenoble, choosing the by-roads, for fear of pursuit. He crossed the country at a brisk pace, sleeping many nights in the open air, and in about ten days reached Châlons-sur-Saône. Here he imagined himself safe; and, emboldened by his success, determined to continue a trade which he found so lucrative and convenient, totally forgetting that justice never sleeps, and that although he may escape detection once, or even oftener, yet, in the end, discovery is certain, and the culprit pays a heavy penalty for all his crimes. With such a love of play, Jerome's funds were soon at a low ebb, and he looked around for some other favourable occasion.

A band of strolling players was at this time performing at Châlons, and Jerome had made the acquaintance of one of them, named Bernardin, who acted the part of a brigand chief. He tried to induce Jerome to join the party; but there was one great obstacle—the youth did not know how to read. This, however, he did not acknowledge, but said that he had so bad a memory that he never could recollect a line by heart. 'Oh, that does not signify,' replied Bernardin; 'we can give you what we call a dumb part.'

Matters were quickly arranged. The manager being satisfied with his appearance, engaged him; and, dressed as a brigand, he joined the troop of his friend Bernardin. The expression of his countenance was well adapted to his performance, which was partly caused by the circumstance that, in going to the stage, he passed the pay-office, and caught a glimpse of the money-box, quite full enough to excite in his mind sentiments analogous to those he was to represent. For two months he pondered upon the means of acquiring this treasure. He sounded the cash-keeper, and thinking his probity doubtful, he invited him to a tavern, and imparting his plan over the bottle, easily persuaded the foolish creature to join him. They fixed upon a day when a popular piece was to be acted; and no sooner had the cash-keeper received the money for the tickets, than he hastily joined Jerome, who had absented himself from the representation on the plea of indisposition.

That night they walked on, without resting, until morning, when they stopped at an inn to obtain some refreshment. Imagine Jerome's horror upon entering to perceive two gendarmes, who observed him with such attention that he could not doubt but that he was recognised. Recollecting his desertion, he instantly quitted the room without a word. He had noticed that the horses of the gendarmes were left in the court-yard; and now coolly walking up to them, plunged his knife into one, so as totally to disable it, then snatching the bridle of the other, he sprang into the saddle, and galloped off, carrying the booty along with him, and mocking at

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the vain menaces of the gendarmes. We shall hear by and by what became of his wretched accomplice, who was thus left without a penny in the hands of the enraged gendarmes.

Jerome never pulled up until the poor horse sunk under him exhausted with fatigue. He then turned off from the road, and sat down in a wood to rest and count his ill-gotten gains: they amounted to twenty-five pounds. Jerome had never seen so much, and was rejoicing over his riches, when two men of fearful aspect walked up, and presenting a pistol at his head, demanded his purse or his life. For a moment he thought that it was all over with him; but rallying his courage—'Eh, sirs!' said Jerome, 'I have always heard that wolves never devour one another. I am one of yourselves; it would be a villainous action to rob one of the fraternity.'

'That may be; but have you never heard that stolen goods never profit?'

'No more jokes,' replied Jerome. 'I tell you I am one of the trade. These moneys are the receipts of the players of Châlons, which I have contrived to appropriate. I am ready to share with you, but you cannot expect all.'

'Well,' said one of the robbers, 'if you will really be one of us, you may enroll yourself in our band. So come along.'

'Willingly, sirs; I know of nothing better to do.'

Jerome followed the two thieves to a thick part of the wood, where their comrades, seven or eight in number, were assembled.

'We bring a new member,' said the wretches.

'Is he a safe man?' demanded the leader of the gang.

'Yes, yes; he brings money to the general fund.'

'All right. Hand it over, comrade.'

For four years he continued to lead this shocking life; but just when he least expected it, his crimes were brought to light, and received their due reward. As the most intelligent of the gang, he was the one selected to hire himself as a servant in a neighbouring château, in order to smooth the way for the others to commit an extensive robbery. An officer happened to dine at the château whom Jerome did not recollect. Whilst the latter was attending at table, the officer remarked him, and looking at him more attentively, suddenly called out: 'Arrest that man! He is a deserter and a thief!' Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, Jerome could not have been more horrified: he dashed the plate he held upon the ground, and rushed to the door: but it was too late: he was seized, and carried off to prison. It happened that one of his escort was the gendarme upon whose horse he had escaped from the robbery at Châlons. He was soon convicted, and sentenced to the galleys; but in less than a week after his arrival at Toulon, he was called upon to pay a heavier penalty. A galley-slave came up to him one day in the harbour and stared at him for a moment; then exclaiming: 'Wretch! I have long waited for my revenge. To you I owe all my misfortunes. It

was you who tempted me to commit my first crime—to rob the players of Châlons. My last crime is that of murder;’ and so saying, he gave Jerome one desperate blow, that laid him dead at his feet. Thus was terminated this wicked young man’s career, after passing through every gradation of crime. The vengeance of the laws and of Heaven is sometimes long delayed, but, sooner or later, retribution is certain: the guilty never remain unpunished.

Let us now return to a more pleasing subject. When the brothers parted, Louis chose the road to Lyon, and walked on, full of misgivings for Jerome’s future fate. He began then to reflect upon his own prospects; he thought that the situation most easy to obtain was that of a servant in some house; but he preferred a country life, in which he hoped to turn his good education to a better account. Whilst considering thus, night came on, and he found it necessary to seek a lodging till the morning. Fortune directed him to a cottage inhabited by an old gardener, who was employed on the grounds of a neighbouring château, and from whom our young hero received a hearty welcome. The evening was destined not to pass over without an adventure. The old man became suddenly ill, and having fallen to the floor in a kind of swoon, Louis, with the greatest kindness, attended to him, and did not leave him till he had recovered. This was a melancholy duty, but it met with its proper reward. The aged gardener, grateful for the attentions shewn him, recommended Louis to a neighbouring farmer as worthy of confidence.

On presenting himself to the farmer, Louis found that the only situation vacant was that of herdsman: this was not exactly to his taste; but recollecting that there is a beginning to everything, and that he might rise to something higher, he gladly accepted the employment; and being forthwith installed, we behold him early on the following day driving his flocks to the fields. After a little time, he greatly felt the want of books, and in order to be able to procure them, saved his wages, and tried various ingenious devices to add to his little store. His attention to the cattle intrusted to his charge was unremitting, and he was careful to keep everything belonging to them in the highest state of order and neatness. His character was thus soon so well established, that he might easily have obtained higher wages elsewhere; but he remembered the old proverb, ‘A rolling stone gathers no moss;’ and besides, he was too grateful to the master who had first given him an asylum to desire to leave him. As soon as he could, he wrote to his father and the curate, detailing all his hopes and plans, whereupon this kind instructor immediately sent him a few books upon agriculture which he happened to have; a present that quite overjoyed poor Louis, who applied himself to their study with the utmost ardour. Some time had thus elapsed, when the following conversation occurred:

‘My dear Louis,’ said Farmer Berthand, ‘I am much pleased with you; my cattle have much improved whilst in your charge. I know

THE TWO BROTHERS.

that many advantageous offers have been made to you, which you have declined. You have done well; but you must not be a loser: I will make up the difference to you.'

'I am most grateful for your kindness, Monsieur Berthand,' replied Louis; 'but I have another plan to propose.'

'What is that, my friend?'

'Have you confidence in me?'

'The greatest.'

'Well, I could greatly increase the revenue of your farm, if you will make me superintendent for one year. I ask for no wages; feed me only; and if I succeed, you can then do as you like.'

'How could you imagine such an idea, boy? You are much too young.'

'Then you have not confidence in me?'

'O yes; but to give you the management of everything!'

'You will watch over me.'

'Such a thing was never heard of.—Well, after all, I will try it: I will grant your request.'

'I promise you that in a year hence your neighbours will envy you.'

'Well, I depend upon you. You see what confidence I repose in your knowledge and merit.'

The joy of Louis cannot be described. In the space of two years his good conduct had thus raised him to the rank of superintendent, and enabled him to put in practice those improvements in agriculture which he had learned from his books. Henceforth, no part of the ground was left untilld; all was industriously turned to account; the best manures sought out, and the whole carefully cultivated. He also formed artificial meadows, which were hitherto unknown in the country.

Farmer Berthand, having always pursued the old routine, could not witness these innovations without anxiety; still, his opinion of the talents of the young agriculturist was so high, that he allowed him to take his own course, notwithstanding his fears and the raillery of his neighbours. But at the end of the year, the triumph of the new system was complete; the revenue of the farm had increased by a third or fourth, and the surrounding farmers looked on with admiration not unmingled with envy.

'You may easily enjoy the same advantages,' said Louis to them: 'you possess a rich soil, which will yield all you need, if you will only manage it with judgment. The industry of her husbandmen constitutes one of the greatest sources of the wealth of France; and if her people were wise, they would give more attention to agriculture. It would advance them far on the road to power and riches. Attend to the advice of enlightened men, and do not sacrifice your fortune to old prejudices and ancient routine.'

Farmer Berthand knew not how to testify his gratitude to Louis.

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At the close of the year's trial he gave him a handsome salary, the greater part of which Louis, like a good son, transmitted to his father, to whom he wrote regularly, as well as to the curate, from whom he had received the good education whence arose all his prosperity; the only drawback to which was, his uncertainty with respect to his brother's fate, of whom he had heard nothing since their separation.

The farmer's substance continued gradually to increase; but who was to inherit it? His only child was about the age of Louis, a pretty and amiable girl, but without education; and she, with her father's permission, gladly availed herself of the young man's assistance in her studies. Thrown so much into each other's society, the young people soon formed an attachment, which neither of them, however, ventured to avow; nevertheless, it was quite apparent to the clear-sighted farmer, who thus addressed Louis one day, after he had been more than five years in the management of the farm: 'Louis, you have rendered me such services, that I have known no way of acknowledging them save by treating you as a son. Will you now, in reality, become one to me? My daughter and you love each other, and I willingly give her to you.'

At these words the rapture of Louis was extreme, and he almost smothered honest Berthand with his embraces. Annette not only consented to the arrangement, but seemed not to think it at all necessary to conceal the pleasure it afforded her.

Old Marcel was sent for to the wedding, and the worthy curate could not be left behind. This completed the joy of the good son, who, now that he had once obtained possession of his father, refused to allow him to depart, and was warmly seconded in his entreaties by Berthand. 'We are both old men, Father Marcel,' said the latter; 'let us live together and enjoy the happiness of our children; they will remind us of our young days. Besides, Marcel, it is not at my house that you will reside; we must both live with your son, for everything here belongs to the young people. I have given all up to them; and I can tell you I leave it in good hands. Your Louis is a famous fellow for activity and merit.' And how could Marcel resist an invitation urged with so much warmth and delicacy?

But in this world perfect bliss is not to be found; and the report of the tragical death of Jerome had spread far and wide, and at last reached the ears of his family, clouding their enjoyments with grief and shame: but we will not dwell on those days of mourning.

Louis, having now become sole master, made many new experiments, the greater number of which proved successful. He visited Lyon occasionally, and there formed acquaintance with many enlightened men, whose conversation and advice were of great benefit to him; and by unceasing study and exertions, he gained the reputation of being a first-rate agriculturist. As Louis rose in the world, he never forgot his former condition in life, and never failed to shew

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the utmost respect to both Berthand and his father. Even when distinguished guests were entertained at his table, the most honourable places were always reserved for the two old men.

Having been chosen to fill the office of mayor to the commune, Louis shewed that his integrity and judgment as a magistrate were quite on a par with his skill in other pursuits. At last Louis obtained the highest honour which a citizen can arrive at: his merit having well deserved the confidence of the inhabitants of the department in which he resided, they elected him to be their representative in the Chamber of Deputies, where he set a noble example of disinterested and devoted patriotism.

His children, carefully brought up in the same honourable principles which have guided him through life, inspire their parents with the highest hopes for the future.

How truly precious is a good education! How inexcusable is the neglect of it, when every facility now exists for its acquirement! Teach children early to have the fear of God before their eyes, to respect the laws, and to love their fellow-creatures. With such guides, they seldom wander; without them, they are sure to go astray.

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NOT many years ago, there lived in a little wooden house on the banks of the Seine at Paris a poor man named Victor Dacheux. This individual had placed himself in this hampered and unpleasant abode with the sole view of rescuing persons from drowning. In England, no poor man would think of devoting himself to such an occupation; but in France there are instances of this species of practical benevolence extremely agreeable to reflect upon. Victor was not employed by any one. He voluntarily took up his residence in his booth, and his only chance of gaining a subsistence consisted in the petty rewards which might be given by persons rescued by his intrepidity.

This worthy man had been thus engaged for a number of years: misfortunes of different kinds had overtaken him, not the least troublesome of which was an infirmity from rheumatism; but he was still cheerful, and kept a constant outlook on the river. One day, while sitting at the door of his hut, he perceived the body of a man drifting slowly down the Seine. In two minutes he had doffed his clothes, and was in the middle of the stream, grasping the object he vainly hoped to save; but, alas! the decomposition of the body proved it to have been long the prey of the waters—a late rise of the river having disengaged it from some obstacle which prevented its earlier appearance on the surface. All that Dacheux could do was

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to note down any discernible particulars respecting the evidently aged sufferer; but on removing his decaying garments, no clue to his name or residence could be found, nothing but an old leathern pocket-book, containing twenty-four bank-bills for one thousand francs each. These Dacheux dried with the utmost care, and replaced them in the pocket-book, in a secret drawer of his little desk, unknown even to his wife and children, so much did he fear lest their extreme destitution should tempt them to infringe on the sacredness of the deposit. He had, besides, little doubt that the advertisements he intended to insert in the public papers would quickly bring forward the owners or heirs of so considerable a sum, which he promised himself no small pleasure in handing over to them.

He lost no time in conveying the dead body to the Morgue—a place for the reception of bodies found in the river—and here it remained exposed during the whole time prescribed by the law; but no one came forward to recognise or claim it. He continued to intimate in the papers, for months together, that such a person, whom he described, had been found by him (apparently carried off by apoplexy, and fallen by accident into the river) between the Pont des Arts and the Pont Royal; and that his *valuable* effects remained with the finder, only awaiting any owner who could prove his title to their possession. Nay, he went so far as to declare, that though no scrap of writing affording a clue had been discovered on the deceased, there were sufficient effects in his hands, and particularly in his memory, to lead to an identification.

There was enough here to move both cupidity and curiosity, and bring forward swarms of pseudo-relatives, who found their match, however, in the wary as well as faithful trustee. Many *bond-fide* mourners for missing individuals came also with better-founded hopes and proofs of identity; but none would tally with the no less eager hopes and wishes of good Dacheux. He was therefore compelled, notwithstanding all his disinterested exertions, to retain in his possession the twenty-four bank-bills, about which he still thought it his duty to maintain inviolable secrecy. Lest, however, sudden death amid the perils of his vocation should carry him off from his family, he placed beside the old pocket-book a paper in his handwriting, solemnly enjoining his wife and children, should no owner have previously appeared, to hand over the contents to some competent authority.

Three years passed away, and no relative, or even acquaintance, had come forward to lament the deceased. Times, meanwhile, had gone harder than ever with Dacheux. A bitter winter covered the Seine with blocks of ice, which partly destroyed his humble cabin, shattered nearly all his furniture, and left his family all but destitute. His wife and faithful associate in acts of humanity was seized with a serious illness, requiring constant nursing and expensive medicines; while he himself was attacked with acute rheumatism, which crippled

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him for a time in every limb. In the midst of all this distress, it was little the labour of his children could add to the small income of the suffering household ; but if even the sick man's glance rested for a moment with a wishful expression on the desk which contained the twenty-four bank-bills, its upward direction would immediately seem to say : ' Please God, whatever may be the extent of our trials, I will keep sacred to the last the charge He has intrusted to me ! '

His eye rested upon it with a proud and delighted consciousness of integrity rewarded, when, shortly after (in a ceremony at which the writer was present), a deputation from the freemasons of Paris, in presence of more than twelve hundred spectators of all ranks and ages, waited upon him with a voluntary subscription, sufficient to replace on its original footing his benevolent establishment, and conferred upon him, amid shouts of applause and admiration, the unfading title of *L'Homme du Rivage* ! (Man of the Shore !)

But it was not only as an asylum for the resuscitated from drowning that this good Samaritan's house was gratuitously restored : it had long been the resort of every wounded workman on the banks of the Seine. If, by the collision of two unwieldy wood-rafts, a poor fellow got a bruise on the arm or a jam of the leg, he would hobble as best he might to good M. Dacheux, and have his hurts dressed as skilfully and more kindly than in any hospital. If a poor female fagot-seller stumbled under her burden while climbing the steep steps of the Quai de L'Ecole, and got, as may be supposed, an ugly fall, her legs would still drag her to Madame Dacheux, where the softest bandage and most healing ointment were set off by motherly sympathy and Christian charity.

Among the many wounded persons thus claiming the good offices of the Man of the Shore, there came, one fine spring evening, a young man, whose right hand had been grievously crushed by a barrel of saltpetre, which had slipped from him a few minutes before, while rolling it on the quay. The thumb seemed well-nigh destroyed, and two fingers terribly lacerated ; and the agony of the sufferer was so intense, that, spite of his bodily strength, tears were trickling down his face. The skilful Dacheux, after washing, according to his custom, the formidable-looking wound with warm wine, declared there was no fracture. But the hurt was of a nature to require the greatest care and attention ; and having bandaged it up with the proper applications, and prepared a sling, he strongly advised the youth to return twice a day to have his hand dressed, as long as it remained unhealed.

This was not an invitation to be despised, and the lad failed not to avail himself of it, night and morning, for several following days. The wound, serious as it was, soon did credit to the skill of the well-known cottage practitioners ; and the jolly young workman, one of the handsomest specimens of humanity among his companions, soon recovered his naturally high spirits. No sooner was his cure

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completed, than he came one Sunday, in his holiday attire, to salute his physician, and asked, with well-meaning abruptness: 'What do I owe you, Monsieur Dacheux?'

'And what do you mean by that, my good friend?'

'Mean! why, to pay you your dues. Five-and-twenty dressings, and all that linen and ointment, must come to'—

'Neither more nor less than a shake of the hand, my dear fellow! Shew me you can bear a squeeze of the one I cured, and we are quits. I never take money from any one.'

'Oh, that will never do; and though I am but a porter on the quay, and have both my mother and grandmother on my hands, I have wherewithal to pay, I assure you.'

'And I assure you once more that you owe me nothing. But tell me what countryman you are?'

'I come from Villeneuve le Roi, near Sens. My father was killed at Austerlitz; they say he was a gallant fellow. I never knew him. My mother, left a widow at nineteen, with no child but me, went to live with her father-in-law, who was a dealer in wines, and had, I may say, as pretty a bit of land on the banks of the Yonne, and as snug a house at Villeneuve, as you could see. Well, we've had to sell it all!'

'And for what reason?'

'D'ye see, Monsieur Dacheux, my poor grandfather, one of the honestest men in the world, had but one fault—he liked his glass. I'm afraid I take after him. He was employed as a salesman by some of the first houses at Sens, and came on their account to recover money for them in Paris. One day, when he had received a pretty large sum, he disappeared, without our ever having been able to get the smallest tidings of his fate. He was subject to fits of blood to the head, poor old man; and no doubt this had happened to him somehow, and rogues must have taken advantage of it to rob and bury him secretly. But it was the worse for us. The Paris merchants could prove they had paid him the money, and as we had nothing to shew for it to the wine-growers of Sens, of course we had to sell all to satisfy them, which left us without a sou. My grandmother fretted herself into a palsy; and my poor mother, having no means of living at Villeneuve, had to come to Paris, where she toils hard making shirts for my fellow-workmen; and I get, when all goes well, three francs a day; so that, with the help of God, we manage to live.'

'Pray, what might be your grandfather's age?'

'Hard upon seventy.'

'And his height?'

'Much the same as mine: about five feet ten.'

'And his name, if you please?'

'Why, the same I bear after him: Maurice Goddard.'

'And may I ask the amount of the sum which he had drawn, and you were forced to make good?'

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'Just twenty-four thousand francs; enough to ruin us out and out. But why do you ask me all these questions?'

'Why, to be useful to you, if I should have opportunity.'

'How you do look at me, Monsieur Dacheux!'

'Not for nothing, believe me; you have inspired me with a lively interest. I have taken a great fancy to know your mother and grandmother likewise.'

'We're highly honoured, I'm sure; but if so, you'll have to take the trouble to call on us, for the poor dear old woman is past moving.'

'You may expect me to-morrow. What address?'

'Rue Boucher, No. 15, up five pair of stairs. Oh, how delighted they'll be when I tell them of your visit! They know that to you I owe my cured hand.—Good-bye, Monsieur Dacheux.'

'Till to-morrow, friend Goddard.'

Early next day, the Man of the Shore was at the house specified, eager to confirm, by authentic proofs, the surmises floating in his mind. He found the humble abode distinguished by the peculiar neatness of those who have seen better days. The venerable grandmother, seated in her wheeling-chair, seemed, in spite of bodily infirmity, in possession of all her faculties. Her daughter-in-law, Maurice's mother, was busy at her needle; while her son read to both, from an old paper, the report of the honours conferred on Dacheux by his grateful countrymen. His presence gave rise to transports of joy in this worthy family. Madame Goddard blessed him for his care of her son; and the old palsied woman thanked him for the last bright gleam on her declining years.

It was not difficult to turn the conversation to the lost head of the united family—his painful disappearance, and the sad consequences which ensued from it. But the holder of the twenty-four thousand francs had enough to do to conceal his secret emotion, while putting to those so deeply interested the questions dictated by prudence. 'Had your husband,' he inquired of the old woman, 'no mark or token by which he could have been recognised?'

'O dear, yes!' was her ready answer. 'The poor fellow was in the first wars of the Revolution, and had two fingers shot off at the battle of Fleurus.'

'From which hand?'

'The left. And then, at the great battle of Jemappes, he got a sabre-cut from the right ear to the chin, which left such a lovely scar!'

'And may I ask if there was anything remarkable in his dress? What did he usually wear?'

'Oh, at the time he was lost, an old gray greatcoat (for it was cold dirty weather), and under it an old hussar jacket, which he could only wear out so.'

'Oh,' added Maurice's mother, 'you forget he always wore a silver watch with a steel chain.'

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'Yes,' said the old dame sighing, 'with a gold heart hanging from it, which I had given him the day we were engaged, and which never left him.'

'But,' abruptly interrupted Dacheux, now almost sure he was right, 'a man in the habit of receiving sums of money must have carried a pocket-book.'

'To be sure he did,' replied three voices at once.

'And of what colour?'

'Oh, black leather originally, but so worn by use, that you might have half fancied it red.'

'And fastened,' said the mother, 'with a little steel clasp.'

'And inside,' again sighed the grandmother, 'my poor goodman always carried an image of his patron saint, St Maurice, which I gave him, when I was a girl, once upon his birthday. Ay me! 'tis a long, long while ago!'

'But, sir,' young Maurice could not help saying, 'methinks, from your eager looks and anxious questionings, one might almost suppose you had some object in view.'

'I have,' replied Dacheux, convinced, from all these particulars, that the rightful heirs he had sought for so many years in vain now stood before him—'I have indeed a notion that, about the time you mention, an old man was taken out of the river, on whom a pocket-book was found; and I should not be at all surprised if you were to get back all it contained.'

'You don't say so? And wouldn't it come apropos to let me marry Celestine, whom they won't let me have, because I have nothing!'

'And pray, who may Celestine be?'

'The prettiest girl on all the quay, for whom I am dying! Fancy, Monsieur Dacheux, their letting me fall in love with her, and never hindering her a bit from loving me again; and then, when I wanted of course to marry her, asking me what I had to marry upon! And when I said just my four quarters, and I am sure they are substantial enough, they laughed in my face; and Celestine cried, and I was like to choke. I appeal to you, Monsieur Dacheux, could a poor fellow be worse used?'

'And who is the father of your bride-elect?'

'Monsieur Aubert, a rich fellow in the cider line.'

'Ay! I should have something to say with him; for last summer, no farther back, I fished out his only son, who was taken with a fit while swimming at high-water in the Seine. I'll see what can be done for you this very evening in that quarter; and you may come and hear the result at twelve o'clock to-morrow.'

'Oh, I'll be there without fail. But, dear sir, do you think there are any hopes?'

'It would be rash to promise; but we'll see.'

'Ah! sir,' said the youth's mother modestly, 'you would be doing

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us all a great service, for the poor boy neither eats nor sleeps as he used to do.'

'Well, good people, all shall be done that lies in the power of man; but you have reason to look higher for the possible comfort and consolation of your latter days! I dare say no more at present; we shall meet to-morrow.'

So saying, he left this interesting family, casting behind him a last look, so expressive of satisfaction, that we need not wonder if it laid the foundation for a thousand fond conjectures. None of them, however, came up in the faintest degree to the series of agreeable surprises awaiting them next day at the hands of the most upright and most friendly of human beings.

On Maurice's arrival at the cottage of Dacheux, he found there before him the father of his mistress, the same who had laughed to scorn his former pretensions; but who, meeting him now with the most cordial frankness, said: 'Excuse me, Maurice, for having received somewhat coldly your request for my daughter's hand; but why did you conceal from me that you were worth four-and-twenty thousand francs, and that you were only waiting an opportunity to purchase warehouses, and set up for yourself?'

'What is all this you are saying?' stammered the bewildered Maurice. 'I do not comprehend a word of it.'

'It shall be explained to you,' replied good Dacheux, fleeing to his desk, and bringing forth the deposit so long and so discreetly preserved. 'Here is your own. If this pocket-book had contained a single name, the least word of direction to any one, you would have been put in possession of it next day, and your poor grandmother's property have been saved from the hammer. But though long foiled in my researches, it has pleased Heaven to grant me at length the joy of restoring it to its lawful proprietors. It can only belong to those who have so well described it. Look at this black leather, reddened by long use, this old steel clasp, and, above all, at the image of St Maurice. These twenty-four bank-bills make the exact sum drawn by your grandfather, and which he was no doubt carrying back to his employers when, surprised by treacherous liquor, he fell into the Seine. Let this be a lesson, young man, to yourself!'

'Ah, Monsieur Dacheux, there is little fear of my forgetting it. But are you really quite sure this pocket-book was my grandfather's?'

'Yes; by the tokens of this silver watch, which was also upon him; and the little steel chain from which still hangs your grandmother's golden heart; and by that of the two fingers of the left hand, which were missing from the old man I drew out of the river; and the scar from the tip of the right ear to the chin. How could all these marks meet in any but the right person? Nay, my own heart tells me this restitution is the dictate of Heaven. I am too happy in making it, to be under any delusion.'

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So saying, he warmly embraced the delighted young man, whose honest gratitude found vent in the expressions of unsophisticated nature, and whose goodness of heart soon prompted him to make his relatives at home the sharers of his joy. Panting and breathless, scarce able to speak for delight, he announced to the two dear maternal friends of his youth the happy change in their circumstances, and thrust into the shaking hand of his grandmother the well-known pocket-book, saying as he did so, in his turn : ' Here is your own.'

'Nay, yours, my children !' exclaimed the palsied one, exerting, to transfer it, more strength than she had done for long. 'Methinks I feel reviving already, and as though God might yet grant me to see my great-great-grandchildren.'

The marriage of Maurice with Celestine Aubert took place soon after ; and joining his father-in-law, whose experience in the cider trade was very extensive, they were soon at the head of that flourishing branch of business. The old grandmother quitted her lodging up five pair of stairs, and came to live with her daughter-in-law and the young couple on the Quai de l'Ecole, where the good air she breathed, and the sight of her children's happiness, so far restored her, that she could sally forth on crutches, to thank in person the author of all their prosperity. She and the friends and neighbours by whom she was accompanied, found the indefatigable friend of humanity engaged in his vocation, having just rescued from a watery grave an interesting young woman, making, with her unborn infant, the two hundred and fifteenth life he had been enabled to preserve !

Every one present crowded round the general benefactor, proclaiming him the honour of his country, and a model for mankind ; and all united in beseeching him to continue, while strength permitted, his heroic career, exclaiming : ' Never will your memory perish from that of your fellow-citizens, or that proudest of titles with which they have thought fit to associate it, when they conferred on you the affecting surname of THE MAN OF THE SHORE !'





It is proposed in the present sheet to offer a brief history of what is more frequently heard of than understood—*‘the famous Thirty Years’ War’*—a war which, in the seventeenth century, devastated Central Europe, and has left, to the present day, melancholy traces of its frightful progress. In this mortal struggle England was fortunately not concerned, although deeply interested in the contest. At that period, the British Islands were under the sovereignty of James I. and his son Charles I.; the one too peaceful, and the other having too many troubles of his own to

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allow of his interference in the great German war. The struggle was therefore strictly continental, but it involved principles of universal concern. To give the war its proper character, in the fewest words, it should be described as a great, if not the only regular, stand-up fight between the two leading forms of Christianity—Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. That the adherents of these forms of belief should have gone the monstrous length of slaughtering each other during a space of thirty years, in order to determine which should be uppermost, and which faith should be considered the true one, may well fill every one now with horror and astonishment. At that period, however, all questions were settled by the sword. Whilst the inhabitants of Germany were butchering each other, sacking towns, and laying countries waste, on the broad dispute of Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, the English and Scotch were lashing themselves into a frenzy on the similar but more narrow questions of Episcopalianism, Presbyterianism, Independency, Muggletonianism, and other departments of opinion. The seventeenth was essentially the century of religious fighting. Differences which began to operate in the sixteenth, came now to a head. Mutual concession and toleration were generally denounced by each party as sinful. While, however, from various circumstances, religious discord was protracted for a century and upwards in England and Scotland, the Thirty Years' War brought matters speedily to a crisis in Central Europe, and may be said to have quashed, as if by a single blow, all disposition to quarrel seriously on the score of religion.

Such was the general character of this remarkable war, in which were engaged the most distinguished generals of the age—men whose names are frequently seen scattered about in literature—Gustavus Adolphus, Tilly, Wallenstein, Pappenheim, Turenne, besides others of lesser note. The greatest of these personages was Gustavus Adolphus, more familiarly known as the 'Lion of the North, and Bulwark of the Protestant Faith.' We shall first introduce this extraordinary man to our readers.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

Gustavus Adolphus was the son of Charles IX., king of Sweden, and grandson of Gustavus Vasa. He was born at Stockholm in 1594. From his earliest years, Gustavus gave promise of his future greatness, and much care was bestowed on his education. Under competent masters, he acquired the French, Italian, and German languages, in addition to Latin, which he spoke with fluency; he was an eager student of mathematics, fortification, and other branches of the military art. By being accustomed to take an interest in public affairs, he soon became acquainted with the state of Europe, and attained a wonderful degree of political experience;

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and lastly, his hardy manner of living, and his daily practice of all the most laborious duties of a common soldier, gave him that familiarity with military affairs which it was easy to foresee he would require, in order to support with credit his part as the sovereign of a European state in times of convulsion and warfare. It is to be remarked also, that from early youth Gustavus was distinguished by the strict morality of his conduct, the strength of his devotional feelings, and his resolute attachment to the Protestant faith, of which he was to be the champion.

Charles IX. died in 1611, at the age of sixty-one; and his son, Gustavus Adolphus, then in his eighteenth year, succeeded him. By a law made a short time before, he should have continued a minor till the attainment of his twenty-fourth year; but so fully formed was his character, so great were his abilities, and so much confidence did the Swedes repose in him, that, two months after his accession, his guardians—among whom was the illustrious Oxenstiern, then a senator of the kingdom—voluntarily resigned their authority, and procured an act of the states recognising Gustavus as of full age. On this occasion, Gustavus behaved with much modesty and dignity. Addressing the senate, he adverted in becoming terms to his youth and inexperience as disqualifications for undertaking so high a trust as that of governing a nation during times of such emergency, while at the same time he declared that, 'if the states should persist in making him king, he would endeavour to acquit himself with honour, magnanimity, and fidelity.' He was accordingly, young as he was, publicly inaugurated king of Sweden, swearing to preserve the Reformed religion as long as he lived, and to govern according to the laws.

The position of the young king of Sweden was indeed one of great difficulty, and demanding much ability and discretion. Although Sweden was but one of the minor kingdoms of Europe, and little heard of as yet in connection with any of the great events which had been agitating the larger and southern states, its political situation with respect to one or two of the other countries of Europe was such as to involve it in considerable difficulties. During the whole reign of Charles IX., the nation had been engaged in hot disputes with Denmark, Russia, and Poland; and these disputes descended by inheritance to his son Gustavus. To conduct a threefold war to a successful termination, to reduce or conciliate three formidable enemies, and to prevent, in the meantime, the internal affairs of his kingdom from being deranged by these foreign quarrels—such were the tasks which fell to the young Swedish sovereign. His first step was one which augured well for the prudence of his character, and the probable success of his government. This was the appointment of the celebrated Axel Oxenstiern to be his prime-minister and chancellor. Although Oxenstiern was yet only in his twenty-eighth or twenty-ninth year, he had already exhibited those wonderful

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political talents which enabled him ultimately to perform so distinguished a part in the affairs of Europe, and which have elevated him, in the opinion of posterity, into a rival, if not more than a rival, of his great contemporary Richelieu.

With the assistance of this able counsellor, Gustavus was fortunate in bringing all his embarrassing wars to a conclusion, and on terms advantageous to his country. Much of this success was owing to the great discipline he maintained in his army, and to his skill in every species of military manœuvre. Governing his army as well as his kingdom with rigorous justice and paternal care, he was universally beloved by his subjects; and already, while still a young man, he was known all over the north of Europe as a genius of no ordinary kind, whom it would be dangerous to provoke.

ORIGIN OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, Germany consisted of numerous states, each of which, governed by a king, duke, or elector, as the case might be, possessed sovereign and independent jurisdiction within its own territories. The whole were united in a confederacy for general protection, and the united body, which had occasional diets or sittings, was headed by a personage styled Emperor of Germany. This emperor was elective, and the honour fell on any king who commanded most interest in the diet.

The Germanic confederacy never wrought well. It was an ill-assorted association; the lesser states tyrannised over very much by the larger ones, and there being at all times causes of mutual jealousy and hatred. The Reformation of Luther, in the early part of the sixteenth century, had added a fertile source of discord. Some states embraced the doctrines of the Reformers, others held pertinaciously to the principles and practice of the Roman Catholic Church. Germany became now distracted with leagues and counter-leagues, and contentions had risen almost to open war, when the Emperor Charles V., in 1555, patched up a peace between the two great parties. By this treaty of pacification, Roman Catholics and Protestants were to enjoy equal civil rights. Charles's immediate successors had the good sense to respect this peace; and for fifty years the empire enjoyed a tolerable degree of tranquillity. The peace proved ultimately to be only a hollow truce. At the close of the sixteenth century, bitter animosities and brawls began to break out. The growing strength of Protestantism was a provocation to measures for its suppression. These measures, adopted in the bishoprics of Würzburg and Bamberg, led to retaliations upon the Roman Catholics in the Protestant states. The idea of returning good for evil—a fundamental principle in the religion about which all were contending—seems never for a moment to have been entertained. From 1600 to 1618, there were many



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disturbances, much forming of confederacies and leagues, much oppression, much unchristian vengeance—no progress of a sound and temperate view of the matters in dispute.

Things came first to a head in Bohemia, where the Reformed doctrines had taken deep root. Matthias, king of Bohemia and emperor of Germany, having thrown himself into the Catholic league, gave great offence to his Protestant subjects by arbitrarily shutting up two of their churches. 'A universal commotion among the Protestants,' says Schiller, 'was the consequence of this step. At the instigation of Henry Matthias, Count Thurn, proprietor of large estates in Bohemia, and a zealous Protestant, a meeting of deputies was called from every circle in the kingdom, to concert measures against the common danger. It was here resolved to petition the emperor. The emperor's reply reproached them with refractory and rebellious conduct, justified the shutting up of the churches by an imperial mandate, and contained some threatening passages. Count Thurn did not fail to increase the bad effect which this imperial edict had upon the states. He pointed out to them the danger to which all those who signed the petition were exposed. To rise in arms against the emperor was, as yet, too bold a step: by degrees, however, he led them to it. For this purpose he laid the blame first upon the emperor's counsellors. The public hatred was principally directed against the imperial deputy, Slavata, and Baron Martinitz, who, in the place of Count Thurn, had been elected burgrave of Carlstein. Among all the Catholic proprietors of estates, these two acted with most severity against their Protestant vassals. They were accused of hunting these unfortunate beings with dogs, and forcing them, by a renunciation of baptism, marriage, and the funeral service, to embrace Popery. On the 23d of May 1618, the deputies assembled in arms, and in great numbers, at the emperor's palace, and forcibly entered the room where the counsellors Sternburg, Martinitz, Lobkowitz, and Slavata were sitting. With a threatening tone, they required a declaration from each of them whether they had a share in the emperor's proclamation, or had given their consent to it. Sternburg received them with moderation; Martinitz answered with disdain. This decided their fate. Sternburg and Lobkowitz, less hated, and more dreaded, were shewn out of the room; while Slavata and Martinitz were dragged to a window, and flung down a height of eighty feet. The secretary Fabricius was thrown after them: This violent action—somewhat astonishing to civilised nations—the Bohemians justified as a mere national custom; and what surprised them most was, that the sufferers escaped with so little mischief. A dunghill, on which they had fallen, had saved their lives.'

The incident here recorded was the commencement of the Thirty Years' War. The rupture between Matthias and his Bohemian subjects was too wide to be healed; and accordingly, the latter openly

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cast off their allegiance, organised a new government for Bohemia, and, in concert with the Protestant Union, levied forces to resist the emperor. Matthias, on the other hand, prepared to vindicate his authority, and to punish the insurgents; but before he could effect anything decisive, he was cut off by death on the 20th of March 1619. He was succeeded in the empire by Ferdinand II., who had previously been nominated his heir to the Bohemian throne. At this time, Ferdinand was in his forty-first year. As his character gave a tone to subsequent events, and, in fact, determined, more than any other cause, the progress and duration of the war, we shall here present a summary of it from the pen of Archdeacon Coxe in his *History of the House of Austria*. 'We cannot but admire,' he says, 'in Ferdinand II. the great qualities which have distinguished the greatest men of every age and nation—penetration and sagacity, unbroken perseverance, irresistible energy of character, resignation and fortitude in adversity, and a mind never enervated with success. But these great qualities were sullied and disgraced by the most puerile superstition, inveterate bigotry, and unbounded ambition. In many features of his public character, Ferdinand resembled his relative Philip II.: in his talents for the cabinet, no less than his incapacity for the field; in elevation of mind, as well as in bigotry, persecution, and cruelty; in fortitude in adverse, and arrogance in prosperous circumstances. In his private character, however, he differed essentially from the gloomy tyrant of Spain. He was a good and affectionate father, a faithful and tender husband, an affable and indulgent master; he was easy of access to the meanest of his subjects; and compassionate and forgiving where his religious prejudices were not concerned. His failings may be attributed to the prejudices instilled into him by the Jesuits, which strengthened with his years, and grew up with his growth. Had he not been influenced by the narrow and jaundiced views of superstition and bigotry, he might have maintained the peace and happiness of his hereditary dominions; might have ruled the empire, not as the head of a sect or the chief of a party, but as the sovereign and the friend of all; and might have saved Germany and Europe from thirty years of anarchy, persecution and terror, devastation and carnage. In fine, the defects of education and erroneous principles rendered him the misfortune of his family, the enemy of his country, and the scourge of his age.' This character of Ferdinand, we may mention, is more favourable than that given by other writers.

Justly fearing the consequences of admitting such a man as Ferdinand to the government of their country, the Bohemians formally declared their throne vacant, and looked about for some Protestant prince upon whom they might confer it. Their wishes rested upon Frederick V., the Elector Palatine, who had succeeded his father as the recognised head of the Protestant Union of Germany. This prince, whose misfortunes have rendered him

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famous, possessed good natural abilities, and had received an excellent education ; but in accepting the throne of Bohemia, and thus defying the emperor to a contest, he was attempting to perform a part above his strength. Six years before this period, and while yet a mere youth, he had gone to England, and married Elizabeth, the daughter of James I. 'Universal joy,' says Harte, 'seized the English nation upon this occasion ; the balls, carousals, and feasting were innumerable. The very poets were called in from every quarter ; such magnificence hath rarely been beheld in the most expensive and extravagant times. Ben Jonson and Davenant held the pen ; Lawes composed the music, Inigo Jones contrived the theatrical entertainments ; and the best painters on this side the Alps garnished the scenes with their pencils. These honours, to which the Order of the Garter was added, lulled Frederick into a sort of dream, and rendered him a visionary in ambition. He forgot his own dominions, and caught incautiously, though honestly, and with some diffidence, at what he imagined to be a most plausible acquisition—the crown of Bohemia.' In taking this step, he had no encouragement from his father-in-law, James I. ; whose aversion to a drawn sword displayed itself through life in his keeping aloof from continental disputes, and who on this occasion assured Frederick in direct terms that he need expect no assistance from him. James's daughter, the wife of Frederick, was a woman of extraordinary parts and firmness, a devoted Protestant, and superior in genius and generosity of character to all the other children of James ; but she was affected by an insatiable ambition, which contributed to ruin her husband. The Palatinate was a state of considerable size in Germany, its lower division lying on the Rhine, and the whole generally fertile. The title of Palatine, nearly equivalent to that of prince, was, however, distasteful to the proud Elizabeth. Born the daughter of a king, she resolved that she should also be the wife of one—she would be a *queen*.

Alas for the result of such miserable aspirations ! The struggle between Ferdinand and Frederick for the crown of Bohemia was not of long duration. Assisted by Spain and the pope, and having the advantage of employing such able military commanders as Spinola and the celebrated Count Tilly, the Emperor Ferdinand speedily reduced the Bohemians, with their allies, to extremities ; and on the 8th of November 1620, the last hopes of the Protestants were shattered by a total defeat which they sustained under the walls of Prague. Frederick fled from this city, and finally quitted his kingdom altogether, and took refuge in Holland, where he lived for many years on public charity ; his father-in-law, in the quaint words of Harte, 'supplying him only with peaceable advice and scholastic quotations instead of money and legions.'

The Bohemians were severely punished by Ferdinand for their insurrection. Many of their nobles were beheaded ; the estates of

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others were confiscated; the Lutheran and Calvinistic clergy were banished; and the Jesuits were appointed to the sole superintendence of the entire system of national education. The inhabitants of the Palatinate, the hereditary dominions of the unfortunate Frederick, shared these calamities. Frederick having been put under the ban of the empire, his possessions were divided among those who had distinguished themselves by their zeal for the cause of the emperor. The larger part of them, with the dignity of Elector, was conferred on the Duke of Bavaria. Latterly, a portion of the Palatinate, including Heidelberg, a favourite residence of Elizabeth, fell to the share of the grand-dukedom of Baden.

The severities of Ferdinand, together with the dread that the influence of his bigotry would soon extend itself over the rest of the empire, occasioned a reaction in favour of Protestantism. Foreign nations too, both Catholic and Protestant, looked on with no small interest. One of the most general and most respected political doctrines of that time was the doctrine of the balance of power in Europe; and for many years the utmost jealousy had prevailed in France, England, Denmark, &c. with respect to the perpetual growth and aggrandisement of the House of Austria, so fatal, it was imagined, to this balance of power. Consequently, there was a strong disposition throughout Europe to encourage and blow up any flame of disaffection within the empire, which would occupy the emperor, and prevent his power from becoming so gigantic in reality as it was in appearance. This is the secret of the perpetual interference of foreign powers in the affairs of Germany during the seventeenth century. Germany was, as it were, a huge conflagration, into which other nations were perpetually throwing fuel, sometimes apparently with no other motive than to keep up the blaze.

Scarcely was Bohemia subjugated, when Ferdinand found himself engaged in a war with others of the states, assisted by the king of Denmark. An army of 60,000 men was raised by the Protestant party, and placed under the command of Christian, Duke of Brunswick, and the able Count Mansfeld. The imperial forces under Tilly were unable, without reinforcements, to cope with such an enemy; and as Ferdinand's resources were exhausted by the expenses of former campaigns, his position was one of great difficulty. In this emergency, the empire was saved by the prompt appearance on the stage of a man famous above almost all men of his time, Albrecht of Waldstein, more commonly known by the name of Wallenstein. This extraordinary man was the son of a German baron, and was born in 1583. By birth a Protestant, he was converted in early youth to the Catholic faith. He was remarkable from the first for his haughty, aspiring disposition, and his strange eccentricities. After serving for some time in the imperial armies against the Turks, he returned to Bohemia in 1606, and married a wealthy widow, somewhat advanced in life, who, dying in 1614, left

him all her property. In 1617, he raised a body of horsemen, at his own expense, to assist Ferdinand of Grätz, then at war with the Venetians. In this war, his munificence, the liberality with which he paid his soldiers, and his military abilities, obtained for him a great reputation; and the name of Wallenstein was in every one's lips. He was invited to Vienna by the Emperor Matthias, who created him a count, and bestowed other honours upon him. A second marriage, which he now contracted with a lady of rank and fortune, placed him high among the nobles of the empire. When the war with Bohemia broke out, Wallenstein declined an invitation from the Bohemians to make common cause with them, and devoted himself, heart and soul, to the interests of the emperor. On the overthrow of Frederick, Ferdinand amply repaid Wallenstein for his services, by allowing him to purchase many of the confiscated estates at a low price. These acquisitions, together with his former property, made Wallenstein's wealth absolutely enormous. To make his dignity correspond with his wealth, he was created, by Ferdinand, Count Palatine, and Duke of Friedland, with the right of issuing coin and granting patents of nobility. The most extravagant stories were current respecting his magnificent style of living. It was said, for instance, that his palace was built on the ruins of a hundred houses; that each horse in his stables had a rack and manger of polished steel; that the stalls were divided by intercolumniations of Bohemian marble; and that behind each horse was placed its picture, painted by the best Italian and German masters. His palace was more like the court of a sovereign than the residence of a subject; and to secure the patronage of Wallenstein was deemed the high-road to fortune. Among other peculiarities of his character, it may be mentioned that he manifested an extraordinary antipathy to noise, insomuch that officers attending his levee used to silence the jingling of their spurs by tying them with silk twist before entering his presence; and that he was a firm believer in astrology, conceiving the presiding star of his own fortunes to be the planet Jupiter, and maintaining at his court a famous astrologer, whom he consulted on all occasions. Such was the man who came to the relief of the empire in the year 1625, when it was hard pressed by the chiefs of the Union, and their ally the king of Denmark. He offered to raise an army of 50,000 men at his own expense, provided that, when raised, they should be allowed to support themselves by pillaging the hostile provinces through which he should lead them. After some delay, the proposal was accepted; and in two months Wallenstein found himself at the head of 30,000 men—Germans, Frenchmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Cossacks, Croats, Poles, and Hungarians—all attracted to the imperial service by the fame of Wallenstein and the prospect of a rich booty.

Fortune now again declared for the emperor. The Protestant allies were quite unable to cope with two such armies as those of

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Wallenstein and Tilly; and after various defeats, the king of Denmark was obliged, in May 1629, to conclude a peace, and withdraw to his own dominions, leaving the Protestants of Germany to their fate. The empire having thus been cleared of foreign troops, state after state submitted, paying the price of their past conduct by vast contributions for the support of the imperial troops. New titles and estates were conferred on the haughty soldier to whose energy the empire owed its deliverance. The subjugation of the Protestants was complete; and had Ferdinand chosen to act prudently and wisely, the wounds of war might have been healed, and Germany once more might have enjoyed peace. The religious bigotry of Ferdinand, however, would allow of no compromise for the sake of the general tranquillity. On the 6th of March 1629, he published an edict, called the Edict of Restitution, requiring the restoration to the church of all the ecclesiastical property which had been alienated to the Protestants, and authorising at the same time the use of stringent measures for the extirpation of Protestantism. The Catholic princes, generally, soon perceived the impolicy of such severities. They had another cause of complaint, likewise, in the licentiousness of the imperial army, which, instead of having been disbanded or diminished at the peace, was still in being, distributed over the empire—every regiment committing dreadful depredations and excesses alike on friend and foe, and proving an intolerable scourge to the locality where it chanced to be stationed. Moreover, the Catholic princes began to be jealous of the enormous influence of Wallenstein, whom they called an upstart and an ambitious schemer, and to demand his dismissal from the post of commander-in-chief. A powerful cabal was formed against him, consisting of the Duke of Bavaria, his political, and Tilly, his military rival; also the Catholic chiefs, who were suffering from the devastations of his army; and the priests and Jesuits, for whom he had always manifested a rooted dislike. Ferdinand was at length obliged to yield to the representations of this cabal, who told him that, unless this insolent dictator were dismissed, the empire was ruined; and accordingly, in 1630, Wallenstein was deprived of his command. Proudly and silently the dismissed general retired to his Bohemian estates, to lead, as before, a life of princely magnificence, taking no concern in the affairs of the empire.

Such was the position of affairs in Germany when Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, plunged into the struggle. Twelve years of the Thirty Years' War had already elapsed; Ferdinand and the Catholic party were victorious; and the Protestants of Germany lay at their feet crushed, timid, and apparently without hope. Gustavus appeared as their hero, their champion, and their deliverer.

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INVASION OF GERMANY BY GUSTAVUS—HIS VICTORIES AND DEATH.

Wallenstein had early discovered the secret intentions of the king of Sweden to take part in the struggle which was distracting Germany. 'I beg you, sir,' he wrote to one of his generals during the war with the king of Denmark, 'to keep an eye upon the Swede, for he is a dangerous fellow. You must not trust Gustavus Adolphus, for every one says that he likes to lead people by the nose. I should wish to have the Swede for my friend, but that he should not be too strong; for love and power cannot agree.' The motives which induced Gustavus to entertain the designs attributed to him were various. In the first place, he had been inevitably mixed up with German affairs during the progress of his Polish war. Again, he had a strong desire for the aggrandisement of Sweden; his favourite idea being, that the Swedish territories might be so extended as to make the Baltic but a Swedish lake. It is even hinted that he entertained the design of obtaining as much influence in Germany as possible, with the view to being elected emperor at some future period. Moreover, Gustavus was a little alarmed at the common bugbear of the age—the increasing power of Austria. Addressing this feeling in the mind of the Swedish monarch, Richelieu, then at the head of affairs in France, endeavoured to stimulate him to the contest; it being the interest no less of France than of Sweden that the power of the emperor should be curbed. But although all those reasons may have had their weight, it is not to be denied that the grand motives which animated Gustavus in the undertaking were his attachment to the Protestant faith, and his desire to render assistance to millions of his fellow-men who were groaning under persecution. 'I know,' said he, discussing the propriety of engaging in the enterprise with his counsellors—'I know as well as any one person amongst my subjects the difficulty, the perils, the fatigues, and the duration of such an undertaking; yet neither the wealth of the House of Austria dismays me, nor her veteran forces. The imperial army subsists by rapine and military exactions; whereas, on the other hand, though the Swedish revenues are not considerable, yet they are paid with punctuality; and my soldiers are accustomed to temperance, frugality, and virtue. In the worst of cases, my retreat is secure, and my brave troops shall never want their daily subsistence, though it is transported to them from Sweden; and if it is the will of the Supreme Being that Gustavus should die in the defence of his country, he pays the tribute with thankful acquiescence. It is a king's duty and his religion both to obey the great Sovereign of kings without a murmur.' It was in such a spirit that Gustavus, with no help from any other power, except, perhaps, some secret assurances from France, and without

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much encouragement even from those Protestant princes of Germany whose cause he was going to defend, resolved to invade Germany. The doctrine, it may here be observed, of the non-interference of one nation in the affairs of another, had not yet been recognised. Indeed, that doctrine would have been totally out of place in the seventeenth century; it arose only in the eighteenth; and although it still exists with very beneficial effects in certain cases, it is evident that the doctrine is essentially temporary in its nature, and that, as we advance in civilisation, it will be either greatly modified, or entirely superseded by a nobler principle.

The latter part of the year 1629, and the commencement of 1630, were employed by the Swedish king in making preparations for his enterprise; and when all things had been arranged for his departure, as well as for the government of the country in his absence, he assembled the states, and took a solemn farewell of them. Bearing in his arms his daughter Christina, then only four years of age, he presented her to the assembled diet, and caused them to renew their oath of allegiance to her. His manner was so affectingly serious, that the whole assembly were dissolved in tears, and it was some time before he himself could pronounce his farewell words. 'No light or trivial cause,' said he, 'induces me to involve myself or you in this new and dangerous war. God is my witness that I have not sought the contest. But the emperor has supported my enemies, persecuted my friends and brethren, trampled my religion in the dust, and stretched his ambitious hand to grasp my crown. The oppressed states of Germany call loudly to us for aid, and, by the help of God, IT SHALL be afforded them.' The brave and pious monarch then severally addressed the various orders of his people, and gave them his parting advice and blessing. 'I feel a presentiment,' he said, 'that I shall die in defence of my country and religion. I commend you, then, to the protection of Heaven. Be just, be conscientious, act uprightly, and we shall meet again in eternity.' With nobler sentiments a king never went to war. Having thus set his house in order, like a dying man, Gustavus left Sweden with a force of 15,000 men—an army not very formidable in numbers, but powerful from its valour, discipline, and unanimity, as well as from the dauntless spirit and military skill of him who commanded it. Conveyed by a fleet of transports, the Swedish troops landed, on the 24th of June 1630, on the isle of Rügen, in Pomerania. Gustavus himself was the first who sprang to land, where he knelt down, and thanked the Almighty for the safety of his army and fleet. Immediately afterwards he turned his attention to the performance of his great task. What was the degree of courage necessary to nerve him for entering on it, may be conceived from the fact, that the emperor had not less than 150,000 men on the field in various parts of Germany, independent of those in garrison; as well as from the fact, that the Protestant princes, from

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whom he might naturally have expected assistance, at first refused to co-operate with him. But the Snow King, as he was contemptuously called at Vienna, under the impression that he would speedily melt away, and be lost before the fiery powers of the south, knew neither fear nor hesitation. He overran Pomerania without delay, and in doing so, exhibited a noble contrast to the conduct of the imperial generals. The Swedish soldier paid for all he required; no private property was molested on his march. The Imperialist garrisons fled before him on all sides; and it was not till he entered Brandenburg that an opponent worthy of his arms appeared on the scene. This adversary was Count Tilly, already mentioned, a man descended of a noble Flemish family, and who had long commanded the Bavarian armies without ever losing a decisive battle. Tilly was every way a remarkable man. Stern, gloomy, and bigoted, yet loyal and trustworthy, his appearance was in unison with his character. Of low stature, thin, with hollow cheeks, a long nose, wrinkled forehead, large whiskers, and a pointed chin, formed the chief features in his terrible and vulture-like countenance; while his dress was of a fantastic Spanish order—a long red feather, which hung down his back, being the most notable point in it. Tilly was the first who pointed out to the emperor the truly dangerous character of Gustavus as an enemy. 'This is a player,' said the old marshal, 'from whom we gain much if we merely lose nothing.' With about 30,000 men, Tilly hurried to the scene of the Swedish King's successes. It was some time before they met, and in the interval the Imperialists attacked the strong and rich city of Magdeburg, which had declared for Gustavus. Before the latter could relieve it, the city was taken, and suffered the most deplorable fate, being given up by Tilly to the tender mercies of his brutal soldiery. 'For four days,' says Schiller, 'a scene of carnage was carried on which history has no language, art no pencil, to portray. Neither the innocence of childhood, nor the helplessness of old age—neither youth, sex, rank, nor beauty—could disarm the fury of the conquerors. The entire amount of the slaughter was calculated at 30,000.' Harte's account of this famous siege is equally terrible. 'Now,' he says, 'began a massacre not to be paralleled in modern ages. The soldiers fired promiscuously in the streets, churches, and squares, upon persons of all ages, sex, and conditions, with the same fury as in the day of battle. The very best troops, the old Walloons, behaved the least like men; and, as there may be a justice sometimes in cruelty, spared not their own friends within the town—namely, the informers—in the general massacre. The Croats exercised barbarities unknown to savages. The young men and the new-raised soldiers were the only people who shewed any visible signs of compassion. When the streets and public places were filled with dead bodies (and this scene may be considered as the very mildest part of their cruelty), the troops

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disbanded themselves, and began to enter the houses. Here began a more deliberate perpetration of murder; even the aged, the sick, and the young found no mercy. Two soldiers held an infant by the legs with the head downward, and killed it with their swords. A young lady of quality was seized by an officer, but as he dragged her over the Elbe bridge, she begged leave to have the use of her hands to take out her handkerchief and wipe her eyes, and that instant plunged herself into the river, and there expired. Twenty young girls, who were assembled together at a house near the banks of the Elbe, rushed out of the doors all at once, and, embracing each other, threw themselves into the river. By this time the whole city was in flames. Most historians attribute this to accident; but as the fire began in various places at once, many may be inclined to consider it as a part of the besiegers' cruelty. Thus, the few perished who had concealed themselves, and, by the justice of Providence, the Imperialists lost the greater part not only of what they had plundered, but of what the inhabitants had hidden. Nothing remained of the town but the cathedral, the church and convent of Notre-Dame, some few houses that stood round it, and about eighty or a hundred fishermen's cottages on the banks of the Elbe. Out of 40,000 inhabitants, it is thought hardly the number of eight hundred escaped. Some retired to the cathedral, some obtained quarter, in hopes of ransom, some escaped over the walls, some were dug out of the ruins, and some few were preserved by the seeming interposition of Providence. A handful of the garrison which held out to the very last man, obtained conditions; but all the officers were put to the sword excepting Amsteroth, who was taken prisoner, and died the next day; and a lieutenant-colonel and major, whose lives were spared.'

In the conducting of this terrific carnage, Tilly was outdone in cruelty by Count Pappenheim, one of his generals, who had already figured in the war, particularly at the battle of Prague. Of the horrors enacted by order of these two commanders, language can bring up no sufficient picture in the mind. We can, however, attain a slight idea of the scene of wholesale rapine and murder at the taking of Magdeburg, by perusing the following accounts left us by two of the sufferers. The first is that of a poor man, a fisherman, who died at a very advanced age in 1720, and who was therefore a mere child at the time of the siege. His account, however, is very graphic: 'The 10th of May, early in the morning, at the time the regent or master of our school was reading prayers, a report flew through the streets that the town was taken, which was confirmed by the ringing of the alarm-bells. Our regent dismissed us all in a moment, saying: "My dear children, hasten to your homes, and recommend yourselves to the protection of God; for it is highly probable we shall meet no more except in heaven." In an instant we all disappeared, some one way, and some another. For my own part, I took my

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course with speed along the High Street, and found, where the public steelyards are (and where the grand guard of the city was kept), a considerable body of troops with their swords drawn; and saw near them, and at a distance round them, a great number of soldiers stretched dead on the pavement. Terrified with so melancholy a sight, I shaped my course down the street called Pelican, with a view to conceal myself in my father's house; but had hardly advanced a few steps before I fell in with a band of soldiers, who had that moment murdered a man, whom I saw weltering in his blood. This sight shocked me to such a degree, that I had not power to move forward, but, sheltering myself in a house opposite to the *Pelican Inn*, found a kind-speaking aged man, who said to me: "Child, why comest thou hither? Save thyself before the soldiers seize thee." I was strongly tempted to put his advice in practice; but at that moment a party of Croats rushed in, and, holding a sabre to his throat, demanded his wealth. The old man immediately opened a coffer to them full of gold, and silver, and precious stones. They crammed their pockets with his riches; yet, as the coffer was not emptied, they filled a small basket with the part that remained, and then shot the poor old man through the head. I stole away behind them, hoping to seek a place of safety amongst some empty casks, and found there a young lady, perfectly handsome, who conjured me to remove, and make no mention of her. Anxiously reflecting where to dispose of myself, the same Croats surprised me again, and one of them bade me carry a basket for them. I took up the basket immediately, and followed them wherever they went. They entered several cellars, and rifled all persons who fell into their hands without remorse. As we ascended from one of these cellars, we saw with astonishment that the flames had seized the whole fore-part of the house. We rushed through the fire, and saved ourselves. In all probability, every soul was destroyed that remained within doors. As to my father, mother, and relations, I never heard a syllable concerning them from that time to the present.

The other account of the siege, which is more minute, is that left us by M. Theodanus, then a clergyman in the town. 'Going out of church,' says he, 'immediately after sermon, some people of St James's parish passed by, and told me the enemy had entered the town. With difficulty could I persuade myself that this was anything more than a false alarm; but the news unfortunately proved too true. I then lost my presence of mind; and as my wife and maid-servant were with me, we ran directly to my colleague, M. Malsio's house, and left our own house open. At M. Malsio's we found many people, who had fled to him in great perplexity. We comforted and exhorted each other as far as the terror of our minds would give us leave. I was summoned thence to discharge the last duties to a colonel, who lay dangerously

wounded. I resolved to go, and sent my maid to fetch my gown; but before my departure from my wife and neighbours, I told them that the affair appeared to me to be concluded, and that we should meet no more in this world. My wife reproached me in a flood of tears, crying: "Can you prevail on yourself to leave me to perish all alone? You must answer for it before God." I represented to her the obligations of my function, and went. As I crossed the great street, a multitude of matrons and young women flocked round me, and besought me, in all the agonies of distress, to advise them what to do. I told them my best advice was to recommend themselves to God's protecting grace, and prepare for death. At length I entered the colonel's lodging, and found him stretched on the floor, and very weak. I gave him such consolation as the disorder of my mind would permit me: he heard me with great attention, and ordered a small present of gold to be given me, which I left on the table. In the interval, the enemy poured in by crowds at the Hamburg gate, and fired upon the multitude as upon beasts of prey. Suddenly my wife and maid-servant entered the room, and persuaded me to remove immediately, alleging that we should meet with no quarter if the enemy found us in an apartment filled with arms. We ran down into the courtyard of the house, and placed ourselves in the gateway. Our enemies soon burst the gate open with an eagerness that cannot be described. The first address they bestowed on me was: "Priest, deliver thy money!" I gave them about four-and-twenty shillings in a little box, which they accepted with good-will; but when they opened the box, and found only silver, they raised their tone, and demanded gold. I represented to them that I was at some distance from my house, and that at present I could not possibly give them more. They were reasonable enough to be contented with my answer, and left us, after having plundered the house, without offering us any insult. There was a well-looking youth among the crowd, to whom my wife addressed herself, and besought him in God's name to protect us. "My dear child," said he, "it is a thing impossible; we must pursue our enemies;" and so they retired.

'At that moment another party of soldiers rushed in, who demanded also our money. We contented them with seven shillings and a couple of silver spoons, which the maid fortunately had concealed in her pocket. They were scarce gone, before a soldier entered alone, with the most furious countenance I ever saw. Each cheek was puffed out with a musket-ball; and he carried two muskets on his shoulder. The moment he perceived me, he cried with a voice of thunder: "Priest, give me thy money, or thou art dead!" As I had nothing to give him, I made my apology in the most affecting manner. He levelled a piece to shoot me; but my wife luckily turned it with her hand, and the ball passed over my head. At length, finding we had no money, he asked for plate; my wife gave

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him some silver trinkets, and he went away. A little after came four or five soldiers, who only said : " Wicked priest, what dost thou here ? " and then departed. We were now inclined to shelter ourselves in the uppermost apartments of the house, hoping to be there less exposed. We entered a chamber that had several beds in it, and passed some time there in the most insupportable agonies. Nothing was heard in the streets but the discharge of muskets and the cries of expiring people ; nor were the houses much more quiet ; everything was burst open, or cut to pieces. We were soon discovered in our retirement. A number of soldiers poured in, and one who carried a hatchet made an attempt to cleave my skull ; but a companion hindered him, and said : " Comrade, what are you doing ? Don't you perceive that he is a clergyman ? " When these were gone, a single soldier came in, to whom my wife gave a crape handkerchief off her neck ; upon which he retired without offering us any injury. His successor was not so reasonable ; for, entering the chamber with his sword drawn, he immediately aimed a blow at my head, saying : " Priest, give me thy money ! " The stroke stunned me ; the blood gushed out in abundance, and frightened my wife and servant to that degree that they both continued motionless. The barbarian turned round to my wife, aimed a blow at her, but it glanced fortunately on her gown, which happened to be lined with furs, and wounded her not. Amazed to see us so submissive and patient, he looked at us fixedly for some moments. I laid hold of this interval to represent to him that I was not in my own house ; but if he would grant us quarter, and protect us to our home, I would then bestow upon him all I had. " Agreed, priest," said he ; " give me thy wealth, and I will give thee the watchword : it is *Jesu-Maria* ! Pronounce that, and no one will hurt thee." We went down-stairs directly, highly contented to have found such a protector. The street was covered with the dead and dying ; the cries of the wounded were enough to have pierced the hearts of the greatest barbarians. We walked over the bodies, and when we arrived at the church of St Catharine, met an officer of distinction on horseback. This generous person soon discovered us, and seeing me covered with blood, said to the person who conducted us : " Fellow-soldier, fellow-soldier, take care what you do to these persons ! " At the same time he said to my wife : " Madam, is yonder house yours ? " My wife having answered that it was—" Well," added he, " take hold of my stirrup ; conduct me thither, and you shall have quarter." The soldier who had used me ill took this opportunity to steal away. Upon entering my house, we found it filled with a multitude of plunderers, whom the officer, who was a colonel, ordered away. He then said he would take up his lodging with us ; and having posted two soldiers for a guard to us, left us with a promise to return forthwith. We gave, with great cheerfulness, a good breakfast to our sentinels, who complimented us on our good fortune in falling into their colonel's hands.

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at the same time representing to us that their fellow-soldiers were making a considerable booty, whilst they continued inactive, and beseeching us, therefore, to render them some equivalent. Upon this I gave them four rose nobles, with which they were well contented, and shewed us so much humanity as to offer to go and search for any acquaintance whom we desired to place in safety with us. I told them I had one particular friend, who had escaped to the cathedral, as I conjectured, and promised them a good gratuity on his part if they saved his life. One of them, accompanied by my servant-maid, went to the church, and called my friend often by name. But it was all in vain ; no one answered ; and we never heard mention of him from that period. Some moments after, our colonel returned, and demanded whether any person had offered us the least incivility. After we had exculpated the soldiers in this respect, he hastened abroad to see if there was any possibility to extinguish the fire, which had already seized great part of the city. He had hardly got into the street, when he returned with uncommon hastiness, and said : " Shew me the way out of town, for I see plainly we shall perish in the flames if we stay here a few minutes longer." Upon this we threw the best of our goods and movables into a vaulted cellar, covered the trap-door with earth, and made our escape. My wife took nothing with her but my robe ; my maid seized a neighbour's infant child by the hand, whom we found crying at his father's door, and led him away. We found it impossible to pass through the gates of the town, which were all in a flame, and the streets burned with great fury on either side. In a word, the heat was so intense that it was with difficulty we were able to breathe. Having made several unsuccessful attempts, we determined at last to make our escape on the side of the town next the Elbe. The streets were clogged with dead bodies, and the groans of the dying were insupportable. The Walloons and Croatians attacked us every moment, but our generous colonel protected us from their fury. When we gained the bastion which stands on the banks of the Elbe, we descended by the scaling-ladders which the Imperialists had made use of in the assault, and arrived at length in the enemy's camp near Rottensee, thoroughly fatigued, and extremely alarmed. The colonel made us enter into his tent, and presented us some refreshments. That ceremony being over—"Well," said he, "having saved your lives, what return do you make me?" We told him that for the present we had nothing to bestow, but that we would transfer to him all the money and plate that we had buried in the cellar, which was the whole of our worldly possessions. Next day the colonel sent one of his domestics with my maid-servant to search for the treasure we had buried in the cellar ; but they returned without success, because, as the fire still continued, they could not approach the trap-door. In the meanwhile the colonel made us his guests at his own table, and during our whole stay treated us not as prisoners, but as intimate

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friends. At length I ventured one day to ask our colonel to give us leave to depart; he complied immediately, upon condition we paid our ransom. Next morning I sent my maid into town to try if there was any possibility of penetrating into the cellar. She was more fortunate that day, and returned with all our wealth. Having returned our thanks to our deliverer, he immediately ordered a passport to be prepared for us, with permission to retire to whatever place we should think proper, and made us a present of a crown to defray the expense of our journey.

The news of the fate of Magdeburg spread horror over all Germany, and Gustavus was obliged to take some pains to shew that it was impossible for him to have come up in time to save it. At the same time he proved that, though greatly inferior in force to Tilly, he had been advancing with fearless speed to encounter the Imperialist commander. The two did not meet, however, until the 17th September 1631, when Gustavus, being joined by the Saxon elector with his troops, advanced against Tilly near Leipsic, and attacked him with nearly equal forces. On the event of that battle hung the fate of the Protestants of Germany. The king chose for his battle-cry, 'God with us!' while that of the Imperialists was, 'Jesu-Maria!' During this great day, Tilly seemed for the first time unnerved. 'Gloomy and sombre presentiments,' says Schiller, 'clouded the native clearness of his mind; the shade of Magdeburg seemed to hover over him.' The pure-souled confidence of Gustavus formed a striking contrast. Having completed his dispositions, the king, arrayed in a plain gray dress, and only distinguished by a single green plume, stepped out in advance of the whole line of his army, and, in sight of them all, knelt down with uncovered head, and prayed that 'God would defend the right.' The whole army responded with a deep 'Amen.' The issue of the battle was decisively in favour of the Swedes. After an obstinate struggle, the Imperialists fled on all sides, and Tilly himself narrowly escaped with life. Of the great army which he had commanded at morning, not a thousand remained by his side at night. Gustavus gained universal praise for his conduct on this day.

In this great struggle, Gustavus was aided by many Scottish gentlemen, who, shut out from preferment in England, sought employment in the German wars. In the above battle there were of these Scotchmen thirty colonels, fifty-two lieutenant-colonels, and fourteen majors. They were chiefly Leslie, Ramsays, Mackays, and Monroes. All were as much trusted by Gustavus as he was revered by them. The king was indeed the idol of all his followers, notwithstanding that he enforced among them a strictness of discipline altogether unknown in the wars of the day. 'Luxury,' says his biographer Harte, 'was a stranger in his camp, and so was gaming. The nobility and the rich made no expenses but for the honour of the service; and the younger officers, in point of dress,

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never went beyond neatness and propriety. The common men had a full confidence either of overcoming the enemy by dint of valour and discipline in the field of battle, or of wearying them out and reducing their numbers by virtue of judicious encampments and marches, and by being able to support themselves with greater moderation and frugality; for they could continue three months in those very quarters where the Imperialists could but barely subsist themselves one-third part of that time. Their hardiness of constitution was such, that they could extend the duration of a campaign almost equal to that of the year; being alike patient of summer heat and winter cold. The camp was their home, their inn, their farm, their city, their country. One would think an army no very excellent school either for learning to read or for apprehending one's duty to God; yet Gustavus paid particular attention to these points. Public schools were opened every day with the same regularity and quiet as in a country town; and the moment the forces began to intrench themselves, the children went to a safe and peaceable quarter, marked out for their place of study. One day, contrary to the expectation of the general who allotted to them their ground, a cannon-ball happened to pierce through the school, and killed two or three young people at a stroke; but the rest, far from quitting their places, neither changed colour nor dropped a pen or a book from their hands. Every regiment had two chaplains, who received forty pounds a year each. They were governed by a consistory of their own order; and being men judiciously chosen, were respected by the principal commanders, and beloved by the soldiery. Yet their authority was such, that they discountenanced and suppressed all profane swearing and drunkenness; nor was the camp filled with vagrants, thieves, &c., as in the imperial service.

Gustavus having freed Saxony and Pomerania from the imperial yoke, now marched forward into the country, bending towards the Rhine. 'With the sword in one hand,' says Schiller, 'and mercy in the other, he traversed Germany as a conqueror, a lawgiver, and a judge, while the keys of towns and fortresses were delivered to him by the inhabitants as to their native sovereign.' Franconia, Swabia, and the Palatinate, however, contained strong Catholic cities and garrisons, which he was under the necessity of subduing by force. Würzburg, Marienburg, and various others, fell before him in this manner; but though he opened the churches there to the Protestants, and established for them an equality of rights, he did not retaliate on the Catholics the oppressions which they had inflicted on others. It was a sacred principle with him to spare the blood of foe as well as of friend. Having secured Franconia, and routed an army under the Duke of Lorraine, who had come from France to assist the emperor, notwithstanding that the French king was in alliance with the Swedes, Gustavus marched along the Main towards the Rhine, to win that frontier from Spain. Frankfort opened its

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gates to him, and he followed up the capture by the conquest of the whole Palatinate of the Rhine. In the meantime, Tilly, burning to avenge his defeat at Leipsic, had pursued the king's steps as far as the river Lech, the frontier of Bavaria on the west. There the Swede met him, and another great battle took place. Tilly was so strongly encamped in an arc, formed by a bend of the river, that all the Swedish generals dissuaded their leader from the attempt to pass the stream in the face of such an enemy. 'What!' cried Gustavus, 'shall we, who have not only passed the Baltic, but the Oder, the Rhine, and the Danube, turn back from a stream so petty as the Lech?' In pursuit of his resolve, the king, by the most admirable management, not only passed the river in spite of all Tilly's endeavours to stop him, but gave the old marshal a total and most signal defeat. Here ended the renowned Tilly's career. In the heat of the battle, he was struck in one of his legs by a shot of three pounds-weight, and was carried off the field shortly before the rout of his army. He died a few days afterwards.

The battle of the passage of the Lech took place on the 3d of April 1632. All Europe was astonished. The Snow King, of whom it had been predicted that he would melt away as he advanced into the warm regions of the south, was now master of the whole country from the Baltic to the frontiers of France, and at the head of an army sufficiently large and courageous not only to retain his conquests, but even to accomplish whatever design he might undertake with a view to the humiliation of Austria, and the remodelling of the Germanic empire. This was more than his allies had looked for; it was more than they desired. True, Ferdinand was humbled. But what better would it be for Europe that the Austrian should be deposed from the supremacy, if the Swede should seize it? Such was the feeling of a number of foreign states. Louis XIII. of France told the Venetian ambassador 'that the powers interested in desiring to behold a partial reduction of the House of Austria, had hitherto offered up, with a safe conscience, their sincerest wishes for the prosperity of the Swedish arms; but then no human being could conceive that matters should have advanced, with so amazing rapidity, to such extraordinary lengths. Therefore, inform your senate that means must be devised whereby to check this impetuous Visigoth in the career of his victories, which may prove, in the conclusion, as fatal to us as to the emperor and the elector of Bavaria.' Such also was the feeling of Denmark, and, to a certain degree, also of some of the Germanic states themselves. As for Great Britain, her own affairs occupied most of her attention; and, besides, it was the policy of Charles I. to take little part in continental struggles. Had not God made Great Britain an island? Let her, then, behave as an island, it was said, and allow foreign affairs to take their own course!

The Emperor Ferdinand was placed in a situation of extreme

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difficulty. He had no sufficient army ; his best general, Tilly, was dead ; and the Swedes were masters of his territory. His first impulse was to assume the command of the army himself ; but he soon perceived the folly of such a plan. No alternative remained but to invite Wallenstein to resume the command from which he had been dismissed ; and the desperateness of the occasion may be judged of from the fact, that the emperor consented to implore his offended subject to come to his assistance. Wallenstein, who, ever since his dismissal, had been living in gorgeous inactivity on his Bohemian estates, was in no hurry to comply with the emperor's invitation ; but, on the contrary, made such terms as shewed the value which he set upon his own services. He yielded at last on the following conditions : That he should have the sole and only command of the army he undertook to raise ; that there should be no imperial authority within his camp ; that no peace should be concluded without his consent ; that he should have the sovereignty of the provinces which he might conquer ; and that he should receive, as a reward, one of the emperor's hereditary estates. In the pomp of these magnificent conditions, Wallenstein issued from his retirement to raise an army and save the empire. His own words, as put into his mouth by Schiller in his famous drama, *The Death of Wallenstein*, vividly describe the effect :

' All eyes were turned on me,
Their helper in distress ; the emperor's pride
Bowed itself down before the man he had injured.
'Twas I must rise, and, with creative word,
Assemble forces in the desolate camps.
I did it. Like a god of war, my name
Went through the world. The drum was beat, and lo !
The plough, the workshop, is forsaken ; all
Swarm to the old, familiar, long-loved banners :
And as the wood-choir, rich in melody,
Assemble quick around the bird of wonder,
When first his throat swells with his magic song,
So did the warlike youth of Germany
Crowd in around the image of my eagle.'

To describe the campaign of 1632 between Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein, or to decide which of the two shewed himself the greater captain or the grander genius, would require the knowledge of one who was himself a consummate general. Their faculties, their natural dispositions, their ideas and modes of warfare, were totally different ; and some writers are prepossessed in favour of the one, some in favour of the other. The views of Wallenstein as to the maintenance and discipline of an army were entirely the reverse of those of Gustavus. Pillage, as we have seen, was strictly forbidden in the Swedish camp. Wallenstein, on the other hand, was heard to say, in reply to a question of the emperor, how many men

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he ought to levy: 'Let me beseech you, Kaiser, to raise just double what you intend. It is true you cannot maintain 50,000 fresh men, but 100,000 fresh men will support themselves in the enemies' countries.' It was the opinion of Gustavus that the size of an army was an inferior consideration where there was good generalship; Wallenstein's maxim, on the other hand, was, that 'the Supreme Being always favours the larger squadrons.' Probably each opinion was founded on the peculiar circumstances of the leader who held it. Of Wallenstein's opinion of Gustavus we have already given our readers some idea; Gustavus, we may now mention, always spoke of Wallenstein by the name of 'the madman.'

At length, after some months of preliminary fighting and manœuvring, the two armies met at Lützen, at a short distance from Leipsic, on the 6th of November 1632. Wallenstein's army was by this time reduced by war, illness, and desertion, to about 20,000 men; the Swedish army was about equal in size. The meeting of these two armies and of these two generals was even more momentous to Germany than the combats of the Swede with Tilly. The dreaded morning on which the Swedes came up to their foes was marked by a thick fog. 'God with us!' and 'Jesu-Maria!' were again the watchwords of the combatants. Again, or rather according to his wont, Gustavus knelt down in front of his army and prayed. Soon after, the mist cleared away, and the charge was sounded. Thrice on that day was the battle lost and won. In the end, the Swedes were left masters of the field, and of all the cannon and baggage of the enemy; but the victory was bought at the price of their great commander's life. Hearing that his infantry had been beaten back at one point, Gustavus had flown to the spot with the greatest eagerness. He was about to lead on his men anew; but, while advancing fearlessly in front to search for a flaw in the enemy's line, his short-sightedness carried him almost close upon the enemy, and alone. A musketeer, seeing him to be a person of consequence, took deliberate aim, and shattered his arm. 'The king bleeds!—the king is shot!' was the cry of the rapidly advancing Swedes. 'It is nothing—follow me!' cried the brave monarch; but he grew faint, and whispered to the Duke of Lauenburg to lead him from the tumult. But ere this could be done, a well-known colonel of the Imperialists noticed, and knew the king. 'Ha! is it thou?' cried he; 'long have I sought thee!' and with these words shot Gustavus through the body with a pistol. The hero fell immediately from his horse, and a desperate contest took place around, which heaped the spot with dead. The Swedes were again driven back, and a party of the enemy's light horse began instantly, as was their custom, to pillage the dead. Gustavus yet lived; and on being asked his name and quality, exclaimed: 'I am the king of Sweden, and seal with my blood the liberties of the German nation!' A pistol-shot and a sword-thrust formed the reply of the questioner to

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this exclamation. 'My God! my God!—alas, my poor queen!' were the expiring words of the Lion of the North. They were heard and reported by a wounded soldier at his side, who lived only to tell the tale.

Maddened by the loss of their prince, the Swedes, under Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, renewed the fight with resistless impetuosity, eager to recover the body of the king, and avenge his fall. Both purposes they effected, though at a bloody cost. One affecting circumstance was noticed in the morning after the field was won: the Yellow Guard of Gustavus, his favourite band, was cut to pieces, and lay on the ground close by the spot where he had fallen, precisely in the order in which they had met the foe, having disdained to yield one inch. The body of the king, known only by its bulk and by certain scars, was carried to Stockholm, and there interred amid the tears of a whole nation. He was but thirty-eight years of age at the period of his death.

Gustavus was succeeded on the throne of Sweden by his daughter Christina, a child of six years of age, during whose minority Oxenstiern conducted the administration. The eccentricities of this queen, the daughter of the great Gustavus, form a curious page in the history of the seventeenth century.

CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE WAR—PEACE OF WESTPHALIA.

We have thus sketched the history of the thirty years to the death of Gustavus Adolphus at the battle of Lützen in 1632. Our account of the remaining sixteen years of this great struggle, to its conclusion in 1648, must be as brief as possible; nor, indeed, are there the same elements of interest to make a long account desirable.

The Swedes did not abandon Germany after the death of their king. 'Gustavus,' says Schiller, 'had inspired the men to whom he had left the administration of his kingdom with his own genius. However dreadful the intelligence of his death was to them, they did not lose courage, and that noble assembly displayed the spirit of old Rome when assailed by Brennus and Hannibal: the greater the price of the acquired advantages, the less could they be relinquished; the king could not be sacrificed in vain. The Swedish council of state, divided between the prosecution of a doubtful war, and an advantageous though a disgraceful peace, courageously embraced the cause of danger and honour. At the same time, promises of friendship and support were made by England, Holland, and France; and the Swedish council of state received powerful encouragement to continue a war which had hitherto been maintained with such reputation. However France had cause to behold the king of Sweden's death with pleasure, it saw the necessity of continuing the Swedish alliance: without exposing itself to the utmost danger, it could not

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permit the affairs of the Swedes to go to ruin in Germany: without receiving support, Sweden must be compelled to a disadvantageous peace with Austria, and in that case all the efforts were lost which it cost to contain that dangerous power within bounds; or, in the other case, want and necessity led the troops to provide for their own subsistence in the territories of the Catholic princes, and France would then appear as the betrayer of those states which she had taken under her protection. The death of Gustavus Adolphus, instead of terminating the French alliance with Sweden, rather increased it. Strengthened by these alliances, secured in their interior and on their exterior by frontier garrisons and fleets, the regency did not lose a moment to continue the war, and determined to procure, in case fortune attended their arms, a German province at least as an indemnification of their expenses. Secure amid its seas, Sweden was not much more endangered if its armies were forcibly expelled from Germany, than if they voluntarily retired from it; and the former was as honourable as the latter measure was disgraceful. A leader of abilities, however, was requisite to manage the Swedish affairs in Germany, and be possessed of the power to regulate both war and peace according to his own disposition. This minister must be invested with a dictatorial power, and with the authority of the crown which he represented, in order to maintain its dignity, to create union among the common operations, to give his orders the greater effect, and fully to supply the place of the monarch whom he succeeded. Such a character was found in the person of Oxenstiern, the chancellor and prime minister, and, what is more, the deceased king's friend, who was fully acquainted with his secrets, versed in German politics and in the different interests of Europe; and, without comparison, was the most capable of following the plan of Gustavus Adolphus.'

Nor was a general wanting fit to succeed Gustavus in the field. Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, one of the most distinguished commanders of the age, assumed Gustavus's place, and, in the eyes of all Europe, presumed to cope with Wallenstein. The war was continued for sixteen months with various success, when the career of Wallenstein was brought to a violent close. His haughty conduct, and, in particular, the tenacity with which he held the right—granted to him on assuming the command—of being supreme in his army, giving great offence to various individuals, a conspiracy was formed for his overthrow. The emperor was induced to give his approbation of the designs of the conspirators; and on the 25th of February 1634, Wallenstein was assassinated in his camp. He was succeeded in the command of the imperial army by Ferdinand, the young king of Hungary, son and heir of the emperor, with two distinguished generals—Gallas, and John Von Werth—for his lieutenants. Reinforced by fresh troops from Spain and Italy, he was able to give the Swedes a complete defeat at Nördlingen on the 6th of September

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1634, taking the Swedish general, Horn, prisoner. Depressed by this defeat, most of the Protestant princes who had hitherto taken part with the Swedes were glad to conclude a treaty with the emperor. The terms of this peace, effected at Prague on the 30th of May 1635, were, that the Protestants should for ever retain the mediate ecclesiastical benefices (those not depending immediately upon the emperor) acquired before the pacification of Passau in 1552; that they should also retain possession of the others for a period of forty years, during which a committee of both religions would deliberate on the manner in which they should be finally disposed of; that the exercise of the Protestant religion, with certain restrictions, should be permitted in all the territories of the empire, except Bohemia and the provinces belonging to the House of Austria; and that there should be a mutual restitution of all advantages gained since the invasion of Gustavus. The only Protestant states of importance who did not adhere to this treaty were Hesse-Cassel, Würtemberg, and Baden; the others embraced the opportunity of being reconciled with the emperor. The whole weight of the war consequently devolved upon Sweden. Called in originally to assist the German Protestants, the Swedes found themselves, after years of hard fighting, all at once deserted by the very men for whose liberties they had been shedding their blood, and regarded as foreigners and intruders, whom it was expedient to get rid of as speedily as possible. It was indeed proposed to offer them an indemnification, and the small sum of 2,500,000 florins was mentioned as sufficient for the purpose; but when Oxenstiern heard of it, he scouted the proposal. 'What!' said he, 'are the electors of Bavaria and Saxony to be paid for their services to the emperor with whole provinces; and are we Swedes, who have already sacrificed our king for Germany, to be dismissed with the paltry sum of 2,500,000 florins?'

'We have been called
Over the Baltic; we have saved the empire
From ruin; with our best blood have sealed
The liberty of faith and gospel truth.
But now already is the benefaction
No longer felt; the load alone is felt:
Ye look askance with evil eye upon us
As foreigners, intruders in the empire,
And would fain send us, with some paltry sum
Of money, home again to our old forests.
No, no, my lord duke. No; it never was
For Judas' pay, for chinking gold and silver,
That we did leave our king by the Great Stone.
No; not for gold and silver have there bled
So many of our Swedish nobles. Neither
Will we, with empty laurels for our payment,
Hoist sail for our own country.'

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The reward which Sweden desired, and expected to be offered, was the duchy of Pomerania. In all likelihood, however, the Swedes would have been obliged to quit Germany, on the conclusion of the treaty of Prague, without any reward whatever, but for the interposition of a new ally in the affairs of the empire. This ally was France. Richelieu, whose eye had, during the whole struggle, been directed towards Germany, and who had cautiously interfered now and then whenever he perceived that he could do so favourably for the French interests, discerned in the present the fitting moment for a more open and decided course of action. He resolved to co-operate with the Swedes, and, as it were, purchase from them the good-will of the war; thus reaping, at small expense, all the advantages laboriously obtained during the past campaigns. Accordingly, for two years the war was carried on between the emperor and the vast majority of the states on the one hand, and the French, the Swedes, and one or two German states on the other. The entire character of the war, therefore, was altered. Originally a war of religion, a contest for liberty of conscience, it was now a confused medley of elements; German Catholics and German Protestants fighting side by side in the imperial armies against a strange confederacy of French Catholics, Swedish Protestants, and German Protestants, and all contending with different motives and different aims. Commenced with noble purposes and distinctly marked designs, it was now a mere blind *mêlée*, perpetuated by the obstinacy of men who did not know how to conclude an affair once begun, and directed by the cunning of other men who wished to fish in troubled waters.

Fortune again favoured the Swedes and their French allies; Baner, one of the Swedish generals, gaining a great victory at Wittstock, in October 1636. Not long afterwards, on the 15th of February 1637, the Emperor Ferdinand II. died, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. He was succeeded by his son, Ferdinand III., who, unable to bring the war to a conclusion, was obliged to continue it. His brother, Leopold William, was appointed to the command of the imperial armies. During the years 1639, 1640, and 1641, the Imperialists were, upon the whole, successful; the deaths of the Swedish generalissimos, Duke Bernard, and his successor Baner, proving a great discouragement to the allies. Baner's successor, Torstensohn, however, led the Swedes to new triumphs; and, in co-operation with Marshal Turenne—who, after the deaths of Richelieu and Louis XIII., in 1643, was sent into Germany to command the French forces, as a general of the young king, Louis XIV.—he pursued a career of almost continuous victory. The emperor, now reduced to extremities, was deserted by many of his allies; among others, the elector of Bavaria, who had hitherto remained faithful. On the 7th of May 1648, the Swedes gained a crowning victory at Susmarshausen, near Augsburg; and on the 31st of July, the Swedish general, Königsmark, surprised and took possession of part of the

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city of Prague. This was the last blow struck in the Thirty Years' War, which, accordingly, was brought to a conclusion by the famous peace of Westphalia on the 24th of October 1648. To detail the history of the negotiations which led to this peace, would require as much space as the narrative of the war itself. Commenced in 1640, these negotiations were protracted from time to time, abandoned, resumed, and varied, according as events seemed to favour the emperor or the allies; till at length, as we have seen, the misfortunes of the emperor brought them to a termination. As it may be interesting to know the precise results, with respect to the parties concerned, of this war of thirty years, which had cost such an enormous price, hurried so many hundred thousands to their graves, and occupied the thoughts of all the statesmen of Europe, we subjoin a summary of the articles of which the treaty of Westphalia was composed.

In the first place, Sweden, as 'an indemnification for her expense in the war, and for ceding several of her conquests to their former possessors,' obtained the duchy of Pomerania, the town of Wismar in Mecklenburg, the archbishopric of Bremen, the bishopric of Verden, and five millions of thalers. By these territorial acquisitions Sweden became a member of the Germanic empire. France obtained as her share the full sovereignty of Upper and Lower Alsace, the bishoprics of Metz, Toul, and Verdun, and a number of minor properties. The Netherlands and Switzerland, till now regarded by a legal fiction as parts of the empire, were recognised as independent states. With regard to internal arrangements, and the distribution of the territories of the empire among the various Germanic princes, we need only mention that Charles Louis, the son of the unfortunate Elector Palatine, Frederick V., who, it will be remembered, lost all his possessions at the commencement of the war, in consequence of his rash attempt to become king of Bohemia, was restored to his father's dominions, except that portion of them which had been granted to Bavaria. He was also created an eighth elector of the empire—his father's electorship having been alienated.

In the matter of religion, the provisions were, upon the whole, liberal. The treaty effected by the policy of Charles V., in 1555, granting equal civil rights to Catholics and Protestants, was confirmed, the Calvinists being admitted to the same status as the Lutherans. Attached to this grand provision, however, there were several minor clauses, which afterwards proved the origin of dispute and confusion.

The constitution of the empire was greatly modified. The potestates of the various states constituting the empire acquired the right of concluding separate alliances with foreign powers; and in the government of their own subjects they became almost independent. The authority of the emperor was thus very much abridged; and he became little more than the nominal head of a confederacy of a

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number of sovereign states. In short, the Germanic constitution was altered into the form which it substantially retained till the abolition of the empire by Napoleon in 1806.

In conclusion, let us glance at the Thirty Years' War as it now appears to us, calmly looking back upon it through an interval of two centuries. There are two aspects in which we may regard it—as a picture of the contemporaneous horrors of war, and as a great political epoch in German and European history. Viewed in the latter aspect, it is the general opinion of historians that, numerous as were the immediate benefits of the peace of Westphalia, it was a fatal blow to the strength of the Germanic empire. Broken up into numerous independent states, with separate views and interests, Germany ceased to have a great national existence, and its territories became a field where foreigners went to fight their battles.

As representing the war in the other aspect—namely, as a picture of the contemporaneous horrors of war—we may quote a passage from Mr Howitt's work on *The Rural and Domestic Life of Germany*: 'What a picture,' says Mr Howitt, 'is that which the historians draw of the horrors which this so-called religious war inflicted on all Germany! Some of them reckon that the half, and others that two-thirds, of the whole population perished in it. In Saxony alone, within two years, 900,000 men were destroyed. In Bohemia, at the time of Ferdinand's death, before the last exterminating campaign of Torstensohn and Baner, the Swedish generals, the population was sunk to a fourth. Augsburg, which before had 80,000 inhabitants, had then only 18,000; and all Germany in proportion. In Berlin there were only 300 burghers left. The prosperity of the country was for a long period destroyed. Not only did hands fail, and the workshops lie in ashes, but the spirit and diligence of trade were transferred to other lands.

'After thirty years of battles, burnings, murders, and diseases, Germany no longer looked like itself. The proud nation was changed into a miserable mob of beggars and thieves. Famishing peasants, cowardly citizens, lewd soldiers, rancorous priests, and effeminate nobles, were the miserable remains of the great race which had perished. Could it be otherwise? The princes themselves gave the example of dastardly falsehood. Priests of all sorts raged with a pitiless hate; the generals sought to enrich themselves; and the soldiers, who in the end ruled, were unmanned and set loose from all moral restraints. All the devils of political treachery, of religious fanaticism, of the rapacity of aspiring adventurers, and of the brutality of the soldiery, were let loose on the people. Driven from hearth and home, in eternal terror of the soldiers, and without instruction, what could be expected from the growing generation but sordid cowardice, and the shameless immorality which they had learned from the army? Even the last remains of political freedom perished in the war, since all classes were plundered, and

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their strength exhausted. The early civilisation of Germany had retrograded into barbarism.

'The atrocities which had been committed in this war were unexampled. In the storming of Magdeburg, the soldiers had amused themselves, as a relaxation from their wholesale horrors perpetrated on the adults, with practising tortures on children. One man boasted that he had tossed twenty babies on his spear ; others they roasted alive in ovens ; and others they pinned down in various modes of agony, and pleased themselves with their cries as they sat and ate. Writers of the time describe thousands dying of exhaustion ; numbers as creeping naked into corners and cellars, in the madness of famine falling upon, tearing each other to pieces, and devouring each other ; children being devoured by parents, and parents by children ; many tearing up bodies from the graves, or seeking the pits where horse-killers threw their carcasses for the carrion, and even breaking the bones for the marrow, after they were full of worms ! Thousands of villages lay in ashes ; and after the war, a person might in many parts of Germany go fifty miles, in almost any direction, without meeting a single man, a head of cattle, or a sparrow ; while in another, in some ruined hamlet, you might see a single old man and a child, or a couple of old women. "Ah, God !" says an old chronicler, "in what a miserable condition stand our cities ! Where before were thousands of streets, there now were not hundreds. The burghers, by thousands, had been chased into the water, hunted to death in the woods, cut open, and their hearts torn out, their ears, noses, and tongues cut off, the soles of their feet opened, straps cut out of their backs ; women, children, and men so shamefully and barbarously used, that it is not to be conceived. How miserable stand the little towns, the open hamlets ! There they lie, burned, destroyed ; so that neither roof, beam, door, nor window is to be seen. The churches ?—they have been burned, the bells carried away, and the most holy places made stables, market-houses, and worse of ; the very altars being purposely defiled, and heaped with filth of all kinds." Whole villages were filled with dead bodies of men, women, and children destroyed by plague and hunger, with quantities of cattle which had been preyed on by dogs, wolves, and vultures, because there had been no one to mourn or to bury them. Whole districts, which had been highly cultivated, were again grown over with wood ; families who had fled, on returning after the war, found trees growing on their hearths ; and even now, it is said, foundations of villages are in some places found in the forests, and the traces of ploughed lands. It is the fixed opinion that to this day Germany, in point of political freedom and the progress of public art and wealth, feels the disastrous consequences of this war.'

Of the present state of Bohemia, the country in which the Thirty Years' War first broke out, Mr Howitt speaks as follows : 'None of

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the dispensations of Providence are more mysterious than those exhibited in this country. In no nation were the people formerly more universally and firmly rooted in Protestantism : in none was it so resolutely defended : in none has it been so completely and permanently extirpated. From that day to this, the whole country of John Huss and Jerome of Prague has lain prostrate in the most profound ignorance and bigotry ; so much so, that when Joseph II. offered them freedom of political and religious opinion, they spurned it from them, and joined with the aristocracy in heaping on the too liberal emperor those anxieties and mortifications which sunk him to an early grave. When he received the news that the people, and especially the peasantry of Hungary and Bohemia, were so stupid as to be incensed against him because he offered to make them freer and happier, he exclaimed : " I must die ! I must be made of wood if I did not die ! "—and his words were soon verified. Bohemia is a land of hereditary bondsmen, and it looks like one.'

To these details of the horrors of the Thirty Years' War we may add a few particulars from Harte's *Life of Gustavus Adolphus*. 'The famine,' says this writer, 'during the greater part of these wars kept pace with the pestilence. Wheat was sold, more times than once, for three pounds eighteen shillings a bushel. Guards were posted to protect the newly buried from being devoured. There were instances of children being led away, massacred, and eaten up. Two women fought for a slice of a dead horse, and one killed the other. A straggling beggar decoyed away a poor woman's child, and began to strangle it, in order to eat it ; but the vigilant mother surprised her in the act, and killed her. The face of the earth was ruined for want of agriculture ; and every animal eatable was so greedily searched after, that the beasts of prey missed their daily food. When Lord Arundel passed through the empire, in return from his embassy to Vienna, a fox crept out of a brake, and seized one of his attendants by the leg. The man took it up, for it was so weak it could not escape ; its eyes were haggard and sunk in its head, and it weighed next to nothing.' Truly—in the fine words of the great German poet, who, both in prose and verse, made the Thirty Years' War his principal theme :

'There exists
A higher than the warrior's excellence.
In war itself war is no ultimate purpose.
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
These are not they, my son, that generate
The calm, the blissful, and the enduring mighty !
Lo there ! the soldier, rapid architect,
Builds his light town of canvas, and at once
The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily
With arms and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel ;
The motley market fills ; the roads, the streams

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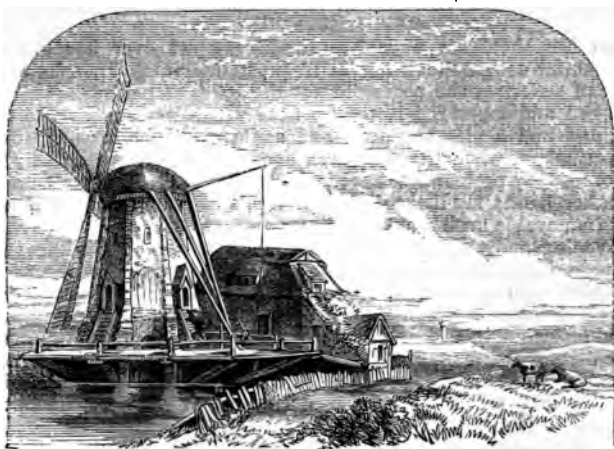
Are crowded with new freights ; trade stirs and hurries !
But on some morrow morn, all suddenly
The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.
Dreary and solitary as a churchyard,
The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
And the year's harvest is gone utterly !'

Hear also the same poet's description of the return of peace :

'O day thrice lovely ! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life ; when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
The colours are unfurled, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed : and hark !
Now the soft peace-march beats—home, brothers, home !
The caps and helmets are all garlanded
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.
The city gates fly open of themselves ;
They need no longer the petard to tear them.
The ramparts are all filled with men and women—
With peaceful men and women—that send onwards
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
From all the towers rings out a merry peal—
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
O happy man ! O fortunate ! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms, are open--
The faithful tender arms, with mute embracing !'

Pity that such sentiments had not influenced the rulers and people of Germany before commencing the unholy struggle which we have been narrating ! All that was gained, as has been shewn, by thirty years of bloodshed and devastation, was the treaty of pacification which had been originally established by Charles V. in 1555. Germany had spent a century in vain. In 1648 it was further back than it had been a hundred years before.





THE SISTER OF REMBRANDT.

A FLEMISH STORY.

EXTENDED FROM THE FRENCH OF BERTHOUD.

I.

THE FLOUR-MILL.

AT a short distance from Leyden, on the banks of the Rhine, between the towns of Leyendorp and Koukerk, there was, in 1616, a hamlet composed of eight or ten houses. Among them was one of a higher class than the others: four stone steps conducted to a door which was almost always open, on which were engraved rude sculptures. Small windows were placed at each side of the door: the first story, a rare luxury on the banks of the Rhine, extended out for two or three feet above the door-sill, so that it offered to the visitor a shelter from the rain or heat. Above was inscribed, among the Gothic ornaments, these words: 'Jacques Gerretz, Flour-Merchant.'

In the outer chamber of the house, seated before a counter of white wood, which was covered with scales and weights, might be seen a woman of about thirty-five years of age. When young, her features might not have been devoid of grace, but they now bore the withering traces of fatigue, sickness, and grief. Dark circles were marked on her faded cheeks; her eyes sparkled with a strange

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light; her shoulders were bent and cramped over her chest; a dry painful cough shook her at frequent intervals. In spite of her state of suffering, she neglected not the cares of her business. She weighed and measured justly the flour which persons bought from her, and had a pleasant word and smile ready for each customer. Nevertheless, when the shop was empty, this feverish activity was succeeded by profound exhaustion. Madame Gerretz sank on her seat, her hands lay listlessly in her lap, and she remained pensive and immovable until a new customer appeared.

Evening arrived, and the customers all departed. Darkness and solitude increased the melancholy of the poor woman, and her thoughts took a direction so sad, that two large tears stole down her cheeks. She was conscious of her approaching death; and death is a mournful idea for the mother of four children. She arose quickly and fearfully, breathing as if for life; but the damp night air penetrating her lungs, produced a convulsive cough, which dyed her lips with blood. At this fatal sign she raised her eyes towards heaven.

‘My children; my poor children!’ she murmured.

At this moment the sound of childish voices was heard. Immediately Madame Gerretz dried her lips, adjusted her hair, and passed her hands over her forehead, as if to efface the wrinkles which despair and sorrow had imprinted there.

‘Good-evening, dears,’ said she to a little boy and two little girls, brought from school by their elder sister; ‘good-evening: have you all been good children?’

‘Yes, yes,’ answered the youngest, a chubby little black-eyed girl, who received from her mother, in exchange for this assurance, a kiss on her rosy cheeks.

‘That was well, my Thérèse; very well indeed. And thou, Françoise?’

The little creature stood silent, her eyes half bent to the ground, her lips partly opened with a discreet smile, and one of her hands concealed under her apron.

‘Thou answerest not, Françoise; hast thou done wrong, my child?’

Suddenly and triumphantly Françoise took something from under her apron and exhibited a splendid prize.

‘Look, mother; see what the master has given me as a reward, and because’——

Her mother gave her no time to finish, but overwhelmed her with kisses.

‘And Paul?’ asked the mother after this effusion of joy, while Françoise coquettishly adjusted her dress and collar, which were a little crumpled by her mother’s close embrace; ‘and Paul—will he not give me a similar pleasure?’

The little boy turned aside with a sad and discontented air. ‘Do

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not be angry, mother,' said the eldest sister, 'for Paul is very sorry, and will be wiser in future.'

'What has he done to-day, Louise?'

Louise hesitated to reply.

'I have said that I will not learn Latin,' cried the boy impetuously; 'it wearies me, and I cannot understand it. I had rather sell flour like you, mother, than continue this wearisome learning. I was whipped yesterday, again to-day, and shall be again to-morrow,' added he resolutely, crossing his arms, and standing firmly in front of his mother; 'for I will learn Latin no longer.'

'You will then make me die of grief, Paul. You see not how ill I am, and how you increase my sufferings.'

The child threw himself on his mother's bosom, and wept abundantly. 'Forgive me, mother; but you see I cannot learn Latin. When I look at the book, I think of other things in spite of all my efforts; and when my turn comes to be questioned by the master, I know not how to answer. Mother, if you wish to be satisfied with your little Paul, let him enter the studio of Jacques Van Zwanenburg, and you will see how good I will be. I will become a painter like him; I will sell my pictures well, and with this money I will buy you pretty dresses, mother, and Louise, and Thérèse, and Françoise also; and you will soon love me as well as you love my sisters.'

'If I were sole mistress, Paul, I might do as you wish; but your father desires you to learn Latin. However, we will not talk of this to-day. Come, my children, that I may put you to bed.'

So saying, she tried to rise; but her strength failed, and she was nigh falling. The little ones ran to her assistance. Louise, her eyes filled with tears, came close to her mother, and said to her timidly: 'Mother, I think that I can undress my little brothers and sisters myself.'

A flush of delight passed over the countenance of Madame Gerretz. 'Try, my child,' said she; and Louise set about the work as if she had been accustomed to it all her life. After having undressed her two little sisters, washed their rosy faces with fresh water, and combed their hair, she took them by the hand to receive their mother's kiss. Paul undressed himself without help, and proud he was of it too. Madame Gerretz, after kissing them all, gave them to Louise, who put them in bed, and returned of her own accord to place the supper ready.

Madame Gerretz thanked Heaven in the depth of her soul, and regretted life with less bitterness, for now her children would not be motherless: filial devotion had changed the girl of fifteen into a woman.

Louise fulfilled all these domestic duties so noiselessly and carefully, that her mother was not roused from the light slumber into which she had fallen, until the arrival of a man of about forty-five

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years of age. As soon as she heard him, the almost joyous activity of Louise ceased. The invalid started from her doze.

'Good-evening, wife; how is't?' and without waiting for a reply, he continued: 'how hot it is to-day! But that does not prevent hunger. Is supper ready, wife?'

Louise stood mute, listening to these words in deep sadness. Madame Gerretz folded her hands on her lap, as if arming herself with resignation.

'If supper is not ready, make haste about it,' said the man, pacing heavily up the room, not heeding that the creaking of his iron-nailed shoes affected painfully the aching head of his sick wife. Supper was served; he ate long and greedily, only stopping to fill and empty a large antique glass, into which he poured the contents of an immense jug of strong beer. When he had finished, Madame Gerretz signed Louise to depart. The young girl obeyed.

'Jacques,' said she with a strong effort, but with a tone of resolution, 'Jacques, this is the place and the time for an explanation of which the child should not be a witness.' The hour is not far distant when your family will have none but you to guide and instruct them. Look at me, Jacques; look at her who married you sixteen years since for love, when you were but a poor young man at the mill. Look at her who for sixteen years has suffered all sorts of grief for your sake and from you. Look at her, Jacques; do you not see that she is dying?'

Jacques turned away his head, and took softly the hand of the sick woman.

'I am about to die, Jacques, and what will become of the little fortune I brought you in marriage, and which I have increased by my care? You have lost the habit of labour, Jacques: it is impossible for you to resume it. Active diligence has enriched us, though slowly; the want of it will quickly ruin us.'

Jacques sighed deeply, but more with impatience than regret.

'It is vain to promise me to reform your manner of life, Jacques; you cannot do it, or will not; and how can you dissipate your children's fortune, and appear before God at the judgment-day with such a crime on your head? Our mill and flour must be sold, and the money placed safely and advantageously. The godfather of Louise is a sensible man, whose counsels will assist you in this matter. As to Paul, the idea of making him a lawyer must be given up. He has taste for drawing, and I have heard that an artist's profession is lucrative and honourable. You wished your son to follow the law, that one of the family might have a profession instead of a trade; well, instead of a lawyer, let him be a painter, and your fatherly pride will lose nothing. Do not thwart Paul's inclination; I know him well; to embitter him is to lose him. Will you promise me this? Let me bear this consolation to the tomb with me. Say the word, and my last accents will pardon and bless

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you.' She extended her hand to her husband—he had sunk into sleep!

'O God of mercy!' cried she, raising her eyes to heaven, 'Thou triest me sore; but Thy will be done.'

Meanwhile, Louise hovered round her mother's chamber. Inquiet as to the result, she waited for the end of the conversation in a kind of terror. Too far off to hear what her mother was saying, and not choosing to approach contrary to her will, she listened with a beating heart to the slow and trembling tones, interrupted at times by a hoarse cough. All at once the voice ceased; there was one groan, and nothing more! Louise hesitated: she came to the door to knock, but dared not; withheld at once by her mother's prohibition and the fear of her father, who was always rude and unkind towards her. After some minutes, which seemed ages, she approached again, thinking she heard voices. But no; it was only the wind in the chimney. Then she was afraid. Her cheeks turned pale; her knees tottered; she leant against the wall. This first terror overcome, Louise, unable to remain longer in doubt, knocked softly at the door. There was no answer. Twice, thrice she knocked; still no answer. Then her terror was overwhelming. 'Mother, mother!' No sound. 'Father, father!' She rushed into the apartment: her father slept; her mother—yes, she was sleeping also—a quiet, immovable repose. She seemed to stir; but no—it was the fire-light gleaming on her face. Louise took her hand; it was quite cold. Her eyes and mouth were open. She was relieved from all her sorrows.

'Father, father, help!—look at my mother!'

He started up. 'Call for assistance, Louise. She is dead! Wretch that I am! what have I done? And to be sleeping too!'

Louise raised her mother's head, looked at her stony eyes, and remained there alone until the physician came. As soon as he saw Madame Gerretz—'My child,' said he, 'your place is not here; your presence will hinder me in my cares for your mother.'

Louise departed slowly and sorrowfully. The physician, an old friend of the family, covered the face of Madame Gerretz, knelt down, and recited a prayer on behalf of the afflicted family.

II.

THE ORPHANS.

Next morning an old woman of the neighbourhood, who had kept watch with the bereaved family in the chamber of death, arose from the large arm-chair where she had been sleeping, and went to open the window-curtains. The room was filled with daylight, and the red glare of the lamp grew pale and faded away. At this sight

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the sobs and passionate tears, which weariness had lulled for a time, again burst forth. The old neighbour herself, whose heart had grown hard with age and misery, felt vaguely softened by the mournful spectacle which surrounded her.

Here was the corpse of the departed, extended on a couch, and covered with drapery, which just indicated the form beneath. There M. Gerretz, his eyes swollen with weeping, leant on a table, seeking to stifle his remorse and grief with incessant drinking. Farther off were three little children weeping together. Beside them sat a young girl, pale, and bowed down with sorrow, who told them not to weep, yet wept herself.

Another person entered the room. It was the woman to enshroud the dead.

The four children threw themselves on the body of their mother.

'Mother! mother!' they cried, 'we will not let thee go; we will die with thee! Mother, listen to us—look at thy little children!'

'And I,' said M. Gerretz to himself—'I, who caused her grief even yesterday—who even yesterday heard her gentle reproaches—they will pursue me, and render my whole life unhappy; and justly so.'

'Mother! mother! do not abandon us!' cried the little ones anew with one voice.

Louise, who found strength in the necessity for consoling the rest, wished to take them away.

'No, no, sister; leave us!—we will not quit mamma! Leave us here!' And the poor orphans stamped with their feet, and sobbed bitterly.

'Who will be our mother now?' asked the little Françoise.

At this question Louise arose, and said with deep and solemn earnestness: 'I will!'

There was something in her manner which struck the children with wonder. Their tears ceased immediately. It seemed as if an angel stood beside Louise, and said: 'Behold your mother!'

'Do you not wish me to be your mother?' she repeated.

The little ones ran into her embrace. She folded her arms round them, and all wept together.

When they were a little calmer, Paul took his sister's hand, and kissed it with respect. 'Little mother,' said he, 'tell me what thou wishest, and I will always obey thee.'

'And so will we too,' cried Françoise and Thérèse, attracted by the example of their brother.

Louise thanked them all with a look full of gentle sweetness; then, as she looked at them, she fell by degrees into a deep and mournful reverie. All at once she rose up, advanced towards the remains of her mother, and kneeling beside the bed, pronounced a short and fervent prayer, and bent over the beloved face, gazing on it for the last time. Then she drew the curtains, took her little

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sisters by the hand, signed to Paul to follow her, and said to the attendant in a firm tone, and without tears: 'Now, fulfil your duty.'

For the whole day this firmness never left her, and yet it was severely tried. She had first to remove her father, who was plunged in a state of deplorable intoxication. She did it with so much address and care, that no one perceived his condition, and M. Gerretz thus escaped the ignominy he deserved.

'Thank God!' she muttered in a low voice, when she had locked her father's door and taken the key—'thank God! no one will know of this.'

She descended to the house, repressed all the little disorders which had already arisen there, and gave her instructions to the servants with gentle dignity, which commanded instant obedience. Then collecting the scattered keys, she fastened them to her girdle, and gave out the necessary provisions for the funeral feast, at which, according to the usage of the country, relatives from a distance were expected to assist in the ceremony. She listened to the answers of all, adopted useful hints, shewed the uselessness of exaggerated demands, and arranged everything in the house for the reception and comfort of the expected guests. Many a time during these cares her heart was nigh failing her, but she courageously fought against this weakness.

'My mother is looking on me from heaven,' thought she.

Nevertheless, once her despairing grief returned with violence: it was when she heard the blows of the hammer resounding on the coffin. She sank down almost fainting, when her little sisters, who had themselves been terrified by the sound, began to weep and call out aloud: 'Louise!—little mother, Louise!'

Then, by a strong effort, to accomplish which aid from heaven was doubtless granted to the feeble girl, Louise, pale and trembling, fell on her knees beside the children, and signed to them to kneel likewise. She prayed long and devoutly; and she found strength. Happy are those who can thus pray!

III.

THE FUTURE.

Despair is at first like a burning fever, whose tortures exalt and produce a fictitious energy: in such a state the hardest sacrifices and exertions seem easy. But this first crisis past, lassitude follows courage, feebleness succeeds to energy. Then we shrink before our former resolutions; we bend under our heavy burden; we can neither endure the latter, nor execute the former; we doubt ourselves; we weep.

So wept Louise, when, poor child as she was, she felt herself alone

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in that large house, which appeared so desolate without her mother. Her cares and responsibilities seemed numberless.

'I can never do all,' she cried, as, bitterly sobbing, she sank back in her mother's arm-chair. Then what would be the end? Her father was incapable of business; the house would be without rule or order; the customers would leave—then poverty and misery! No, no; one must foresee such trials, and prevent them. Courage, poor child, God will protect thee—God will never forsake thee, thy brother and sisters. 'But, my mother, why did she leave her child alone and abandoned? My mother, oh, my mother!'

Yet even this bitter thought vanished in a resigned and gentle sadness. Louise arose, dried her tears, called the servants belonging to the house and mill, and regulated everything. Then she went to the children's apartment, awakened them, kissed them as her mother was wont to do, dressed them carefully, and took them to school. Returning, she went to the shop, and began to serve the flour to customers. The neighbours saw her smiling on all with a kind and gentle answer, like her mother, and they returned softened and wondering, resolving never to forsake the orphan.

Towards mid-day, M. Gerretz sat down to dinner with his usual carelessness, neither sadder nor gayer than ordinary, as if death had not entered his house. He dined without speaking; but at the end of the meal he desired the maid to bring a bottle of Rhine wine. Now, during the lifetime of Madame Gerretz, this wine was only brought out on a holiday.

'Father,' said Louise firmly, but with a tremulous voice—'father, to-day is not a holiday.'

M. Gerretz gave her one of those dull stupid looks peculiar to intoxication; then seized the ale, and emptied the jug. He rose from table, and went towards the mill as usual, resigned to be guided by his daughter, as formerly by his wife.

When Louise had put all things by, as was her mother's custom, she called Paul, and taking the boy's two hands in hers, said: 'Listen to me, Paul, for thou art of an age to understand. I know thou hast a good heart, and art no ordinary child.'

'Speak, sister,' answered Paul, fixing his large dark eyes on the blue ones of Louise.

'Well,' said she, 'we will immediately ask our father to send you to Leyden to learn painting from Jacques Van Zwanenburg.'

'Oh, my sister, my good little sister,' cried Paul, throwing himself into her arms.

'You see, Paul, this is not a trifling matter that we are about to attempt. We are thwarting our father's plans, who will not fail to reproach me if we find not happy results. It will cost much money, and we are poor: above all, it will separate me from you, Paul, and so bitter a loss as ours should draw closer family ties.'

Paul kissed his sister's hand. 'Listen,' said he; 'a feeling within

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me says : " Go, and thy sister will rejoice at it one day ! " Let me then depart ; and if ever I cause you sorrow, love me not, but condemn me, for I shall then be the most ungrateful wretch on earth.'

' If our father consents, Paul, we will go together to-morrow. I will take you myself to Van Zwanenburg, and then we shall have one more day to be together.' She wept as she said this. ' But it is for your good, Paul, so take courage. Let us go to meet our father, and gain his consent, then you shall set off to-morrow morning.'

Jacques Gerretz was walking up and down beside his mill, when he saw Louise and Paul approaching him. Jacques, it may be observed, was something of a sot and simpleton—a man easily misled by companions, and though heartless and selfish, not a positive villain. He was glad, in the first instance, to allow his wife to earn the family bread, and now had no objection that his daughter should perform the same useful piece of duty. He was desirous of educating Paul for a learned profession, so that he might derive a little glory from his son's exertions ; and on this project he had some time set his heart, without, however, taking any personal trouble to bring it about.

Louise approached him with modest firmness. ' Father,' said she, sitting down on a bench, and drawing the trembling Paul close to her—' father, we are come to ask a favour.'

' Indeed ! ' said M. Gerretz, with a sullen look. ' I understood that Mademoiselle Louise was accustomed to command, not to entreat.'

' Father,' replied the young girl, her eyes full of tears—' father, have I been so unfortunate as to have offended you ?'

' I never said so ; you are a very good girl,' replied M. Gerretz, moved by the trouble of Louise ; ' you must not take what I say seriously, and trouble yourself. It is I who am in the wrong, and who neither deserved the wife I have lost, nor the daughter I have remaining. What dost wish, child ?'

' Paul, father, wishes not to learn Latin any more.'

' And what does he want to do ?'

' To be pupil to an artist at Leyden.'

' He shall not go ! ' exclaimed the father in a voice of passion. The fury of his temper, which had been calmed in the house of death, and by the tender affection of his daughter, was suddenly aroused at this opposition to his wishes on the point on which, of all others, he had set his mind. Nevertheless, Louise ventured to take his hand, and looked at him through the tears which now half-blinded her, as they flowed down her cheeks in all the abandonment of grief. Paul stood silent—motionless : he did not weep ; but a look of anguish passed over his face, then a bright colour flashed to it, and finally, an expression of deep determination settled upon his countenance.

' I *will* be a painter,' said the boy sullenly.

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'Hush !' murmured Louise. But the father had heard the word of defiance, and, half-intoxicated, aimed a blow at the child. He escaped from it, but it fell on Louise, and she sank to the earth. At this sight Paul became indifferent to his own danger, raised her up, and bathed her bruised temple from the running stream. It must be confessed that Jacques Gerretz was something shocked at the consequence of his own violence ; but, with that sort of low cunning which often belongs to minds like his, he thought he perceived now a method of mastering the unruly boy.

'Hark ye, young rascal !' he exclaimed : 'you mind not blows any more than my plain orders ; but your sister helps you out in all your disobedience, and if you offend me, I will punish her.'

It is to be supposed he was not quite such a ruffian as to mean what he said. Yet it had the desired effect, and for a time at least there was no more talk of Paul becoming an artist. He even tried to continue studying the much-hated Latin ; but with all Louise's management, affairs did not go on very well ; and the selfish father willingly curtailed expenses by putting a stop to his child's instruction, rather than debar himself of his dram. Released from school, Paul now assisted the work-people at the mill and his sister in the shop ; but though Jacques Gerretz still refused to make his son an artist, the latter found many an hour at his own disposal. The insatiable desire to draw and paint was constantly his, and with the rudest materials—a piece of charred wood for his pencil, and a flour sack for his canvas, or a lump of chalk and the back of the shop door—he would produce designs that might have proclaimed to any one competent to judge, that the soul of a heaven-gifted painter was struggling to declare its mission.

So time passed on for many months. At last Louise observed that her brother had seemed for three or four days more than commonly absent in mind, and more eager than ever to seize every opportunity of withdrawing to a sort of loft near the mill, of which he had been allowed to take possession. This was the boy-artist's first rude studio. One day the careful, thoughtful sister had missed him for a longer time than usual ; and, anxious to know if he was safe at his favourite occupation, yet fearful of disturbing him, she crept softly up the ladder, and before he was conscious of her presence, was looking over his shoulder. She perceived he was at work on a portrait which she instantly recognised as intended for her mother. Yes, there was the patient suffering face, the mild eyes, and gentle expression so familiar to her children. Louise flung her arms round her brother's neck, and kissed him affectionately, though with something of pride in his achievement, and gratitude for his success. The tears sprung to her eyes as she exclaimed : 'Paul, you are right ; you must indeed be a painter !'

It was the artist's first triumph—a triumph mingled, too, with all sweet recollections and affections. For a minute he enjoyed it to

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the full ; but then came up the old bitterness, and he cried : ‘ How can I be a painter, if my father will not allow me to study ? Ah, I should have run away from home, begged my way to Leyden, and then have thrown myself on the compassion of the great artist there. Surely, if he could see my distress, he would have pity on me—but my father’s threat of punishing you, good, kind Louise, has prevented me ! ’

‘ It is well,’ replied the gentle girl, ‘ that there has been a motive to keep you to your duty. Success and happiness would never have been the fruit of disobedience. But come, I have a thought, a hope. I have observed my father often sighs when we speak of our mother. I do believe he sometimes grieves over the sorrow he cost her, and regrets his unkindness. Let us contrive, when he comes home to-day, before he gets mad with that vile liquor, to shew him your picture. Who knows, when he sees what a great thing you have already done, but that he may consent to your going. I am sure, at any rate, the sight of that face will melt his anger, and we need not dread another scene of rage and violence.’

The event proved that Louise was right. The harsh and selfish father, the half-brutalised sot, was subdued by what seemed to him the apparition of the once-loved and much-wronged one. He insisted on keeping the picture, but dismissed his son with a blessing. Paul did not now regret that he had refrained from running away.

Louise was overjoyed, and busied herself in preparing her brother’s clothes and linen for his journey, carefully repairing everything ; and when there was not a button to be sewed on, nor a stocking to be darned, she locked them up in a trunk, and went to fetch her little sisters from school—a joyful surprise which their mother was wont to give them sometimes when she was living. The young children clapped their hands with delight when they heard that Paul was at last happy—that he was to be a painter.

IV.

JACQUES VAN ZWANENBURG.

Before continuing this history, we must say a word regarding the artist to whom Louise was about to consign her brother. Educated by his good and pious mother, who had been a widow for twenty years, Jacques Van Zwanenburg grew up to manhood without knowing any cares or sorrows. His mother, like a guardian angel, watched over him, and surrounded him with happiness. When just entering on his professional career, he had the great misfortune of becoming attached to a beautiful girl, whom he followed everywhere—for her he quitted even his mother. It was blind attachment : the object of it was a heartless flirt. After having encouraged the enthusiastic addresses of the young painter, she married another

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The blow fell heavily, but Jacques bore up under its infliction. 'I will return home,' said he, 'for there I shall suffer less in weeping on my mother's bosom; she will understand me, and comfort me. Thank God, I am not alone in the world! I have still my mother to love me; and a mother's love never deceives, they say.'

Returning home, he hastened on to the door; and as he joyfully pulled the bell, he seemed to have forgotten all he suffered: he rejoiced in the prospect of so soon seeing his mother. His mother was dead!

Jacques became, as it were, insane. For a year he shut himself up, and would see no one. An old servant placed food at his door-sill: sometimes it remained there three days without being touched.

One morning he went to pray on his mother's grave; afterwards he went into the town, bought colours and canvas, and then shut himself up as usual in his chamber. No one recognised in this pale, thin, white-haired austere man, the youth whose bold step, bright eye, and jet moustache had fascinated the girls of the neighbourhood.

Jacques now devoted himself to his art; but another passion had withered his youth and chilled his energies. Even the love of art was powerless to awaken him. He wanted perseverance and daring. Without these, art cannot flourish. Still, he became the head of the then Flemish schools of painting, and numerous pupils solicited as a favour admission into his studio. But this was not easy; for Van Zwanenburg was the oddest and most capricious artist that ever entered a studio. Consciousness of mediocrity, which yet he could not overcome, rendered him sarcastic and severe. A satirical expression contracted his features, and added, if possible, to the bitterness of the raillery with which he provoked those of his pupils whom a mistaken vocation brought to his studio. He left them no illusion; he shewed them their incapacity openly, without preamble or restraint. Fortunate were they if this ignominy was not in presence of the rest. On the other hand, he lavished constant care on the pupils in whom he discerned the fire of genius; but even this care was mingled with harshness. He crushed without pity their wild hopes and dreams. Did they seem to think of fame and honour, he told them of Homer the beggar, Tasso the madman, Ovid the exile, and of renowned painters who lived and died in misery.

But with all this, Van Zwanenburg had an invincible faculty of advancing his pupils in art. Woe to those, however, who obeyed him not in all things, or who wanted patience!—'For,' said the old painter to every pupil, 'without patience, success in art is impossible.'

Hard would it have been for poor Louise to have obtained from him the favour she wished, or even to have seen him personally, had not a happy incident rendered her interview with Van Zwanenburg easy and favourable. We shall see how that happened.

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V.

THE JOURNEY.

Some distance from Leyden, the little carriage in which were Louise and Paul passed by a man who lay extended insensible on the road. Louise jumped out, restored him to consciousness, and wished him to enter the conveyance. Van Zwanenburg, seated near the foot of a tree, watched this proceeding, and felt his eyes moisten with unwonted tears. He rose and addressed the young girl. Louise answered candidly, and by degrees he learned the motive of her journey. The countenance of Van Zwanenburg darkened: he looked severely at Paul, and spoke no more. Soon after, the travellers passed by a forge, which cast a red and splendid glare on the faces of the workmen, contrasting with the gloom of the cavern behind. The child stopped short, clasping his hands with ecstasy.

‘Oh, Louise, look, look!’ he cried.

‘Canst thou sketch this scene?’ incredulously asked their taciturn fellow-traveller.

Paul took a pencil, and in a few moments traced a sketch, imperfect no doubt, but one in which the principal effects of light and shade especially were accurately produced.

‘Young girl,’ said the painter, ‘you need go no further. I am Van Zwanenburg, and I admit your brother from this minute to my studio. Go and tell this to your mother.’

‘My mother!’ repeated Louise mournfully—‘my mother! she is in heaven.’

‘Yes,’ added Paul, ‘she is dead. Louise is now our little mother.’

A few questions soon shewed to Van Zwanenburg the sorrows of Louise, her difficult position, and courageous self-devotion. He kissed her brow, and promised to treat her brother as if he were his own son. Then he parted from her, took Paul, and walked with a light step towards Leyden. He breathed easier, he felt better; his misanthropy was partly swept away. It was because Louise had restored to him the faith—without which there can be neither virtue nor joy—faith in the goodness of woman.

VI.

THE LOST CHILDREN.

To the convulsive grief of parting, succeeds generally a moral and physical prostration, which produces for the time a deep sadness. Such were the sensations of Louise on her journey from Leyden to

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Leyendorp. A thousand painful ideas passed over her mind, as she half reclined at the bottom of the rude carriage on a heap of straw. Her mother lost for ever, Paul far away, her father continually intoxicated, her two little sisters, the care of the shop; all these thoughts haunted her—past, present, and future were strangely mingled. The night was dark, but now and then a glare from some window as they passed lighted up the young girl's face. The damp of evening penetrated her delicate frame, and all combined to throw her into a sort of waking slumber, which lasted until the conveyance arrived at her door. The driver knocked, but no one answered. He repeated his attempts several times with his stick. The melancholy howling of the house-dog was the only reply. Louise shuddered with terror.

'What can be the matter?' said the old servant who had accompanied Louise. 'Listen; there are noises.'

They now heard an indistinct murmur, and saw lights flashing at a distance. It was M. Gerretz and a group of neighbours, who, greatly agitated, were searching in the wood and the roads adjoining.

'We must give it up,' Louise heard them say.

'Give it up?' cried M. Gerretz, whose energy was now not taken away by intoxication. 'Give up the chance of finding my children lost in the wood?'

'Lost in the wood?' echoed Louise. 'O my God! have mercy on me!'

Then she seemed to acquire supernatural courage and calmness. She asked when they had disappeared. They had gone to gather heath and pick up acorns, and had not been seen since noon.

'For the sake of pity and charity, then,' said she, 'do as I tell you. You are twelve in all; divide, and each one enter the forest, calling aloud, and listen for any answer. At the least noise, go straight to where it proceeds from. My father and I will search this way. Go; and may God bless you for your charity!'

All began anew, encouraged by the energy of Louise. She took the hand of her weeping father, and they entered the wood. They walked more than an hour, and heard nothing. At last Louise fancied she distinguished a sound like a groan. They rushed to the place: it was but the cry of a bird, which fled away in terror at the light of the torches. Louise sank down fainting. Her father fixed the torch between two heavy stones, and tried to chafe the blue rigid hands of the poor child, who at last had lost courage, and wished even to die in her despair.

'And it is I who have caused all this,' sighed M. Gerretz. 'I have lost all my children by my evil ways.' Louise answered not. 'We cannot stay here. Come, Louise.' She tried to rise, but in vain; she fell back on her knees. 'She cannot walk,' said M. Gerretz; 'I must carry her.' And as he took her in his arms, he let fall the torch and extinguished it.

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Next morning M. Gerretz, pale, and scarcely able to support himself, returned home, carrying his daughter, insensible, in his arms. The neighbours had brought back his two children. One was a corpse, the other scarcely gave any signs of life, but afterwards recovered.

M. Gerretz felt that this calamity had arisen from his neglect and carelessness, and for a little while he benefited by the lesson, inasmuch as he somewhat refrained from the excesses in which he had used to indulge, and seemed to take more interest than before in his family. But it is only when right principle is aroused, and a strong will is possessed, and marshalled on the side of determined reformation, that the evil habits of years are overcome. Jacques Gerretz soon relapsed into the indulgence of his old vices.

It would be very difficult to describe the trials which beset Louise for the next few years. To be up early and late, to work hard, and to spend little, were things which she considered it her duty to do, and at which she did not repine. But it was a hard trial for her to see the fruits of her industry swept away by her father's improvidence: it was difficult for her to save, as she strove hard to do, a trifle of money with which occasionally to supply her darling brother; and not altogether easy to control, without parental authority, her younger sister. Thérèse was growing up a high-spirited and somewhat self-willed girl. Too young to have profited by her mother's lessons of forbearance and self-denial, she did not perceive the beauty of her sister's character, or understand the value of her precepts. She thought it hard to be curbed in the enjoyment of pleasure; and when Louise in a gentle voice expostulated with her, and pointed out the disgrace of debt, and the misery which always follows it, she was either totally inattentive, or pretended to laugh at what she called her careful sister's needless fears. Louise, for many reasons, was unwilling to complain of her sister to her father; first, because she disliked the office of fault-finder, and complaints would most likely tend only to sever her sister yet more from her; and, secondly, Gerretz, like all toppers, was afflicted with an evil and unreasonable temper, and, according as the mood might be, would either punish the little girl too severely, or fail to perceive her fault at all. But it was during the long illness which preceded his death that the trials of Louise were at the highest. It was her part to superintend the business, manage the family, and nurse the querulous old man.

One day, after having been for some hours occupied in the shop, she entered her father's chamber, and was struck by observing that he was in one of his morose humours—in fact, more ill-tempered than ever. Presently she noticed that he was clutching in his hand a little canvas bag, in which she was in the habit of keeping certain moneys which she put away for the purpose of paying the rent of the shop and the corn-merchant. She knew that he must have been

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searching in a little closet where, for security, she was in the habit of hiding the bag; for where honest people have the management of a family, of which there are extravagant members, it is very excusable for them to resort to an innocent artifice of that kind.

'So, Mademoiselle Gerretz,' said the sick man, addressing her with a formal coldness which pierced to her heart, 'you have thought proper to deceive your old father, and plead a poverty which does not exist, to deprive him of the generous wine that might have spared him this illness, and have debarred your young sister of the pleasures so natural to her age; and all to indulge in the miserly habits which of all things I detest.'

The improvident, be it remembered, commonly detest prudence.

'Father,' exclaimed Louise, 'the money you have found is not mine—scarcely yours. I put it away to pay our rent, and to satisfy the claims of our corn-merchant.'

'The rent-day is yet two weeks off,' replied Gerretz sulkily, 'and you did not tell me that Giles Ransenan had sent in his account. He ought to wait the convenience of such good customers as we are.'

'Father,' said Louise, 'it seems to me we ought not to wait for the rent-day to arrive, and the bill to be sent in, before preparing our accounts. Oh, do not use that money for any other purpose, I beseech you.' And as she spoke, the poor girl took hold of his arm, as if to add force to her entreaty.

'I will have a flask of wine,' replied Jacques Gerretz: 'here, take this gold piece and send for one.'

But when Louise beheld the sacred hoard thus broken on, her grief increased.

'I will have the wine,' continued the old man: 'if you have other money, use it, and I will replace this.'

'I have no other money—there is no other money in the house,' and she wrung her hands in despair.

'Then send for the wine, I command you. The world is come to a pretty pass if men are to be governed by girls.'

Next morning, Louise arose with calm resolution, and opening a box in which she was accustomed to keep the things she most valued, she took from it a gold cross, almost the only remaining relic of her beloved parent, and placed it, with the hoarded money, in the little bag—which she had recovered from her father when he had supplied his wants from its contents—determined, if need be, to give that up rather than prove a defaulter. In seeking it, she had come across the portrait painted by Paul, and she fancied her mother's gentle face smiled approval of her conduct.

Such for a time were the hard trials of Louise.

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VII.

TEN YEARS AFTER.

Autumn—that season so majestic, and yet so melancholy on the banks of the Rhine—autumn had brought back Van Zwanenburg from the little farm where he was wont to pass the summer-time. Ten years had introduced many and salutary changes in the painter's household. The good angel who had caused this was Louise Gerretz, whom, on the death of her father, he had received into his house, and adopted as his own child, together with her brother Paul. The young girl was now changed into the active, brave-hearted woman of twenty-five; not beautiful—for the features of Louise wanted regularity—but there was a sweetness, an expression of goodness in her smile, that won all hearts. The artist and his pupils blessed the day when Louise came among them. She was always ready to watch over the sick, console those who were mortified with ill success in art, and encourage with kind words those who cast aside their pencils in despair.

The love and confidence of Van Zwanenburg knew no bounds; the influence of Louise softened his heart, and won him from his misanthropy. His dearest wish was, that she should be united in marriage to his nephew, Saturnin Vanderburck. The proposal came upon Louise unexpectedly. She had never thought seriously of the attentions of Saturnin, but when she learned the plans of her adopted father, and saw herself the object of attachment by the young man, she gave her whole heart to him, as the person to whom she was about to be united in the tenderest bonds for life. Saturnin, who was good and amiable, without any brilliant qualities, returned her affection with sincere attachment; and each day her feelings for him assumed more of character and energy, so that at last they merged into that strong devoted love which can only be felt by a young maiden, whose heart has been until then untouched.

The marriage-day approached, and Louise gave herself up to sweet dreams of love and happiness, when her young sister, Thérèse, returned from Brussels, where she had been taken by a rich aunt, who promised to leave all her fortune to the children of Jacques Gerretz. That aunt was dead, and Thérèse came to reside near her sister at Leyden. It was then that Saturnin saw Thérèse, and loved her. In vain he reproached himself with the meanness of his conduct, and wished to stifle his passion. One evening he took the hand of Thérèse, and she suffered it to remain. From that time she dared not meet the eyes of Saturnin; and it was a bitter punishment for the young man to be near his betrothed, to hear her talk of love, and happiness, and the future. No suspicion agitated the heart of

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Louise ; far from it : she delighted in the affection of her lover towards Thérèse, and the single-hearted girl went dreaming on, nor thought of the sad waking.

Louise went to the kitchen, heedless why she came ; and then, after having sought her own chamber to calm her mind, she descended to the garden to cool her blushing cheek. This ramble suited her present mood, at once happy and sad ; for, says the poet,

‘Happiness is oftentimes grave.’

She strolled leisurely through the long alleys, over which the pale moon cast fantastic lights and shadows. Louise, after some minutes, stayed her walk opposite an immense oak, which put her in mind of the trees which she had watched in childhood, from the house where her mother died. Sad recollections came over her ; she thought of this beloved mother. She thought of her own promise to be a mother to her little sisters ; it seemed as if this vow exacted some new sacrifice. A dark presentiment fell on the heart of the young Fleming ; it seemed that a pitiless hand was about to despoil her of her happiness. She re-entered the house precipitately. As she traversed the dark corridor, she heard two voices whispering. She stopped ; it was Saturnin and Thérèse. ‘I will do my duty,’ Saturnin was saying : ‘I will wed Louise. I will try to hide from her that I have loved another, even though I die through it. Adieu, Thérèse ; adieu.’ Thérèse wept bitterly.

Poor Louise ! It seemed that it was her destiny—surely for some great and wise purpose—that she should be called on again and again to sacrifice her own feelings, peace, and pleasures for the good of others. Not in vain did she live, if only to shadow forth the beauty of a generous, self-denying nature. And to the virtuous, the exercise of virtue is uniformly its own reward.

VIII.

LOUISE.

The art of painting was then, as now, divided into two schools—Ideality and Reality. Van Zwanenburg belonged to the latter—to the school of nature. His poetry consisted not in elegant forms, in skies resplendent with brilliancy, trees whose every leaf reflected the golden sunlight. No : his bruised heart sought after gloom. The sombre interior of a cabaret, the orgies of rude boors, or the gray sky of Flanders, its chilly rain and muddy roads—these were his favourite subjects.

‘Work !’ repeated he to Paul Rembrandt, who, following the custom of the artists of his time, had changed his name. ‘Work !’ he used to say, when, discouraged himself, he threw aside his pencils and

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quitted his easel, overwhelmed by his powerlessness to express in art what was in his soul and imagination—'work, Paul, for in thee my genius and my glory now rest. I see no longer but with thee, and by thee I shall be consoled for my obscurity, if thou attainest to fame; thou wilt be my work.'

And the silent Paul, hid in the darkest and most solitary corner of the studio, without answering his master or speaking to his comrades, or noticing their pictures, gave himself up with passionate energy to the labours of his art. Being constantly with the misanthrope Jacques, he had imbibed slowly, but in a way that could not be effaced, the bitter ideas of his adopted father. This deep melancholy and contempt of mankind suddenly increased; and many were the tales told by the other students, who were frozen by the haughty, almost rancorous reserve of their comrade. The most probable version was, that despised love gave to Rembrandt such enmity to mankind; but whatever the reason was, it was merely conjectured.

The grief which devoured Paul Rembrandt was a longing after fame. His obscurity weighed him down. Like a mute who despairs of expressing his idea, so Paul became enraged when his skill in art failed to express his genius. When he had finished a painting, he brought it to his master, who looked at the canvas long and earnestly. Then he would say to Paul: 'Child, you are stammering yet,' and turn away without saying a word more. Paul resisted his master's judgment, accused him of want of taste and justice; sometimes he even hinted at jealousy, quitted the studio, remained days without seeing Van Zwanenburg, and entered on some wild excursion. Then he would return, and be seen to take his accustomed seat in the studio and begin again.

Paul Rembrandt had finished a picture during a country excursion. As usual, he came to shew it to his master. It was the interior of Paul's own birthplace; the old house, with its sombre courtyard and large gate, all represented with that splendid effect of light and shade which Rembrandt alone seems to have understood, for he employed it first, and none after him could reproduce it.

This time Van Zwanenburg's gray eyes brightened up, his hand trembled with joy; he was so moved, that he was obliged to lay the picture down to dry his eyes, which were dimmed with joyful tears. Then he took the painting again, and silently examined it anew. Meanwhile Paul, breathless and pale, watched his master, feeling indescribable pleasure at his heart. Van Zwanenburg laid the picture gently on the easel; then he uncovered his bald, venerable head, and bent respectfully. 'Master,' said he, 'it is no longer I who should rule here, but you.'

The pupils, surprised and moved by this solemn, touching scene, gathered round Paul's picture, and congratulated him with an eager joy, which would have softened any other person. But Rembrandt, without answering or thanking them, always sad and gloomy, went

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away to hide in some solitary place his deep emotions, his triumph, and an indescribable feeling of mournful despair.

'He has understood me,' thought he; 'but will others think like this old man? When shall I receive, in exchange for my genius, glory, honours, and riches? Oh, how agonising is this delay!'

Meanwhile Van Zwanenburg, having dismissed his pupils, called Louise, who was deep in the cooking of a magnificent goose, destined for the crowning dish of the morrow's banquet. Louise entered the studio, and inquired of Jacques Van Zwanenburg why she was sent for. The old painter took her hand, and led her before the picture. At first she was deeply moved at the sight of the house where she was born; then—already a little initiated in the appreciation of art, thanks to the incessant conversations she heard on the subject—Louise shewed the admiration she felt for a work so perfect. 'My worthy friend,' said she, leaning on the old man's arm, 'this time you need not tell me that the cage restrains the eagle's wings—it has soared boldly and high. This is your finest work; it leaves all the former ones far behind.'

Jacques regarded her mournfully, and sighed. 'This picture is not mine, Louise, it is your brother's.'

Tears of joy filled the young girl's eyes, and stole down her cheeks in showers. Then she folded her hands, knelt down, and thanked God with a bursting fulness which penetrated the chilled heart of the painter.

'I jealous of my son—of my pupil?' said he to himself. 'No; far from me be such a wicked thought!'

He put on his mantle, gave Paul's picture to a servant, and departed immediately, without saying a word to any one of his intentions, not even to Louise, who was seeking her brother everywhere, to embrace and congratulate him. Paul did not return until near bedtime. He retired immediately, when he heard his door softly opened, and Louise entered, stepping carefully. 'Sleepest thou, Paul?' she said gently.

'No; but why come at such an hour? What pressing affair brings you?'

She took both his hands in hers, and looked tenderly in his face. 'And thy picture Paul; thou dost not, then, wish me to congratulate thee?'

This time the gloomy Paul was unable to resist the emotions which agitated him. 'My sister, my good sister!' he cried, drawing her towards him; 'my sister, my *mother*!'

Half of the night passed by in sweet confidence and love; and when they separated, and Louise sought her own room, she said at the end of her prayer that night: 'I thank thee, O my God, for having touched my brother's heart, and taken pity on his sadness; more still, for having chosen me to comfort him.'

Alas! next morning Paul had relapsed into his melancholy.

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IX.

THE PICTURE.

Van Zwanenburg had not said whither he was going to take the picture of Paul, for he wished secretly to give him a greater pleasure and success. There was at Leyden a rich picture-dealer, and Van Zwanenburg desired that he should be the one to purchase at a good price the picture of the young Rembrandt. Unfortunately, Eustache Massark, the broker, not knowing its value, refused to take the work. This disagreeable intelligence was brought to the old painter at the same moment when, thanks to the communicative influence of wine, he was revealing to Paul the mystery of his negotiation. 'They shall pay thee well,' he was saying; 'they shall pay thee a hundred florins, not one less; and they shall not have it at all if they are hard to please. There are dealers and connoisseurs at the Hague, and there will we go. But see, here is Master Bronsmiche, whom I desired to bring the answer of Master Eustache Massark. Well?'

'Well!' echoed Bronsmiche, hesitating.

'Speak, and speak loud! Why this mystery? Everybody knows from whence thou comest. Speak, and quickly too!'

'This Massark knows no more than my iron shoe,' answered Bronsmiche, pressed on all sides: 'he will not give a hundred florins for the picture.'

'And pray, what offers he?' asked Van Zwanenburg disdainfully.

'How much offers this Master Massark, the picture-broker?'

Bronsmiche bent down to the painter's ear.

'Speak aloud, you eternal mystery-monger, and give yourself less importance. Well, go on; this Massark offers'—

'Nothing! He will not have it at any price; he would not take it gratis. These are his own words.'

The face of Van Zwanenburg became scarlet. Paul Rembrandt, pale and agitated, forced himself to keep calm: some pupils smiled; all cast down their eyes.

'Go and tell Massark that he is an idiot, an ignoramus, an ass!'

'My father, my father, be calm,' stammered Paul; and he led away the old man, still loudly vociferating.

'This conceited Paul will fall sick with vexation,' muttered one of the pupils, while the two painters were leaving the studio.

'Sick! he will die of it, I am sure.'

'Oh, I hope this little lesson will make him modest and polished.'

All rejoiced at Paul's humiliation, for Paul had humiliated their self-love. Louise, absorbed in her own sorrows, only learned these events by their consequences—that is to say, the sudden illness of Van Zwanenburg. But when the old man had sunk into a comfort-

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able slumber, Louise re-entered her chamber, and there sounded the depths of her own heart, and its bitter wounds. Saturnin loved her not—he whom *she* loved with her whole soul. The words of love which he had uttered were all lies; he was deceiving her; and it was Thérèse, her sister, who joined with him in deluding a poor confiding, unsuspecting girl! Well, if they had done so, they should suffer for their treason. She would marry Saturnin; true, she would be wretched, but then he would be miserable also. She rose abruptly, walked about, heedless of everything, breathless, disordered; her chest suffocated, her cheeks burning. All at once she stopped before the portrait of her mother. Then she felt her heart melted, and abundant tears solaced her.

When the first rays of morning penetrated her little chamber, they lit up the pale face of Louise, as she knelt with clasped hands still in prayer. Then, brave and resolute, she arose and sought Master Van Zwanenburg, who, though ill and sad, was walking up and down the garden.

‘Never, never!’ he cried passionately, in reply to the first words of Louise. ‘Nothing can persuade me to yield to your solicitations!’

Louise was obliged to retire, her petition ungranted. It was the first time in her life that such a thing had happened; the first time that ever Van Zwanenburg had addressed Louise in this *brusque*, imperious tone. She had asked of him the hand of Thérèse for Saturnin!

When the pupils of Van Zwanenburg arrived at the usual hour, they could not understand the general confusion in the artist’s house. Every one appeared agitated; the two servants came and went, uncertain what they were about; Louise was not at her usual seat, from whence she was wont to bend her head in salutation, without giving up her sewing; and Thérèse, above all—the pretty Thérèse, who was always found lingering in Saturnin’s way—Thérèse was not in the studio, though she, as well as her lover, used to invent five or six ingenious reasons for gliding in there. But what was most wonderful and unheard of, was, that deep silence reigned in the studio. The measured step of Van Zwanenburg no longer struck the fir planks of the floor, nor his dry cough and the harsh reproofs of his scolding voice command attention and diligence to those young scapegraces who, chattering in groups, forgot their easels and pencils. Paul Gerretz, or rather *Rembrandt*, as his fellow-pupils called him, alone occupied his accustomed place, and laboured with his usual taciturnity.

Van Zwanenburg forgot his studio and his pupils, because the love of Saturnin and Thérèse, which seemed ingratitude and treason, had brought back in all its energy his old hatred of mankind—hatred which had until now been calmed and lulled entirely by the consolations of Louise, and the ineffable charm shed around her. For seven years he had in vain continued his bitter and sarcastic

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words ; this hatred and bitterness grew daily more feeble in his heart. But the news of the guilty love of these young people had opened afresh the ancient wound of the painter ; and the shock had caused a grief so lively, that even the almost maternal self-devotion of Louise was inefficacious to soften the violence of the blow. His thoughts filled entirely with indignation and projects of future punishment, embittered by the refusal of the broker Massark, which wounded him, both as a painter and a friend, it was with a sort of cruel joy that Van Zwanenburg saw his nephew traverse the corridor of the studio, seeking with his eyes for the absent Thérèse.

‘You are not seeking me, but I am seeking you,’ said the old artist in a severe tone, and he conducted to the bottom of the garden the poor young man, who was struck with a strange fear. ‘You are a shopkeeper—nothing but a vile shopkeeper ! By a foolish condescension I have suffered you to enter my studio and my house at all hours ; I have treated you as my own son ; I have sought your happiness, and wish to confide to you what I have most precious, an angel, the model of affection and virtue. Answer me !—how have you repaid me for so many benefits, ungrateful wretch ?’

Saturnin started.

‘Yes, ungrateful ! I repeat it—a vile and miserable wretch, who deceives the adopted daughter of his friend and the sister of his betrothed ; who would dishonour the one, and plunge the other in sorrow. Listen to me, Saturnin ; between us two there is henceforth nothing in common. I chase you from my house ; I forbid you ever entering it. Madman that I am, to have forgotten the cruel experience of my youth ! Madman, to have believed in the probity of a man ! Begone ! and never more appear in my presence !’

Saturnin, thunderstruck, fell, feeble and suppliant, at the knees of Van Zwanenburg. ‘Do not say such words ! I am guilty, but my fault is not irreparable. Louise knows not my fatal secret, and my whole life’—

‘Yes, you would deceive her !—you would tell her you love her ! Wretch ! thinkest thou she could be duped by thy cold-hearted lies ?—that her loving heart and clear-sighted affection would not find out a disguise which could not last for ever ? Thy fault is monstrous and irremediable. Thou mayest well repent and despair. It is too late ! She knows all. Quit my presence for ever !’ And the old man retired, agitated by deep emotion, scarcely knowing what he did.

‘Master Van Zwanenburg, listen to me. What ! where are you running to in that way ? I bring you good news,’ cried old Bronsmiche, entering.

‘Leave me ; I have no time to listen to you.’

‘But you will listen to me for a minute. Master Vanvoustoodt, the famous picture-broker at the Hague, is arrived at Leyden.’

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‘He is a fool, like Massark.’

‘No fool, truly; for he has offered me one hundred florins for Rembrandt’s picture.’

The figure of the old painter seemed to expand, and anger vanished from his heart: he forgot, all in his joy at his pupil’s success. He took the purse from the hand of Bronsmiche, ran into the studio, and, without noticing that the room was deserted by the other students, he poured out the gold pieces at the feet of Paul. They rebounded and resounded on the floor with a wonderful melody.

The eyes of Paul Rembrandt gleamed with joy, and he stretched out his hands towards the gold; but, restraining this instinctive movement, he contented himself with gathering together the scattered pieces with his foot.

‘Thanks, master,’ he said coldly, and then turned again to his occupation. But it was vain: his hand trembled, his forehead burned, and his eyes turned furtively from the canvas to that gold whose jingling had produced such an inexplicable sensation on the young man’s nerves. It was not the pleasures, not the comforts which this gold would procure that agitated him so much. No; it was a kind of mournful joy, a sudden instinct revealed in him, like that of a young tiger nourished with milk, whose instinct is discovered all at once at the sight of living prey. But for the presence of Van Zwanenburg, Paul would have risen, have bathed his very hands, as it were, in the gold, have kissed it, and carried it secretly to stow it away under a treble lock, that he might possess it in safety, occupy himself with it without ceasing, and, in the fear of losing it, guard it as one would guard his honour, his life, his soul.

But there was a witness present, and Rembrandt did violence to himself, and restrained the impetuous movements which almost suffocated him. He remained apparently calm and passive.

‘My child, my child, how thou disdainest gold!’ cried Van Zwanenburg, putting the florins back into the purse. ‘I will go and see if Louise is as regardless of them.’ And with childish joy he ran into the apartment of Louise. Seeing her pale and exhausted, he remembered all, and stopped short. Louise tried to smile, but her tears burst forth, and she hid her face in the bosom of the old man.

‘Come,’ said she at last, drying her tears, ‘all this is weakness. Let us see what good news do you bring. A purse full of gold!—the price of Paul’s picture. I see that in your eyes. How content, how happy I am.’ A cold shudder passed over her; she smiled—but what a sad smile to see! She felt suffocating, and opened her little window to breathe more at ease.

‘My father,’ said she, when she was a little recovered, ‘you see I am strong and resigned now. Do not, instead of one, make *three*

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persons unhappy. Consent to Saturnin's union with Thérèse—with Thérèse, whose mother I ought to be.'

'Do as you will, Louise. You are so noble, so saint-like, I cannot but reverence and admire you.'

'Well, then, while I go to prepare Thérèse, you, my father, go and seek Saturnin, and bring him hither.' Van Zwanenburg obeyed.

When Louise entered her sister's chamber, Thérèse was leaning on a table, her face covered with her hands, overwhelmed with the deepest sadness. Louise came softly, and sat down by her side.

'My child,' said she, 'why this sadness? why this trouble?'

Thérèse sobbed, and cast down her eyes.

'Have you no more confidence in me? Am I no longer your sister—your mother?'

'Have I given you reason to doubt my love and gratitude?' said Thérèse with harshness, for trouble embittered her.

Louise took her sister's hand. 'Thérèse, our adopted father wishes my marriage, as you know.'

'Yes, I know and I rejoice at this marriage.' What joy! Her white and convulsed lips could scarcely articulate the words.

'I have reflected much on this project,' said Louise, 'and I fear it will give neither me nor Saturnin happiness.'

Thérèse looked at her with an incredulous air.

'Master Van Zwanenburg is accustomed to my cares; Paul, our brother, with his artist-like apathy and severe disposition, claims them equally; for myself'—— She wished to say that this union would be joyless to her, but she could not utter such words; her voice failed her—'I have formed other plans, Thérèse.'

Thérèse listened earnestly.

'These plans concern thee a little, Thérèse.'

'Me, Louise?'

'Yes, thee, my child. If I do not marry Saturnin, why should thou not marry him?'

'My sister, my sister, do not tell me this; you will kill me,' cried Thérèse, falling on her knees before her sister.

'Be calm, my child, and listen to my words. Thou wilt be the wife of Saturnin.'

'No, no, that is impossible; I would not accept such a sacrifice. You love Saturnin. No—I cannot, my sister; I cannot do it.'

At this moment Van Zwanenburg appeared with Saturnin. Louise beckoned him to advance beside Thérèse; and whilst the two lovers, their hands clasped in each other's, looked in one another's eyes with tears and smiles, Louise said in deep emotion: 'May they be happy!'

The old artist regarded her with admiration, mingled with pity. 'My daughter, my child,' murmured he, stretching out his hand

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towards her. She gave him hers; it was damp and cold: he pressed it long and affectionately.

'O my God!' thought he, 'forgive me for having doubted the existence of virtue.'

X.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

We must now pass by twenty years—a space of time which appears an eternity in the future, a dream in the past. During this period two mournful events had troubled the heart of Louise, and brought anxiety to her calm and resigned life—the death of Van Zwanenburg, and the marriage of Paul Rembrandt. The death of the old painter happened six years after the marriage of Thérèse and Saturnin. He had been to visit them with Louise—Louise, who found in their happiness the reward of her courageous self-devotion, when time, the softener of all griefs, had changed her sadness into a gentle melancholy. After dinner, Van Zwanenburg took his accustomed sleep. When they came to awaken him he was dead. He passed thus peaceably from time to eternity without pain or suffering.

The marriage of Rembrandt happened soon after, and made the condition of Louise still more desolate. One fine morning Paul led into the house where Louise ruled a young and pretty peasant girl. 'Sister,' said he, 'behold my wife.' And Louise had soon a jealous and formidable rival in her household cares, and in the affection of her brother.

After three years of patience, Louise quitted, with sorrow, the house of Rembrandt, to live alone in a small house which she had purchased near the most solitary part of Leyden. Prayer, occupation of various kinds, and frequent visits to Saturnin and Thérèse, filled up her time, and she bore with resignation the lengthened void of her days. After this, Rembrandt suddenly quitted Leyden, without taking leave of Louise—without embracing her—and went to dwell in Amsterdam, where he remained seventeen years, without once writing to his sister. After this long term of forgetfulness and injustice, Louise one day received a letter, the writing of which made her heart throb.

'Sister, my wife is dead—my son is travelling—I am alone.

PAUL REMBRANDT.'

Next morning Louise, having embraced her sister and brother-in-law, set off to Amsterdam. The carriage arrived there at nightfall. Having passed through the richest and most elegant quarters of the town, it turned towards dark wet streets, mostly inhabited by Jews.

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At the end of one of these stood a dark and gloomy-looking house, before which was a wall of ten or twelve feet, pierced by one little door, through which a man could not pass without stooping. This door led to a court, guarded by two enormous mastiffs, chained at the foot of a flight of stone steps. On the steps was an old man of an unpleasant figure, who might have been taken for a Jew merchant. It was Rembrandt.

His sister could scarcely recognise him; and Paul, cold and sombre as in youth, received the tender caresses of Louise, not with indifference, but with sadness. Then he took her by the hand, and conducted her silently through the house, whose poverty-stricken appearance could not but discourage her. This visit terminated, he led Louise towards an apartment not less repulsive, on the hearth of which peat was burning, without flame, but with a strong and unpleasant odour. Taking an arm-chair, he offered it to Louise, and sat down himself in front of her.

'Sister,' said he, 'have you courage to inhabit this melancholy house? to live here alone with me? to receive no visits but from Jews and silver-merchants? Sister, do you feel that you have sufficient courage for this?'

'My brother, if I can render you happy'—

'Happy!—me?' answered Rembrandt—'happy! Do you think there is any happiness for the man who believed but in gold? for the man who has seen all his illusions vanish? I have loved glory, and have found but distaste beneath my fame; for I have never felt the joys of triumph, but all the bitterness of jealousy and hatred. Love!—I have loved once in my life. I said to myself she is poor, without education, without family; she will owe all to me, and through gratitude she will give me happiness—that old fool Van Zwanenburg suffered me to believe in gratitude. Once in my house, the humble peasant-girl became haughty: she commanded, overturned, disposed everything. She vexed me, opposed me, answered my orders with menaces, my threats with insults; in short, she made my life a hell. My son—my son made away with my heritage, contracted debts which he engaged to pay after my death, and made pretexts without end to obtain my permission for his travelling, that he might leave me. He was weary of his father! My wife is dead; he is departed. I wished to live alone, but solitude troubles me. In the midst of this desolation I have felt the need of a comforter; and I have seen with despair that in my heart, which I thought so dried up, there is still an intense desire for affection. Then I thought of you, Louise, whose whole life has been self-devotion. Yes, Louise, I am sure of it—you will bear the caprices of my strange humour, and when you see me absorbed in amassing gold, you will not despise the miser, but pity him.'

Louise took her brother's hand, and looked in his altered face with speechless tenderness. He continued:

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'Pity me! Yes, Louise, for one pities the poor wretch who has no other resource to seek oblivion of his sufferings than the degradation of drunkenness. I, even I, have sought this relief; but my frame has suffered; yet the consciousness of misery has never left me even under such influence. It is gold alone—the love of gold—that can warm my heart, and produce a charm which can suspend my griefs for a time. Therefore I have sought for gold, and relinquished everything good and noble to gain it. I have compelled those who wished to purchase my pictures to cover them with gold; and I have wrought night and day to produce those pictures. The money which is borrowed from me I do not lend, but sell; so that I am rich—immensely rich. No one here knows it, or they would rob me. No!—but thou shalt know it, Louise, and thou shalt see my treasures. We will go together to the place where they are hid, and thou shalt count not one, but hundreds of tons of gold. They think me poor here, because I wear an old doublet, and work like the most mercenary of mankind. Think, Louise—gold in such quantities that you may bathe your hands in it even to the elbows; and move your feet in it, from whence roll waves of gold, whose music is so sweet, Louise, so sweet! And it is all mine! Men would kill body and soul to obtain such. I have wherewith to satisfy the caprices of a king, and yet I will not. No, Louise; I love better to keep my gold.'

Louise sighed.

'Thou considerest me a madman? Yes, I am mad; but is it my fault, Louise? I had not been thus but for that woman who has crushed my heart—who for twenty years has made me suffer all imaginable tortures—that woman whom I loved so passionately. Louise, if thou hadst always been beside me, I should have been good still; I should never have given myself up without restraint to so monstrous a passion. But I have suffered—I do suffer so much! If thou couldst know it, thou wouldst pity me.'

Louise wept.

'Thanks for your tears, sister; they do me good; they comfort me. It is so long since I have revealed my sufferings to a friendly eye.'

Rembrandt was silent, and spoke no more that night. Next day Louise once more took charge of her brother's household; and until the death of this renowned artist, she consecrated herself to his comfort, fulfilling with silent and devoted zeal the most painful domestic duties. Not a murmur arose in her mind. Never did she regret what she had undertaken, in spite of the severity and injustice of Rembrandt.

Thus eight years of self-devotion passed, during which neither her patience nor her tenderness for her brother failed for an instant. Louise had always a balm for her brother's griefs, consolation for his complainings. She was always ready at his side to render him

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assistance, and departed not for a bitter word or a fit of passion. 'My poor brother,' she would say to herself; 'how he is to be pitied. What must be his sufferings, since he can speak to me thus!'

But in spite of this strange misanthropy, never had the talent of Rembrandt been more sublime and admirable. 'It seems,' said Descamps, speaking of the later works of this great Flemish artist—'it seems as though he had invented art, not found it. He loved sudden transitions from light to shadow, and carried this fancy to the greatest extent. To acquire it, his studio was so disposed that the principal light came upon its gloomy recesses from a solitary opening in the roof, a sort of trap-door, by which the artist cast the light at his will on the place he wished to illuminate.

Rembrandt sketched his portraits with precision, and a mixture of colours peculiar to himself; he then went over this preparation with vigorous touches, putting in intensely dark shadows. His heads were exactly after nature, even in defects. This style of portrait-painting was not much to the taste of many persons. Rembrandt cared little for that. He said one day to a person who approached too near to the painting on which he was engaged, that *a picture was not intended to be smelled at, and the odour of paint was very unhealthy*. He seized at once the character of each physiognomy, not embellishing nature, but imitating her so simply and truthfully, that the heads seem to start from the canvas.

Rembrandt's manner of painting was a species of magic. None ever knew better than he the effect of different colours. He put each tone in its place with so much justness and harmony, that he was not obliged to mingle them, and thereby lose the freshness of the tints. By an admirable knowledge of *chiaroscuro*, he produced the most astonishing effects.

Toward the end of his life, Rembrandt excelled not less as an engraver. His manner was entirely original: he devoted himself wholly to the general effects, without descending to particulars; and he attained his end. Rembrandt would never engrave in presence of any one: his secret was a treasure, and he never imparted it, so that to this day his manner of commencing and finishing his plates is entirely unknown.

Meanwhile the faculties of Rembrandt became more feeble; at last he did not quit his chamber; and soon took entirely to his bed. He shewed deep suffering at this, and redoubled his taciturnity during eight days. At the end of this time, one night when his sister was sleeping in an arm-chair beside him, he called her name in a gentler tone than ordinary. She rose instantly, and ran eagerly to him.

'Sister,' said he, 'I shall soon die; but I am about to ask a favour of thee: do not refuse me.'

'What is it, my brother?'

'Refuse me not, or thou wilt throw me into despair. Raise the trap-door beside my bed, that I may once more look at my treasure.'

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Louise did as the sick man desired. When the trap-door was opened, and the lamp-light shone into the depth of the hollow place glittering on the gold pieces, the face of Rembrandt brightened, his eyes filled with tears, he extended his hands, he muttered unintelligible words. A mother about to quit her children could not use more touching and tender expressions.

'Adieu,' he murmured feebly; 'adieu, my life, my soul!—adieu for ever! Must I quit you, lose you, never more possess you? Louise, I wish to be buried here. Thou wilt not tell any one that I am dead, nor that my treasures are here—not even my son. He is an ingrate, who forgets me; a prodigal, who would dissipate my wealth. Do as thy brother implores thee on his death-bed, Louise, and I will bless thee—bless thee from heaven!'

'Reflect, my brother,' said Louise; 'may not your own harshness have estranged your son from you? May not your penuriousness towards him have helped as completely to keep him in real ignorance of the value of money, as an opposite extreme would have done? He knows you are rich; all the world knows you have gold; all tradesmen are willing to trust him, believing that you must pay: there is not much wonder that he plays the prodigal.'

'He has no love for his old father,' murmured the sick man, 'or he would not pain me thus in the tenderest point. Oh, Louise, no one has loved me but you, and you shall have my gold; but keep it—bury it: promise to me—swear to me that he shall not have it.'

'I will not take so wicked an oath,' said Louise meekly, 'but if you wish it, I will take charge of your gold—bestow a portion of it in deeds of charity, and transfer the remainder to your son from time to time, according as he may appear to know its uses.'

Rembrandt turned uneasily on his pillow. He wept, and sobbed, and wished to rise and go to his treasure. Never was grief more expressive, nor despair more fearful. A long fainting fit followed this strange scene. But when Rembrandt recovered his consciousness, an inexpressible change had taken place: his countenance shone with solemn majesty; death at this last hour had divested the artist's soul of the mud of earth, and made it appear in its own sublime grandeur.

'Louise,' said he, 'do as you will with my gold; my eyes are opened to a new and celestial light, of which I have dreamt in the mysterious thoughts of my heart, and towards which all my desires have tended. This knowledge fills up the perpetual void from which I have suffered so much, and inundates my heart with that fulness of joy for which I have thirsted in vain. Life and its miseries, human passions, all lie at my feet like the broken chains of a slave; for God and eternity are before me; angels call me, and cry: "Brother!" Oh let me go and rejoin them; and thou—I will pray to God that thou mayest follow me soon. Angels—my brethren! behold me—I am returning to heaven!'

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He fell back—Louise held the hand of the dead !

Two months after, when she had fulfilled her promise and restored to the son of Rembrandt, just returned from Italy, the greater part of his father's property, Louise, now very old, undertook a journey to Leyden to see Thérèse, who was sick, and required the care of a sister whom she had seen but twice during ten years. This time, however, her courage was above her strength. Louise died on the journey.

Twelve leagues from Amsterdam, on the road to Leyden, are the ruins of a church, partly destroyed by wars and revolutions, so that the turret and the walls of the cemetery alone remain standing. At one side of this wall is fixed a tablet of black marble, on which is the following inscription :

‘HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF

LOUISE GERRETZ,

WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF NINETY-THREE, IN THIS VILLAGE,
ON A JOURNEY.

MAY SHE REST IN PEACE.’

Few of the curious visit these ruins, and none of those whom chance has led hither suspect the devotion and tenderness of the woman whose remains lie here. And so it is often in the world. While the deeds of conquerors are chronicled, books filled with the account of their doings, countries called after them, and the most trivial actions connected with their lives are thought worth remembering, the heroism of private life remains for the most part unnoticed. And perhaps it is well so ; for the sensitive mind would often be distressed were the details of private sorrows and hidden faults dragged into light. The virtuous members of a family suffer keenly from the disgrace attendant on the faults of the vicious ; and every one must have noticed how very commonly it happens, as in the case of Rembrandt's sister, that the high qualities of the one are drawn out by the sufferings which fall on them in consequence of the errors of the other. There is a story of a nobleman being led to execution for some imputed political offence, when his servant, pitying his case, cried out : ‘Oh, that you should die innocent !’ ‘Would you have me die guilty ?’ replied his master. The application of this anecdote is evident. All the sufferings of the evil-doers are heightened by remorse ; but the brave and virtuous, whose path lies in undoing the harm the wicked have done, are upheld by the consciousness of right, and the sweet reflection that sorrow, when it comes, is not of their own bringing. A moment's thought must convince us how much more important is the cultivation of the domestic virtues, than the performance of what the world often erroneously calls great

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actions. It is a thought almost too vast for the mind, yet one it should try to grasp, that the world contains millions of families—small domestic circles, each strong in its hopes, fears, affections, interests. How few of these, either from talent or the accident of position, can ever expect to play what is called a great and distinguished part in the sight of their fellow-creatures!—a poor ambition, after all, and one too often corrupted by selfish motives; but there is none so obscure that he cannot practise the virtues of self-denial, benevolence, truth, justice, and discretion. In leading such a life as this, we must always find the great reward attendant on the performance of our duties. Even one such character in a household spreads peace and happiness around it. If we throw a stone into the water, we observe how the ripples spread wider and wider; and so in human life does the influence of good-conduct extend around us, teaching at the same time by example more forcibly than by precept; and it is an influence no human being is too humble to exert. To fulfil worthily the duties of our station, and the domestic relations of life, in the spirit of justice, love, and charity, is in reality the noblest destiny to which we can aspire. What matters it that the world does not often register such deeds, though it knows, by the sum of human happiness and virtue, that they must have been performed? Is it not written in the holy book: ‘Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted?’





NEWTON

IN the whole range of human science, no subject is calculated to excite such sublime ideas as astronomy; and to its study, therefore, the greatest minds have been directed both in ancient and modern times. Ancient, however, as are the investigations into the relations of the heavenly bodies, a correct idea of the planetary system was scarcely known before the sixteenth century of the Christian era. The theory generally received on that subject by the Chaldeans, Egyptians, Greeks, and other ancient nations, and which continued predominant till a comparatively recent period, described the earth as the centre of all the bodies occupying

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space, while the Moon, Venus, Mercury, the Sun, the other planets, and the stars, revolved around it on a succession of solid spheres, at different distances, and at different rates of speed, so as to produce the appearances which are daily and nightly presented to our eyes in the heavens. Six centuries before the commencement of our era, Pythagoras and a few other Grecian philosophers had conceived the notion of a more correct system; but the doctrine that the sun is a fixed body, and the earth only one of a set of planets moving round it, was so opposed to all the appearances, and so shocking to the universal prejudice regarding the stability of the earth, that it seems never to have gained much ground in antiquity even among philosophers. When learning and the arts revived in Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, some attention was paid in the universities to astronomy; but the system taught was no better than that which Aristotle, Ptolemy, and other ancient astronomers had sanctioned, and which represented the sun and planets as moving round the earth. The time at length arrived for the revival of the correct notions entertained by Pythagoras and Aristarchus.

C O P E R N I C U S.

NICOLAS COPERNICUS, the modern to whom the honour of reviving that doctrine is due, was born, February 19, 1473, at Thorn, on the Vistula—a place now included in the dominions of the king of Prussia. The father of Copernicus was a native of Westphalia, a part of Germany: he had chanced to settle at Thorn, as a surgeon, about ten years before the birth of his son. Young Copernicus was educated for the profession of medicine at the university of Cracow; but his favourite studies were mathematics, perspective, astronomy, and painting. At an early age, inspired by an eager wish to distinguish himself in astronomy, he proceeded to Italy, and studied that science at the university of Bologna. It is supposed that a discovery of his teacher, Dominic Maria, respecting the changes of the axis of the earth, was what first awakened his mind to the errors of the planetary system then taught. From Bologna he proceeded to Rome, where for some time he taught mathematics with great success—pursuing all the while, as far as circumstances would permit, his astronomical observations.

When he afterwards returned to his native country, his maternal uncle, the Bishop of Ermeland, appointed him a canon in the cathedral of Frauenburg, and at the same time he was nominated by the inhabitants of his native town to be archdeacon in one of their churches. He then resolved to devote his life to three objects—the performance of his clerical duties, gratuitous medical attendance on the poor, and the pursuit of his favourite studies. His residence was

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established in one of the houses belonging to the canons of Frauenburg, on the brow of a height near the cathedral, where astronomical observations could be conducted under very favourable circumstances; and in its walls are still to be seen the openings which he made, in order to observe the passage of stars across the meridian. It is supposed to have been about the year 1507 that he first became convinced of the superiority of the planetary theory of Pythagoras. He determined, however, to be very cautious in adopting, and still more cautious in announcing, an opinion so much at variance with the ordinary ideas of mankind. Mathematical instruments were in that age very rude, and the telescope had not been invented. The only implements which Copernicus had for making observations were two, coarsely framed of fir-wood, with measures marked by lines of ink. Thus provided, he devoted himself for several years to the inquiries necessary for proving his theory; and at length, about the year 1530, he had completed a work in which the whole system was expounded—namely, the immobility of the sun in the centre of the planetary system; while its apparent motion, and the alternations of day and night, were to be attributed to the annual and diurnal movements of the earth.

The doctrines of Copernicus were already known to a considerable number of learned and comparatively enlightened persons, who received them with due respect; and it is creditable to the Roman Catholic Church that several of its dignitaries were among the number. But the bulk of mankind, including their religious teachers, were then comparatively ignorant, and accordingly prejudiced; and however firm the conviction of the astronomer as to the truth of his theory, he yet hesitated to make it public, dreading the opposition it would have to encounter—seeing that it opposed the inveterate prejudices of the learned, and the illusory testimony of the senses. In reasoning, they acted under the guidance of rules which made it scarcely possible for them to ascertain truth, or to acknowledge it when it was presented to them in the clearest light. If anything had been said in former times by a person whose memory they respected, they would not willingly listen to anything which contradicted, or seemed to contradict it. They walked, in short, by authority, and not by the dictates of reflection; and the consequence was, that every new truth which experience or the inquiries of the best minds brought forth, had to contend with the less worthy notions which had come down from earlier and darker ages. Amongst the opinions received by them was that which represented the earth as the immovable centre of the universe. It was sanctioned by the greatest men of ancient times; it had long been taught; it was conformable to the common appearances of things; and various passages in the Scriptures were believed to assert it, though in reality those passages only do not contradict (and this probably for wise purposes) the ordinary ideas of mankind respecting the stability of the earth.

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Copernicus only acted, therefore, with necessary caution, when he hesitated to publish the work which had cost him the labour of so many years.

Rheticus, one of the friends to whom he had communicated his theory, at length, in 1540, ventured to give an outline of it to the world in a small pamphlet, which he published without his name. As this excited no disapprobation, the same person reprinted it next year with his name. In both publications the doctrines were ascribed openly to Nicolas Copernicus. About the same time, a learned man, Erasmus Reinhold, in a work which he published, spoke of the new doctrines with the greatest respect, and styled their author a second Ptolemy; for it often happens that the greatest compliment that can be paid to the discoverer of truth is to mention him in the same breath with some founder of error. Copernicus now allowed himself to be persuaded by his friends to publish his work; and it was accordingly put to press at Nuremberg, under the care of some learned persons of that city. But he was now an old man, and it was not his lot to live to see the book published. As soon as it was printed, a copy of it was sent to him by his friend Rheticus, but it only reached him, May 23, 1543, a few hours before he expired. He appeared to be scarcely conscious of the object to which so many years of his life had been devoted. But his mission was accomplished. Committed to the perpetuating operations of the infant printing-press, all danger was over of losing the germ of those great and fertile truths which in our days render astronomy the most perfect of sciences.

The theory of Copernicus was thus brought before the world; but, whether from the death of the philosopher, or because little disturbance of popular notions was anticipated from so learned a work, or from whatever other circumstances, it was visited with no marks of reprobation from any quarter at the time. In proportion, however, as it became known, so did its opponents increase. Those were the days when the fagot and stake made short work with those who presumed to strike out a course of thinking for themselves; and though the author of the system and its immediate adopters passed unmolested, yet during the century which ensued were its followers and supporters persecuted with all the zeal and cruelty that bigotry and ignorant prejudice could devise. Truth, however, is imperishable; and, though repressed and retarded for a season, is ever sure to take its right place among the established beliefs of mankind. And thus it has been with the Copernican theory. We must beware, however, of exaggerating the share of Copernicus in this matter, as is often done. The theory called by his name was really a growth, to which he was only one of many contributors. The merit of having first formed the general notion of the system was due, as we have seen, to Pythagoras; Copernicus has the credit of having, after the lapse of centuries, again drawn the attention of philosophers to it, and of

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having greatly increased the probability of its truth by his calculations and arguments; for the rest, the glory of having matured the idea belongs to Kepler, Galileo, and others, and to Newton, who, through the discovery of the law of gravitation, demonstrated its truth effectually. The most cogent argument that Copernicus could adduce in favour of his system was, the simple way in which it accounted for the chief apparent motions of the heavenly bodies. This, however, made it only probable; and the reasoning with which he sought to prove its truth is of the most illusory kind. He accepts without question the dogma that the sphere is the most perfect figure; and infers that the motions of all the heavenly bodies are circular from the axiom that a *simple* body must move circularly. If a body in falling to the earth moves in a straight line, that is because it is only given to wholes to move circularly, while it is of the nature of parts, separated from their wholes, to move in straight lines. The most useful part of Copernicus's work was that in which he explained, for the first time, the variations of the seasons, the precession of the equinoxes, and the stations and retrogradations of the planets. He could only, however, explain the mean motions; to account for irregularities, he was obliged to introduce a system of epicycles entirely resembling that of Ptolemy.

TYCHO BRAHÉ.

OF eminent astronomers, the next in point of time was Tycho Brahé, who, though adopting the Ptolemaic notion of the earth being the fixed and immovable centre of the universe, yet did good service to the progress of the science by his numerous observations and discoveries. Descended of an ancient and noble family, originally of Sweden, but settled in Denmark, Tycho was born December 14, 1546, at Knub Strup, in the bailiwick of Schönen, the jurisdiction of which was then held by his father. When seven years old, he commenced the study of the classics, his education, as well as that of his brothers, being intrusted to private tutors. His father dying, his uncle sent him, in 1559, to study philosophy and rhetoric at Copenhagen, where it was intended to train him for some civil employment. The great eclipse of the sun on the 21st August 1560 happening at the precise time the astronomers foretold, he began to look upon astronomy as something divine; and purchasing the tables of Stadius, gained some notion of the theory of the planets. His thoughts were now wholly engrossed with astronomy; and though sent by his uncle, in 1562, to study jurisprudence at Leipsic, mathematics, and not law, were the subject of his private labours. It is told of him, that, having procured a small celestial globe, he was wont to wait till his tutor had gone to bed, in order to examine the constellations and learn their names; and that, when the sky

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was clear, he used to spend whole nights in viewing the stars. He abandoned the amusements and pleasures fitting for his age, and devoted his pocket-money to the purchase of mathematical and astronomical books, the perusal of which he persisted in, in spite of the remonstrances and rebukes of his preceptor. About this time he also began to apply himself to chemistry, less perhaps for the cause of the science, than with a view to discover the Philosopher's Stone and the grand Elixir of Life—a digression from his astronomical career, prompted no doubt by the natural superstition and enthusiasm of his constitution.

In 1571 he returned to Denmark, and was favoured by his mother's brother, Steno Belle, a lover of learning, with a convenient place at the castle of Herritzvad, near Knub Strup, for conducting his observations and building a laboratory; but marrying a peasant-girl beneath his rank, such a violent quarrel ensued between him and his relations, that Frederick II., king of Denmark, was obliged to interpose to reconcile them. In 1575 he began his travels through Germany, and proceeded as far as Venice, meeting with the kindest attention from various philosophers and crowned heads. This attention, conjoined with certain offers made him by the Landgrave of Hesse, and the greater facility of procuring better apparatus, induced him to think of removing his family to Basel; but Frederick of Denmark, being informed of his design, and unwilling to lose such an ornament to his country, promised (to enable him to pursue his studies) to bestow upon him for life the island of Hveen in the Sound, to erect an observatory and laboratory there, and to defray all the expenses necessary for carrying on his designs. Tycho Brahé readily embraced this proposal; and, accordingly, the first stone of the observatory was laid in August 1576. The king also bestowed on him a pension of two thousand crowns, a fief in Norway, and a canonry, which brought him one thousand more. In this retreat he was visited by various princes; among others, by James VI. of Scotland, when proceeding to Denmark to marry the Princess Anne. This monarch, of literary memory, made the astronomer several presents, and with his own hand wrote some verses in his praise. In Uranienborg, for such he had styled his new erection, he framed a system of the universe which is yet known by his name, and which is a kind of compound of the old Ptolemaic system and that of Copernicus. But though he erred in this conception, we are indebted to him for a more correct catalogue of the fixed stars; for several important discoveries respecting the motions of the moon and the comets, and the refraction of the rays of light; and for valuable improvements in astronomical instruments. Tycho was likewise a skilful chemist, and found in poetry his recreation from severer studies. His Latin poems are said to exhibit considerable merit; but his chemical manipulations partook too much of the alchemy of his day to be of use to future inquirers.

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Happy might our philosopher have been in the castle of Uranienborg, had not his impetuous character, and his fondness for satire, made him many enemies, who prejudiced Christian IV., the successor of Frederick II., against him. On the death of his patron, he was deprived of his pension, fief, and canonry; and finding himself incapable of bearing the expenses of his observatory, he went to Copenhagen, whither he brought some of his instruments, and continued his observations in the city, till Valkendorf, chamberlain to Christian, commanded him, by the king's orders, to discontinue them. He then removed his family to Rostock, and afterwards to Holstein, to solicit Henry Ranzon to introduce him to the Emperor Rodolphus or Rudolf, who was a great friend to astronomy and astrology. Succeeding in his wishes, he was received by the emperor with the greatest civility and respect; provided with a magnificent house, till he could procure one more fit for astronomical observations; allotted a pension of three hundred crowns; and promised, upon the first opportunity, a fief for himself and his descendants. Unluckily, he did not long enjoy this happy situation; for, being suddenly taken ill with a fatal disease, he was cut off on the 24th of October 1601, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was interred with great pomp and ceremony in the principal church of Prague, where a noble monument was erected to his memory; thus, like many other men of eminence, receiving in a strange land the honours that had been denied him in his own.

Tycho was, notwithstanding his faults and weaknesses, a remarkable man for the age in which he lived; his errors and misjudgments being to a great extent those of his era. His skill in astronomy is universally admitted; and though failing to establish his system over that of Copernicus, yet no one can deny him the merit of advancing by his labours the progress of the science. That he was addicted to astrology, presages, and the occult sciences, is true; but these were features of the age more than of individuals: that he was impetuous, sarcastic, and unamiable, is to be regretted; but it must also be admitted that the grossest injustice was done him and the cause of science by the successor of his patron. Most of his works, which were numerous, and written in Latin, are still extant. The Emperor Rodolphus purchased his expensive astronomical and other instruments; but they were mostly destroyed after the battle of the Weisseberg, near Prague, in 1620. A large sextant alone remains in Prague. The famous brass celestial globe, which was six feet in diameter, and cost about a thousand pounds, returned to Copenhagen after various adventures, but perished in the great fire of 1728. The castle of Uranienborg, where he nightly watched and pondered, has long been in ruins, leaving scarcely a trace of its structure and character. All, however, has not perished, nor been fruitless. 'It was the friendship of Tycho,' says an eminent authority, 'which formed Kepler, and directed him in the career of

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astronomy. Without this friendship, and without the numerous observations of Tycho, of which Kepler found himself the depositary after the death of his master, he would never have been able to discover those great laws of the system of the world which have been called "Kepler's Laws," and which, combined with the theory of central forces, discovered by Huyghens, conducted Newton to the grandest discovery which has ever been made in the sciences—that of universal gravitation.'

GALILEO.

THE Copernican theory, which Tycho had laboured in vain to supersede, was next received and supported by an Italian philosopher, whose name and history are inseparably interwoven with the progress of astronomy. That illustrious individual, Galileo Galilei, usually known by his Christian name, was born at Pisa in 1564. His father, a Tuscan nobleman of small fortune, caused him to be educated for the profession of medicine at the university of his native city. While studying there, he became deeply sensible of the absurdities of the philosophy of Aristotle, as it had then come to be taught, and he became its declared enemy. That spirit of observation for which he was so distinguished was early developed. When only nineteen years old, the swinging of a lamp suspended from the ceiling of the cathedral in Pisa, led him to investigate the laws of the oscillation of the pendulum. He left it incomplete, however, and it was brought to perfection by his son, Vincenzo, and particularly by Huyghens, the latter of whom must be regarded as the true inventor of the pendulum as a measurer of time. About this period, Galileo devoted himself exclusively to mathematics and natural science. In 1589, his distinction in the exact sciences gained for him the chair of Mathematics in his native university, where, immediately on his installation, he began to assert the laws of nature against a perverted philosophy. In the presence of numerous spectators, he performed a series of experiments in the tower of the cathedral, to shew that weight has no influence on the velocity of falling bodies. By this means he excited the opposition of the adherents of Aristotle to such a degree, that, after two years, he was forced to resign his professorship. Driven from Pisa, he retired into private life; but his genius being appreciated in another part of Italy, he was, in 1592, appointed Professor of Mathematics at Padua. He lectured here with unparalleled success. Scholars from the most distant regions of Europe crowded round him. He delivered his lectures in the Italian language instead of Latin, which was considered a daring innovation.

During eighteen years which he spent at Padua, he made many discoveries in natural philosophy, which he introduced into his

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lectures, without regard to their inconsistency with the doctrines previously taught. Among these may be mentioned his discovery of the rate of descent in falling bodies; certain improvements on the thermometer; some interesting observations on the magnet; and a number of experiments relative to the floating and sinking of solid bodies in water. In 1609, hearing that one Jansen, a Dutchman, had made an instrument by which distant objects were made to appear near, Galileo, whose mind was prepared for the discovery, instantly conceived on what principle it was constructed, and, without losing a day, he fashioned a similar instrument, with many improvements: such was the origin of the telescope, the most interesting of all instruments connected with science.

Turning his optical tube towards the heavens, Galileo perceived the moon to be a body of uneven surface, the elevations of which he computed by their shadows; and the sun to be occasionally spotted; and from the regular advance from east to west of these spots, he inferred the rotation of the sun, and the inclination of its axis to the plane of the ecliptic. From a particular nebula, which his rude instrument enabled him to resolve into individual stars, he even conjectured, what Lord Rosse's telescope has but recently proved, that the whole Milky-way was but a vast assemblage of stars. He discovered that the planet Venus waxed and waned like the moon, that Saturn had something like wings by its sides (afterwards found to be a ring), and that Jupiter was surrounded by four satellites. It is now altogether impossible to imagine the wonder and delight with which these discoveries must have filled the mind of a philosopher like Galileo, who had perhaps long surmised that all was not as it seemed in the heavens, but despaired of ever being able to penetrate the mystery. In the year 1611, while entering upon his investigations, he was induced, by the invitation of his prince, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to return to Pisa, and resume the chair of Mathematics there, with a large salary. It was consequently at that city that he first gave his discoveries to the world. That persecution which had only been suspended by accident in the case of Copernicus, now fell with full weight on the head of the Italian philosopher. Having openly declared, in a work which he published, that his discoveries proved the truth of the Copernican theory, he was denounced by the clergy as a heretic, and obliged, in 1615, to proceed to Rome to justify his conduct. He succeeded in silencing his enemies for a time; but he, rather weakly perhaps, came under a promise to the pope (Paul V.) not to teach the Copernican doctrine.

For several years he observed the silence enjoined upon him, but continued to pursue the study of the true theory of the heavens. Panting to make known to the world a complete account of the system of Copernicus, yet dreading the prejudices of his enemies, he fell upon the expedient of writing a work, in which, without giving his own opinion, he introduces three persons in a Dialogue, of whom

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the first defends the Copernican system, the second the Ptolemaic (or that of Aristotle), and the third weighs the reasons of both in such a way, that the subject seems problematical, though it is impossible to mistake the preponderance of arguments in favour of Copernicus. With this great work, which is still held in reverence, Galileo went to Rome in 1630, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, and, by an extraordinary stretch of favour, received permission to print it. Scarcely had it appeared at Rome and Florence, when it was attacked by the disciples of Aristotle, and most violently of all by the teacher of philosophy at Pisa. A congregation of cardinals, monks, and mathematicians was appointed to examine his work, which they unhesitatingly condemned as highly dangerous, and summoned him before the tribunal of the Inquisition. In the winter of 1633, Galileo, now an old man of seventy, went once more to Rome to undergo his trial. After some months, during which he had all the protection that the Grand Duke could afford him, being kept in the Tuscan ambassador's house, he received his sentence, which was as follows: 'We decree that the book of the *Dialogues* of Galileo Galilei be prohibited by edict; we condemn you to the prison of this office during pleasure; we order you for the next three weeks to recite once a week the seven penitential psalms;' &c., &c. But in order to be treated so mildly, Galileo had to abjure on the gospels his belief in the Copernican doctrines as errors and heresies. It has usually been said, that on rising from his knees, he whispered to a friend: '*E pur si muove*' ('It moves, for all that'); but a late biographer discredits this as a myth, as well as the story that Galileo was subjected to the torture. Although Galileo was in this manner sentenced to confinement, it appeared to those who judged him that he would not be able, from his age, to endure such a severe punishment, and they mercifully banished him to a particular spot near Florence.

Here Galileo lived for several years, employing his time in the study of mechanics and other branches of natural philosophy. The results are found in two important works on the Laws of Motion, the foundation of the present system of physics and astronomy. At the same time he tried to make use of Jupiter's satellites for the calculation of longitudes; and though he brought nothing to perfection in this branch, he was the first who reflected systematically on such a method of finding geographical longitudes. He was at this time afflicted with a disease in his eyes, one of which was wholly blind, and the other almost useless, when, in 1637, he discovered the libration of the moon. Blindness, deafness, want of sleep, and pain in his limbs, united to imbitter his declining years; still his mind was active. 'In my darkness,' he writes in the year 1638, 'I muse now upon this object of nature, and now upon that, and find it impossible to soothe my restless head, however much I wish it. This perpetual action of mind deprives me almost wholly of sleep.' In this

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condition, and affected by a slowly consuming fever, he expired in January 1642, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. His relics were deposited in the church of Santa Croce, at Florence, where posterity did justice to his memory by erecting a splendid monument in 1737.

Galileo is represented by his biographers as of diminutive stature, but strong and healthy, of agreeable countenance, and lively conversation and manner. He preferred living in the country, where his relaxations consisted in the cultivation of his garden, and in the company and conversation of his friends. He loved music, drawing, and poetry; and is said to have been so fond of Ariosto, that he knew the whole of the *Orlando* by heart. He had few books. 'The best book,' he said, 'is nature.' The great deficiencies in his character were a want of tact to keep out of difficulties, and a want of moral courage to defend himself when involved in them. His biting satirical turn, more than his physical discoveries, was the cause of his misfortunes. The dignitaries of the church who persecuted Galileo, warned him beforehand in the friendliest way to be 'more prudent.' A complete edition of his works, in thirteen volumes, appeared at Milan in 1803, the style of which is natural and fluent, so elegant and pure, that it has been held up by competent judges as a model of classical Italian. 'Altogether,' says Professor Playfair, 'Galileo is one of those to whom human knowledge is under the greatest obligation. His discoveries in the theory of motion, in the laws of the descent of heavy bodies, and in the motion of projectiles, laid the foundation of all the great improvements which have since been made by the application of mathematics to natural philosophy. If to these we add the invention of the telescope, the discoveries made by that instrument, the confirmation of the Copernican system which these discoveries afforded, and lastly, the wit and argument with which he combated and exposed the prejudice and presumption of the schools, we must admit that the history of human knowledge contains few greater names than that of Galileo.'

KEPLER.

CONTEMPORARY with Tycho Brahé and Galileo, and to some extent the associate and successor of the former, was John Kepler, one of the most eminent astronomers who have appeared in any age, and to whom the science is indebted for much of its present perfection. He was born on the 27th December 1571, at Wîel in Würtemberg, and was descended of a noble but reduced family. His father, originally an officer of distinction in the army of Würtemberg, was, at the time of young Kepler's birth, in the humble capacity of a small innkeeper; and thus, as is too often the case with genius, our philosopher had to struggle into fame through poverty and the

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vicissitudes of his father's fortune. Poor, unbefriended, of a weakly constitution, and one of the most diminutive of children, Kepler received the rudiments of knowledge at the monastic school of Maulbrunn, where he gave early indications of talent, and of that irrepressible spirit which, amid the severest obstructions, was never diverted from the main object of its pursuit. After his father's death, which took place in his eighteenth year, he left Maulbrunn, and succeeded in entering the college of Tübingen. Here he completed the course of study then prescribed—first philosophy and mathematics, and then theology; taking the degree of Bachelor in the year 1588, and that of Master of Philosophy in 1591. Of apt inquiring powers as a divine, and of more than average eloquence as a preacher, Kepler could now have readily succeeded in the church; but mathematics and the exact sciences were his favourite themes; and it may be fairly questioned if ever he turned a single thought to the clerical profession, beyond what the curriculum of the university compelled. In 1593-4, his reputation as a geometrician had so increased, that he was invited to fill the mathematical chair in the university of Grätz, in Styria. Here he pursued his astronomical studies with the most commendable zeal, devoting himself especially to the investigation of the physical causes of the motion of the celestial bodies.

Shortly after his instalment, he married a lady descended from a noble family, and was beginning to enjoy that domestic happiness and studious quiet so congenial to his wishes, when persecution on account of his religion compelled him to leave Grätz, to which, however, he was afterwards recalled by the States of Styria. Meanwhile, Tycho Brahé, who had come to Germany, and was comfortably settled under the munificent patronage of Rodolphus, fixed upon Kepler as a fitting assistant, and soon induced him, by urgent letters and flattering promises, to accept of the situation. Compelled in a great measure by the unsettled state of affairs in Austria, Kepler speedily repaired to Prague, and applied himself, in conjunction with Tycho, to the completion of the astronomical calculations known as the Rodolphine Tables, which were first published at Ulm in 1626. At Tycho's recommendation, he was established at that place; but as his office and science did not afford him a subsistence, he studied medicine, in order to gain a livelihood by its practice. The emperor had assigned him a salary, but in the period of trouble which preceded the Thirty Years' War, it was not paid. Even when he was appointed imperial mathematician by Matthias, Rodolphus's successor, his hopes of recovering his arrears were disappointed. Fresh controversies with the clergy, and the disturbed state of the country, made his situation very uncomfortable: he therefore left Linz, repaired to Ratisbon (otherwise Regensburg), declined an invitation to England, was confirmed by the succeeding emperor, Ferdinand, in the office of imperial mathematician, and

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afterwards went to Ulm, to superintend the printing of the Rodolphine Tables. In 1627 he returned to Prague, and received from the emperor six thousand guilders. He finally became a professor at Rostock, on the recommendation of Albert, Duke of Wallenstein, but did not receive the promised compensation. In 1630, he went, by permission of the emperor, to Ratisbon, to claim payment of the arrears of his pension; but he was there seized with a violent fever, supposed to have been brought upon him by too hard riding; and to this he fell a victim in the month of November, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. In 1808, a monument, consisting of a Doric temple enshrining his bust, was erected to his memory in Ratisbon by Charles Theodore Von Dalberg.

Kepler is represented by his biographers as a man of small stature, thin, of a weak constitution, and defective sight; but of somewhat gay and sportive manners. He was attached to his science with the most fervent enthusiasm: he sought after truth with eagerness, but forgot, in the search, the maxims of worldly prudence. To him were allotted but a scanty share of what are commonly esteemed the pleasures of life; but he endured all calamities with firmness, being consoled by the higher enjoyments which science never fails to impart to her true and cordial votaries. 'As an astronomer,' says Lalande, 'he is as famous for the sagacious application which he made of Tycho's numerous observations (for he was not himself an observer), as the Danish philosopher for the collection of such vast materials.' To him, says another authority, the world is indebted for the discovery of the true figure of the planetary orbits, and the proportions of the motions of the solar system. Like the disciples of Pythagoras and Plato, Kepler was seized with a peculiar passion for finding analogies and harmonies in nature; and though this led him to the adoption of strange and ridiculous conceits, we shall readily be disposed to overlook these, when we reflect that they were the means of leading him to the most important discoveries. He was the first who discovered that astronomers had been mistaken in ascribing circular orbits and uniform motions to the planets. In opposition to the doctrine of circular orbits, he established the truth, that *the planets move in ellipses with the sun in one of the foci*. This is the first of the three grand truths known as *Kepler's Laws*. In regard to the uniformity of the motions, after innumerable calculations, Kepler became convinced that it could not be maintained; for it was clear that a planet moved faster when near the sun than when at a greater distance; but he discovered that there is a uniformity, although not in the linear velocity of the planet; and it is in this, that *the radius-vector* (that is, the line drawn from the sun to the planet) *sweeps over equal areas in equal times*. This formed his second law. His third great discovery was, that *the squares of the periodic times of planets are proportional to the cubes of the mean distances from the sun*. The sagacity of this wonderful man, and

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his incessant application to the study of the planetary motions, pointed out to him some of the genuine principles from which these motions originate. He considered gravity as a power that is mutual between bodies ; that the earth and moon tend toward each other, and would meet in a point so many times nearer to the earth than to the moon as the earth is greater than the moon, if their motions did not prevent it. His opinion of the tides was, that they arise from the gravitation of the waters towards the moon ; but his notions of the laws of motion not being accurate, he could not turn his conceptions to the best advantage. The prediction he uttered at the end of his epitome of astronomy, has been long since verified by the discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton ; namely, that the determination of the true laws of gravity was reserved for the succeeding age, when the Author of Nature would be pleased to reveal these mysteries.

NEWTON.

THE year in which Galileo died was that in which Isaac Newton was born. This eminent man, who was destined to establish the truth of the discoveries of his illustrious predecessors, Copernicus and Galileo, was born on the 25th of December 1642, at Coltersworth, in Lincolnshire, where his father cultivated his own moderate paternal property. After receiving the rudiments of education under the superintendence of his mother, he was sent, at the age of twelve, to the grammar-school at Grantham, where the bias of his early genius was shewn by a skill in mechanical contrivances which excited no small admiration. Whilst other boys were at play, his leisure hours were employed in forming working models of mills and machinery ; he constructed a water-clock from an old box, which had an index moved by a piece of wood sinking as the drops fell from the bottom, and a regular dial-plate to indicate the hours.

On his removal from school, it was intended that he should follow the profession of a farmer, but his utter unfitness for the laborious toils of such a life was soon manifested. He was frequently found reading under a tree when he should have been inspecting cattle, or superintending labourers ; and when he was sent to dispose of farming produce at Grantham market, he was occupied in solving mathematical problems in a garret or hay-loft, whilst the business was transacted by an old servant who had accompanied him to town. These strong indications of the bias of his disposition were not neglected by his anxious mother ; she sent him again for a few months to school, and on the 5th of June 1660, he was admitted a student of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The combination of industry and talents, with an amiable disposition and unassuming manners, naturally attracted the notice of his tutors, and the friendship of his admiring companions ; amongst

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these was Isaac Barrow, afterwards justly celebrated as a preacher and a mathematician. Saunderson's *Logic*, Kepler's *Optics*, and the *Arithmetic of Infinites* by Wallis, were the books first studied by Newton at Cambridge. He read the *Geometry* of Descartes diligently, and looked into the subject of judicial astrology, which then engaged some attention. He read little of Euclid, and is said to have regretted, in a subsequent part of his life, that he had not studied the old mathematicians more deeply.

The attention of Newton, while he was pursuing his studies at Cambridge, was attracted to a branch of natural philosophy hitherto little understood—namely, light. Taking a piece of glass with angular sides, called a prism, he caused the sun to shine upon it through a small hole in the shutter of a darkened apartment. By this experiment he found that the light, in passing through the glass, was so refracted or bent as to exhibit on the wall a lengthened image, composed of different colours. He thus established the fact, that white light consists of a number of rays, differing from one another in colour and in refrangibility. This discovery was the foundation of an important branch of optics.

In 1665, the students of the university of Cambridge were suddenly dispersed by the breaking out of a pestilential disorder in the place. Newton retired for safety to his paternal estate; and though he lost for a time the advantages of public libraries and literary conversation, he rendered the years of his retreat a memorable era in his own existence, and in the history of science, by another of his great discoveries—that of the theory of gravitation. One day, it is said, while sitting in his garden, he happened to see an apple fall from a tree, and immediately began to consider the general laws which must regulate all falling bodies. Resuming the subject afterwards, he found that the same cause which made the apple fall to the ground, retained the moon and planets in their orbits, and regulated, with a simplicity and power truly wonderful, the motions of all the heavenly bodies. In this manner was discovered the principle of gravitation, by a knowledge of which the science of astronomy is rendered comparatively perfect.

On his return to Cambridge in 1667, he was elected Fellow of Trinity College; and two years afterwards, he was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the place of his friend Dr Barrow, who resigned. His great discoveries in the science of optics formed for some time the principal subject of his lectures, and his new theory of light and colours was explained, with a clearness arising from perfect knowledge, to the satisfaction of a crowded and admiring audience. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1671, and is reputed to have been compelled to apply for a dispensation from the usual payment of one shilling weekly, which is contributed by each member towards the expenses. He had at this period of his life no income except what he derived from his college and his

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professorship, the produce of his estate being absorbed in supporting his mother and her family. His personal wishes were so moderate, that he never could regret the want of money, except in as much as it limited his purchases of books and scientific instruments, and restricted his power of relieving the distresses of others. About the year 1683, he composed his great work, *The Principia, or Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy*, although it was not published till 1687. In 1688, the memorable year of the Revolution, he was chosen to represent the university in parliament, and the honour thus conferred on him was repeated in 1703. His great merit at last attracted the notice of those who had it in their power to bestow substantial rewards, and he was appointed Warden of the Mint, an office for which his patient and accurate investigations singularly fitted him, and which he held with general approbation till his death. Honours and emoluments at last flowed upon him. In 1705 he received the honour of knighthood from Queen Anne.

Newton's benevolence of disposition led him to perform all the minor duties of social life with great exactness; he paid and received frequent visits; he assumed no superiority in his conversation; he was candid, cheerful, and affable; his society was therefore much sought, and he submitted to intrusions on his valuable time without a murmur; but by early rising, and by a methodical distribution of his hours, he found leisure to study and compose, and every moment which he could command, he passed with a pen in his hand and a book before him. He was generous and charitable—one of his maxims being, *that those who gave nothing before death, never, in fact, gave at all*. As if to prove that no human character can be altogether exempt from infirmity, there are some things in his conduct towards Leibnitz in the controversy regarding the invention of the differential calculus, and towards Flamsteed, whose observations had enabled him to perfect his astronomical theories, which seem to be exceptions to his usual rectitude and benevolence, and which it is painful to believe, and yet difficult to explain away. Newton's wonderful faculties were very little impaired, even in extreme old age; and his cheerful disposition, combined with temperance and a constitution naturally sound, preserved him from the usual infirmities of life. He was of middle size, with a figure inclining to plumpness; his eyes were animated, piercing, and intelligent; the general expression of his countenance was full of life and kindness; his sight was preserved to the last; and his hair in the decline of his days was white as snow. The severe trial of bodily suffering was reserved for the last stage of his existence, and he supported it with characteristic resignation. On the 20th of March 1727, he expired, at the advanced age of eighty-four years.

The character of Newton cannot be delineated and discussed like that of ordinary men; it is so beautiful, that the biographer dwells upon it with delight, and the inquiry, by what means he attained

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an undisputed superiority over his fellow-creatures, must be both interesting and useful. Newton was endowed with talents of the highest order; but those who are less eminently gifted, may study his life with advantage, and derive instruction from every part of his career. With a power of intellect almost beyond human, he demonstrated the motions of the planets, the orbits of the comets, and the cause of the tides of the ocean; he investigated, with success, the properties of light and colours, which no man before had even suspected; he was the diligent, sagacious, faithful interpreter of nature; while his researches all tended to illustrate the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator. Notwithstanding, also, his reach of understanding and knowledge, his modesty was such, that he thought nothing of his own acquirements; and he left behind him the celebrated saying, 'that he appeared to himself as only a child picking up pebbles from the shore, while the great ocean of Truth lay unexplored before him.'

HUYGHENS.

WHILE Newton, in England, was thus enlarging the boundaries of astronomy, and conferring upon it a degree of accuracy and system hitherto unknown, a number of continental philosophers were contributing materials, which, though of a subordinate character, were not the less necessary to the future progress of the science. First among these was Christian Huyghens, Lord of Zeelhem, born at the Hague, on the 14th of April 1629, and descended of a rich and respected family. His father, secretary and counsellor to the Princes of Orange, and distinguished as a scholar and poet, was not slow in observing the genius of his son, and, full of paternal solicitude for his improvement, became his first instructor. He early taught him music, arithmetic, and geography, and initiated him, when about thirteen, in the knowledge of mechanics, for which the boy had evinced a surprising aptitude. At fifteen he received the assistance of a master in mathematics, under whose tuition he made great progress; and at sixteen, was sent to Leyden, to study law under the eminent jurisconsult Vinnius. He did not, however, permit jurisprudence to divert him from his mathematical studies, which he now prosecuted with success, as well as afterwards at Breda, at the university of which he resided from 1646 to 1648. In these two cities he had respectively as masters two very able geometers, Francis Schooten and John Pell; and his first essays were so successful, that they attracted the notice of Descartes, to whom the author, in his admiration of that great philosopher, had communicated them. Descartes predicted his future greatness, but did not live to appreciate his discoveries.

On quitting the university, Huyghens, as was then the custom,

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made the tour of Europe; and after his travels, settled in his native country, where he commenced that series of inventions which have rendered his name so justly celebrated. Between the years 1650-60, his pursuits were chiefly mathematical, resulting in several publications of acknowledged merit. In 1655 he travelled into France, and took the degree of Doctor of Laws at Angers; and in 1658 made known his invention of the pendulum clock. In the following year he published his discoveries relative to the planet Saturn; discoveries which inseparably associate his name with the science of astronomy. Galileo had endeavoured to explain some of the appearances exhibited by that planet. He had at first observed two attendant stars, but some time afterwards was surprised to find that they had disappeared. Huyghens, desirous to account for these changes, laboured with his brother Constantine to improve the construction of telescopes; and having at length made an instrument of this kind, possessing greater power than any which had yet been contrived, he proceeded to observe the phases of Saturn, and to record all the different aspects of that planet. The results were of equal interest and importance to the science of astronomy. He discovered a satellite of that planet which had hitherto escaped the notice of astronomers; and after a long course of observation, he shewed that the planet is surrounded by a solid and permanent ring, which never changes its situation. In 1660 he took a second journey into France; and the year following he visited England, where he communicated the art of polishing glasses for telescopes, and was admitted a member of the Royal Society. The air-pump, then recently invented, he materially improved; and about the same time he also discovered the laws of the collision of elastic bodies, as did afterwards our own countrymen, Wallis and Wren, who disputed with him the honour of the discovery. After a stay of some months in England, Huyghens returned to France, where, in 1633, his merit became so conspicuous, that Colbert resolved to bestow on him such a pension as might induce him to establish himself at Paris. This resolution was not carried into effect until 1665, when letters in the king's name were written to the Hague, where the philosopher then resided, inviting him to repair to Paris, and offering him a considerable pension, with other advantages. Huyghens accepted the proposal; and from 1666 to 1681, settled at Paris, where he was admitted a member of the Royal Academy.

During this period he was chiefly engaged in mathematical pursuits: he wrote and published several works, which were favourably received; and he invented and improved some useful instruments and machines. By continued application, his health began to be impaired, and he at length found it necessary to return to his native country—a step somewhat accelerated by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which rendered him liable to molestations, although assured of the fullest privilege to follow his own religious opinions.

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He accordingly left the French metropolis in 1681; passed the remainder of his days in his own country, and in the pursuit of his favourite subjects; and died at the Hague on the 8th of June 1693, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. 'This illustrious man,' says a biographer, 'gave his whole time to science; he loved a quiet studious life, and found sufficient enjoyment in pursuing curious and useful researches. He was modest, amiable, cheerful, and in all respects as estimable in private life as he was eminent in science. It is not a little singular that the discovery of the real nature, or at least of the true figure, of the luminous ring which encompasses the planet Saturn, should have been made by the same individual who invented the pendulum clock and the micrometer.' His inventions, however, were more of a mathematical and mechanical than of an astronomical character; and it is probable, that had Huyghens lived in the present day, he would have risen to superlative fame as a mechanician and engineer.

H A L L E Y.

DR EDMUND HALLEY, a name well known in the annals of astronomy, was the only son of a soap-boiler in London, and was born in 1656. He received the rudiments of his education at St Paul's School in his native city; and in his seventeenth year became a commoner in Queen's College, Oxford. At first he applied himself to the study of the languages and sciences, but at length gave himself wholly up to that of astronomy; and before he had attained his nineteenth year, published a method of finding the aphelia and eccentricity of planets, which supplied a defect in the Keplerian theory of planetary motions. By some observations on a spot on the sun's disc in the summer of 1676, he established the certainty of the motion of that body round its own axis; and in the same year fixed the longitude of the Cape of Good Hope, by his observation of the occultation of Mars by the moon. Immediately after, he went to St Helena, where he staid till 1678, completing a catalogue of the fixed stars of the southern hemisphere, which was published in the following year, and gained for its author the appellation of the 'Southern Tycho.' In 1679 he was called upon to settle a dispute between the English philosopher Hooke and the celebrated Hevelius, respecting the use of optical instruments in astronomy, and for this purpose went to Danzig, where, with honourable impartiality, he decided against his own countryman. In 1680 he made the tour of Europe, making the acquaintance of Cassini at Paris, and completing his observations from the Royal Observatory of France on the comet which now bears his name. After spending the greater part of 1681 in Italy, he returned to England, and settled at Islington, where he fitted up an observatory for his astronomical researches.

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In 1683 he published his *Theory of the Variation of the Magnetical Compass*, in which he endeavoured to account for the phenomenon by the supposition of the whole globe being one great magnet, having four circulating magnetical poles or points of attraction. His theory, though unsatisfactory, is ingenious. The doctrines of Kepler relative to the motions of the planets next engaged his attention; and finding himself disappointed in his endeavours to obtain information on the subject from Hooke and Sir Christopher Wren, he went to Cambridge, where Newton, then mathematical professor, satisfied all his inquiries. In 1691 he was candidate for the Savilian Professorship of Astronomy at Oxford—a chair which he would have obtained, had he not refused to profess his thorough belief in all the doctrines of the Christian religion as taught by the Church of England. For the purpose of making further observations relative to the variation of the compass, he set sail on a voyage in 1699 (having obtained the command of a vessel from King William, who was anxious to promote the cause of geographical and astronomical science); and after traversing both hemispheres, and making important observations at numerous stations, he returned to England in September 1700. As the result of his researches, he published a general chart, shewing at one view the variation of the compass in all those seas where the English navigators were acquainted; and thus laid the foundation of that department of science which has since received the attention of the greatest philosophers. His next employment, under the patronage of the king, was to observe the tides in the English Channel, with the latitudes and longitudes of the principal headlands; observations which were shortly after published in a large map of the Channel. In 1703 he was engaged by the Emperor of Germany to survey the coast of Dalmatia; and returning in November of that year to England, he was elected Savilian Professor of Geometry on the death of Dr Wallis, and was also honoured with the diploma of LL.D.—a title somewhat more in consonance with his pursuits than that of ‘Captain,’ by which he had been styled from the time of his appointment to the command of the surveying vessel furnished him by King William. Dr Halley now gave his mind more entirely to mathematics, translating into Latin from the Arabic and Greek several treatises, which he afterwards published with supplementary matter, such as those of Apollonius and Serenus.

In 1719 he received the appointment of Astronomer-royal at Greenwich, where he afterwards chiefly resided, devoting his time to completing the theory of the motion of the moon, which, notwithstanding his age, he pursued with enthusiastic ardour. In 1721 he began his observations, and for the space of eighteen years, scarcely ever missed taking a meridian view of the moon when the weather was favourable. He died at Greenwich in 1742, at the advanced age of eighty-six, having spent one of the most active and useful

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lives on record. His honours and titles were numerous, but not more than his multifarious occupations and achievements entitled him to. In all, he exhibited the same promptness of resolve and incessant assiduity, willing to assist or be assisted; and never deeming it beneath him to confess when ignorant, or to receive information from any quarter, however humble. Whether as Captain Halley, as Secretary to the Royal Society, Consulting Engineer to the Emperor of Germany, or Astronomer-royal, he was the same ardent, prompt, and indefatigable labourer. His publications and papers were numerous; he gave important assistance to Dr D. Gregory in the preparation of the *Conic Sections* of Apollonius; and to Halley are we also indebted for the publication of several of the works of Sir Isaac Newton, who had a particular friendship for him, and to whom he frequently communicated his discoveries.

FERGUSON.

WE pass by several authors and observers who contributed, during the time of Huyghens and Halley, to the advancement of astronomy, to notice the life of an individual whose career, while beneficial to the science under review, furnishes an ever-memorable instance of the acquirement of knowledge under the most pressing difficulties and obstructions. The most of those to whom we have adverted were men in independent circumstances, or at least so situated as to obtain at once a liberal education and the patronage and support of the great and wealthy. James Ferguson, the ingenious experimental philosopher, mechanist, and astronomer, to whom we allude, had no such advantages. He was born in 1710, a few miles from Keith, a village in Banffshire, in the north of Scotland. His parents were of the poorest order, but honest and religious, and, by toilsome labour in the cultivation of a few rented acres, contrived to rear to manhood a large family of children. Of the manner in which James acquired the rudiments of education, and how he struggled to rise from obscurity to distinction, we have a most interesting account in a Memoir by himself, which we cannot do better than quote in an abridged form.

After mentioning how he learned to read with very scanty aid from an old woman and his father, and that little more than three months' tuition at the grammar-school of Keith was all the education he ever received, he thus proceeds: 'My taste for mechanics was soon developed; but as my father could not afford to maintain me while I was in pursuit only of these matters, and as I was rather too young and weak for hard labour, he put me out to a neighbour to keep sheep, which I continued to do for some years; and in that time I began to study the stars in the night. In the daytime, I amused myself by making models of mills, spinning-wheels, and

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such other things as I happened to see. I then went to serve a considerable farmer in the neighbourhood, whose name was James Glashan. I found him very kind and indulgent; but he soon observed that in the evenings, when my work was over, I went into a field with a blanket about me, lay down on my back, and stretched a thread with small beads upon it, at arm's-length, between my eye and the stars, sliding the beads upon it till they hid such and such stars from my eye, in order to take their apparent distances from one another; and then, laying the thread down on a paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads, according to their respective positions, having a candle by me. My master at first laughed at me; but when I explained my meaning to him, he encouraged me to go on; and, that I might make fair copies in the daytime of what I had done in the night, he often worked for me himself. I shall always have a respect for the memory of that man.

'I soon after was introduced by a schoolmaster whom I knew to a Mr Cantley, an ingenious man, who acted as butler to Thomas Grant, Esq. of Achoynaney, and from whom I received some instruction, particularly in decimal arithmetic, algebra, and the first elements of geometry. He also made me a present of Gordon's *Geographical Grammar*, which at that time was to me a great treasure. There is no figure of a globe in it, although it contains a tolerable description of the globes, and their use. From this description I made a globe in three weeks at my father's, having turned the ball thereof out of a piece of wood, which ball I covered with paper, and delineated a map of the world upon it, made the meridian ring and horizon of wood, covered them with paper, and graduated them; and I was happy to find that by my globe, which was the first I ever saw, I could solve the problems. But this was not likely to afford me bread; and I could not think of staying with my father, who, I knew full well, could not maintain me in that way, as it could be of no service to him; and he had, without my assistance, hands sufficient for all his work.'

Thinking it would be a very easy matter to attend a mill, and that he would have plenty of leisure for study, poor Ferguson next engaged himself to a miller; but the fellow turned out to be a harsh, ignorant drunkard, who required every moment of the boy's time, starving and ill-using him besides, so that at the end of a year he had to betake himself to the roof of his father. He next hired himself to a farmer; but here, again, he was worked beyond the strength of his naturally delicate constitution: illness ensued, and he had again to seek the paternal refuge. 'In order to amuse myself in this low state, I made a wooden clock, the frame of which was also of wood; and it kept time pretty well. The bell on which the hammer struck the hours was the neck of a broken bottle. Having then no idea how any timekeeper could go but by a weight and a line, I wondered how a watch could go in all positions, and

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was sorry that I had never thought of asking Mr Cantley, who could very easily have informed me. But happening one day to see a gentleman ride by my father's house, which was close by a public road, I asked him what o'clock it then was ; he looked at his watch, and told me. As he did that with so much good-nature, I begged of him to shew me the inside of his watch ; and though he was an entire stranger, he immediately opened the watch, and put it into my hands. I saw the spring-box with part of the chain round it, and asked him what it was that made the box turn round ; he told me that it was turned round by a steel spring within it. Having then never seen any other spring than that of my father's gun-lock, I asked how a spring within a box could turn the box so often round as to wind all the chain upon it. He answered that the spring was long and thin, that one end of it was fastened to the axis of the box, and the other end to the inside of the box ; that the axis was fixed, and the box was loose upon it. I told him I did not yet thoroughly understand the matter. "Well, my lad," says he, "take a long thin piece of whalebone, hold one end of it fast between your finger and thumb, and wind it round your finger, it will then endeavour to unwind itself ; and if you fix the other end of it to the inside of a small hoop, and leave it to itself, it will turn the hoop round and round, and wind up a thread tied to the outside of the hoop." I thanked the gentleman, and told him I understood the thing very well. I then tried to make a watch with wooden wheels, and made the spring of whalebone ; but found that I could not make the watch go when the balance was put on, because the teeth of the wheels were rather too weak to bear the force of a spring sufficient to move the balance, although the wheels would run fast enough when the balance was taken off. I enclosed the whole in a wooden case very little bigger than a breakfast teacup ; but a clumsy neighbour one day looking at my watch, happened to let it fall, and turning hastily about to pick it up, set his foot upon it, and crushed it all to pieces ; which so provoked my father, that he was almost ready to beat the man, and discouraged me so much, that I never attempted to make such another machine again, especially as I was thoroughly convinced I could never make one that would be of any real use.

He now turned his attention to the repairing and cleaning of clocks, and in this way managed for some time to make a livelihood. While travelling the country for this purpose, he happened to attract the notice of Sir James Dunbar of Durn, who bestowed on him the warmest patronage, and requested him to make his mansion his home. While there, geometry, mechanics, and astronomy alternately engaged him. Two large globular stones stood on the top of his gate ; on one of them I painted with oil colours a map of the terrestrial globe, and on the other a map of the celestial, from a planisphere of the stars which I copied on paper from a celestial globe belonging to a neighbouring gentleman. The poles

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of the painted globe stood towards the poles of the heavens ; on each the twenty-four hours were placed around the equinoctial, so as to shew the time of the day when the sun shone out, by the boundary where the half of the globe at any time enlightened by the sun was parted from the other half in the shade ; the enlightened parts of the terrestrial globe answering to the like enlightened parts of the earth at all times ; so that, whenever the sun shone on the globe, one might see to what places the sun was then rising, to what places it was setting, and all the places where it was then day or night throughout the earth.'

While enjoying the hospitality of Durn, he was introduced to Lady Dipple, Sir James's sister, who also extended to him the warmest patronage. This lady, seeing his taste for design, employed him in drawing patterns for needlework on gowns, aprons, &c., recommended his work to her acquaintances, and in a short while created, as it were, a flourishing domestic trade for the young philosopher. On removing to Edinburgh, she advised Ferguson to accompany her household, in which he would have the benefit of another year's hospitality, assured that, in the more extensive field of the metropolis, he would have a much better opportunity of rising into notice. Thither he accordingly went ; was introduced into new families of distinction ; drew and designed for fancy needlework ; and latterly turned his attention to miniature-painting, in which he so far excelled, that for six-and-twenty years after, it was the business to which he trusted for a maintenance. But while engaged in painting, and enjoying the estimation of those who had been his patrons, 'I somehow or other took a violent inclination to study anatomy, surgery, and physic, all from reading of books and conversing with gentlemen on these subjects, which for that time put all thoughts of astronomy out of my mind ; and I had no inclination to become acquainted with any one there who taught either mathematics or astronomy, for nothing would serve me but to be a doctor.

'At the end of the second year, I left Edinburgh, and went to see my father, thinking myself tolerably well qualified to be a physician in that part of the country, and I carried a good deal of medicines, plasters, &c., thither ; but, to my mortification, I soon found that all my medical theories and study were of little use in practice. And then, finding that very few paid me for the medicines they had, and that I was far from being so successful as I could wish, I quite left off that business, and began to think of taking to the more sure one of drawing pictures again. For this purpose, I went to Inverness, where I had eight months' business. When I was there, I began to think of astronomy again, and was heartily sorry for having quite neglected it at Edinburgh, where I might have improved my knowledge by conversing with those who were very able to assist me.'

Having spent some time in astronomical pursuits at Inverness,

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Ferguson returned to Edinburgh, where he made himself known to Mr Maclaurin, Professor of Mathematics, by whom he was kindly patronised, and instructed on points wherein he was deficient. Being greatly delighted with the orrery of the professor, he set about constructing one after a somewhat different principle, and succeeded so well in the undertaking, that his patron not only commended it to the young men attending his class, but desired the constructor to read them a lecture on it. This so far encouraged the young philosopher, that he instantly set about the construction of another more complex, and of higher finish. This was purchased by Sir Dudley Rider when Ferguson first went to London; and he mentions in his Memoir, that altogether eight orreries were constructed chiefly by his own hand, and that in no two of them was the wheelwork alike. We now follow him to London, whither he went in May 1743.

‘I had a letter of recommendation from Mr Baron Eldin at Edinburgh to the Right Hon. Stephen Poyntz, Esq., at St James’s, who had been preceptor to his Royal Highness the late Duke of Cumberland, and was well known to be possessed of all the good qualities that can adorn a human mind. To me his goodness was really beyond my power of expression; and I had not been a month in London, till he informed me that he had written to an eminent professor of mathematics to take me into his house, and give me board and lodging, with all proper instructions to qualify me for teaching a mathematical school he (Mr Poyntz) had in view for me, and would get me settled in it. This I should have liked very well, especially as I began to be tired of drawing pictures; in which, I confess, I never strove to excel, because my mind was still pursuing things more agreeable. He soon after told me he had just received an answer from the mathematical master, desiring I might be sent immediately to him. On hearing this, I told Mr Poyntz that I did not know how to maintain my wife during the time I must be under the master’s tuition. “What!” says he, “are you a married man?” I told him I had been so ever since May, in the year 1739. He said he was sorry for it, because it quite defeated his scheme, as the master of the school he had in view for me must be a bachelor.

‘He then asked me what business I intended to follow. I answered that I knew of none besides that of drawing pictures. On this he desired me to draw the pictures of his lady and children, that he might shew them, in order to recommend me to others; and told me that when I was out of business, I should come to him, and he would find me as much as he could—and I soon found as much as I could execute; but he died in a few years after, to my inexpressible grief.

‘Soon afterwards it appeared to me, that although the moon goes round the earth, and that the sun is far on the outside of the moon’s orbit, yet the moon’s motion must be in a line—that is, always concave towards the sun; and upon making a delineation representing

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her absolute path in the heavens, I found it to be really so. I then made a simple machine for delineating both her path and the earth's on a long paper laid on the floor. I carried the machine and delineation to the late Martin Felkes, Esq., President of the Royal Society, on a Thursday afternoon. He expressed great satisfaction at seeing it, as it was a new discovery; and took me that evening with him to the Royal Society, where I shewed the delineation and the method of doing it.

'In the year 1747, I published a dissertation on the Phenomena of the Harvest Moon, with the description of a new orrery, in which there are only four wheels. But having never had grammatical education, nor time to study the rules of just composition, I acknowledge that I was afraid to put it to the press; and for the same cause I ought to have the same fears still. But having the pleasure to find that this my first work was not ill received, I was emboldened to go on in publishing my *Astronomy, Mechanical Lectures, Tables and Tracts relative to several Arts and Sciences, The Young Gentleman and Lady's Astronomy*, a small treatise on *Electricity*, and *Select Mechanical Exercises*.

'In the year 1748, I ventured to read lectures on the eclipse of the sun that fell on the 14th of July in that year. Afterwards I began to read astronomical lectures on an orrery which I made, and of which the figures of all the wheelwork are contained in the sixth and seventh plates of *Mechanical Exercises*. I next began to make an apparatus for lectures on mechanics, and gradually increased the apparatus for other parts of experimental philosophy, buying from others what I could not make for myself. I then entirely left off drawing pictures, and employed myself in the much pleasanter business of reading lectures on mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, pneumatics, electricity, and astronomy; in all which my encouragement has been greater than I could have expected.'

To this narrative we shall add the few particulars which are necessary to complete the view of Ferguson's life and character. It was through the zeal of George III. in behalf of science that Ferguson was honoured with the royal bounty of £50 a year. His majesty had attended some of the lectures of the ingenious astronomer, and often, after his accession, sent for him to converse upon scientific topics. He had the extraordinary honour of being elected a member of the Royal Society without paying either the initiatory or the annual fees, which were dispensed with in his case from a supposition of his being too poor to pay them without inconvenience. To the astonishment of all who knew him, it was discovered, after his death, that he was possessed of considerable wealth—about £6000. 'Ferguson,' says Charles Hutton in his *Mathematical Dictionary*, 'must be allowed to have been a very uncommon genius, especially in mechanical contrivances and inventions, for he constructed many machines himself in a very neat manner. He had also a good taste

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in astronomy, as well as in natural and experimental philosophy, and was possessed of a happy manner of explaining himself in a clear, easy, and familiar way. His general mathematical knowledge, however, was little or nothing. Of algebra he understood little more than the notation; and he has often told me that he could never demonstrate one proposition in Euclid's *Elements*; his constant method being to satisfy himself as to the truth of any problem with a measurement by scale and compasses.' He was a man of very clear judgment in everything that he professed, and of unwearied application to study: benevolent, meek, and innocent in his manners as a child: humble, courteous, and communicative: instead of pedantry, philosophy seemed to produce in him only diffidence and urbanity. After a long and useful life, worn out with study, age, and infirmities, he died November 16, 1776.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

THE science of astronomy, which, from the time of Copernicus, had been gradually improving, through the laborious exertions of Tycho Brahé, Galileo, Kepler, Huyghens, Newton, Halley, Delisle, Lalande, and other eminent observers of the starry firmament, was considerably advanced by the discoveries of Herschel, whose biography now comes under our notice.

William Herschel was born at Hanover on the 15th of November 1738. He was the second of four sons, all of whom were brought up to their father's profession, which was that of a musician. Having at an early age shewn a peculiar taste for intellectual pursuits, his father provided him with a tutor, who instructed him in the rudiments of logic, ethics, and metaphysics, in which abstract studies he made considerable progress. Owing, however, to the circumscribed means of his parents, and certain untoward circumstances, these intellectual pursuits were soon interrupted, and at the age of fourteen he was placed in the band of the Hanoverian regiment of Guards, a detachment of which he accompanied to England about the year 1757 or 1759. His father came with him to England; but after the lapse of a few months, he returned home, leaving his son, in conformity with his own wish, to try his fortune in Great Britain—the adopted home of many an ingenious foreigner. How or when he left the regimental band in which he had been engaged, we are not informed. After struggling with innumerable difficulties, and no doubt embarrassed by his comparative ignorance of the English tongue, he had the good fortune to attract the notice of the Earl of Darlington, who engaged him to superintend and instruct a military band at the time forming for the Durham militia. After fulfilling this engagement, he passed several years in Yorkshire, in the capacity of teacher of music. He gave lessons to pupils in the

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principal towns, and officiated as leader in oratorios or concerts of sacred music—a kind of employment in which the Germans are eminently skilled, from their love of musical performances. Herschel, however, while thus engaged in earning an honourable livelihood, did not allow his professional pursuits to engross all his thoughts. He sedulously devoted his leisure hours in improving his knowledge of the English and Italian languages, and in instructing himself in Latin, as well as a little Greek. At this period he probably looked to these attainments principally with a view to the advantage he might derive from them in the prosecution of his professional studies; and it was no doubt with this view also that he afterwards applied himself to the perusal of Dr Robert Smith's *Treatise on Harmonics*—one of the most profound works on the science of music which then existed in the English language. But the acquaintance he formed with this work was destined ere long to change altogether the character of his pursuits. He soon found that it was necessary to make himself a mathematician before he could make much progress in following Dr Smith's demonstrations. He now, therefore, turned with his characteristic alacrity and resolution to the new study to which his attention was thus directed; and it was not long before he became so attached to it, that almost all the other pursuits of his leisure hours were laid aside for its sake.

Through the interest and good offices of a Mr Bates, to whom the merits of Herschel had become known, he was, about the close of 1765, appointed to the situation of church-organist at Halifax. Next year, having gone with his elder brother to fulfil a short engagement at Bath, he gave so much satisfaction by his performances, that he was appointed organist in the Octagon Chapel of that city, upon which he went to reside there. The place which he now held was one of some value; and from the opportunities which he enjoyed, besides, of adding to its emoluments by engagements at the rooms, the theatre, and private concerts, as well as by taking pupils, he had the certain prospect of deriving a good income from his profession, if he had made that his only or his chief object. This accession of employment did not by any means abate his propensity to study for mental improvement. Frequently, after the fatigue of twelve or fourteen hours occupied in musical performances, he sought relaxation, as he considered it, in extending his knowledge of pure and mixed mathematics. In this manner he attained a competent knowledge of geometry, and found himself in a condition to proceed to the study of the different branches of physical science which depend upon mathematics. Among the first of these latter that attracted his attention were the kindred departments of astronomy and optics. Some discoveries about this time made in astronomy awakened his curiosity, and to this science he now directed his investigations at his intervals of leisure. Being anxious to observe some of those wonders in the planetary system of which he had read, he borrowed

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from a neighbour a two-feet Gregorian telescope, which delighted him so much, that he forthwith commissioned one of larger dimensions from London. The price of such an instrument, he was vexed to find, exceeded both his calculations and his means; but though chagrined, he was not discouraged: he immediately resolved to attempt with his own hand the construction of a telescope equally powerful with that which he was unable to purchase; and in this, after repeated disappointments, which served only to stimulate his exertions, he finally succeeded.

Herschel was now on the path in which his genius was calculated to shine. In the year 1774, he had the inexpressible pleasure of beholding the planet Saturn through a five-feet Newtonian reflector made by his own hands. This was the beginning of a long and brilliant course of triumphs in the same walk of art, and also in that of astronomical discovery. Herschel now became so much attached to his philosophical pursuits, that, regardless of the sacrifice of emolument he was making, he began gradually to limit his professional engagements and the number of his pupils. Meanwhile, he continued to employ his leisure in the fabrication of still more powerful instruments than the one he had first constructed; and in no long time he produced telescopes of seven, ten, and even twenty feet focal distance. In fashioning the mirrors for these instruments, his perseverance was indefatigable. For his seven-feet reflector, it is asserted that he actually finished and made trial of no fewer than two hundred mirrors before he found one that satisfied him. When he sat down to prepare a mirror, his practice was to work at it for twelve or fourteen hours, without quitting his occupation for a moment. He would not even take his hand from what he was about to help himself to food; and the little that he ate on such occasions was put into his mouth by his sister. He gave the mirror its proper shape more by a certain natural tact than by rule; and when his hand was once in, as the phrase is, he was afraid that the perfection of the finish might be impaired by the least intermission of his labours.

It was on the 13th of March 1781 that Herschel made the discovery to which he owes, perhaps, most of his popular reputation. He had been engaged for nearly a year and a half in making a regular survey of the heavens, when, on the evening of the day that has been mentioned, having turned his telescope—an excellent seven-feet reflector, of his own constructing—to a particular part of the sky, he observed among the other stars one which seemed to shine with a more steady radiance than those around it; and, on account of that, and some other peculiarities in its appearance, which excited his suspicions, he determined to observe it more narrowly. On reverting to it after some hours, he was a good deal surprised to find that it had perceptibly changed its place—a fact which, the next day, became still more indisputable. At first he

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was somewhat in doubt whether or not it was the same star which he had seen on these different occasions; but after continuing his observations for a few days longer, all uncertainty upon that head vanished. He now communicated what he had observed to the Astronomer-royal, Dr Maskelyne, who concluded that the luminary could be nothing else than a new comet. Continued observation of it, however, for a few months dissipated this error; and it became evident that it was in reality a hitherto undiscovered planet. This new world, so unexpectedly found to form a part of the system to which our own belongs, received from Herschel the name of Georgium Sidus, or Georgian Star, in honour of the king of England; but by continental astronomers it has been more generally called either Herschel, after its discoverer, or Uranus. He afterwards discovered successively no fewer than six satellites or moons belonging to his new planet.

The announcement of the discovery of the Georgium Sidus at once made Herschel's name universally known. In the course of a few months the king bestowed upon him a pension of £400 a year, that he might be enabled entirely to relinquish his engagements at Bath; and upon this he came to reside at Slough, near Windsor. He now devoted himself entirely to science; and the constructing of telescopes and observations of the heavens continued to form the occupations of the remainder of his life. Astronomy is indebted to him for many other most interesting discoveries besides the celebrated one of which we have just given an account, as well as for a variety of speculations of the most ingenious, original, and profound character. But of these we cannot here attempt any detail. He also introduced some important improvements into the construction of the reflecting telescope, besides continuing to fabricate that instrument of dimensions greatly exceeding any that had been formerly attempted, with powers surpassing, in nearly a corresponding degree, what had ever been before obtained. The largest telescope which he ever made was his famous one of forty feet long, which he erected at Slough, for the king. It was begun about the end of the year 1785, and on the 28th of August 1789, the enormous tube was poised on the complicated but ingeniously contrived mechanism by which its movements were to be regulated, and ready for use. On the same day a new satellite of Saturn was detected by it, being the sixth which had been observed attendant upon that planet. A seventh was afterwards discovered by means of the same instrument. This telescope has since been taken down, and replaced by another of only one-half the length, constructed by the distinguished son of the subject of our present sketch.

So extraordinary was the ardour of this great astronomer in the study of his favourite science, that for many years, it has been asserted, he never was in bed at any hour during which the stars were visible; and he made almost all his observations, whatever

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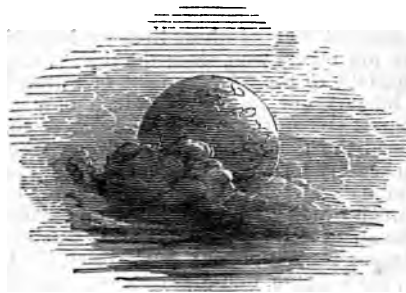
was the season of the year, not under cover, but in his garden and in the open air. By these investigations Herschel became acquainted with the character of the more distant stars, upon which he wrote a variety of papers. In 1802, he presented to the Royal Society a catalogue of five thousand new nebulae, nebulous stars, planetary nebulae, and clusters of stars; thus opening up a boundless field of research, and making the world aware of the sublime truth of there being an infinitude of heavenly bodies far beyond the reach of ordinary vision, and performing in their appointed places the offices of suns to unseen systems of planets.

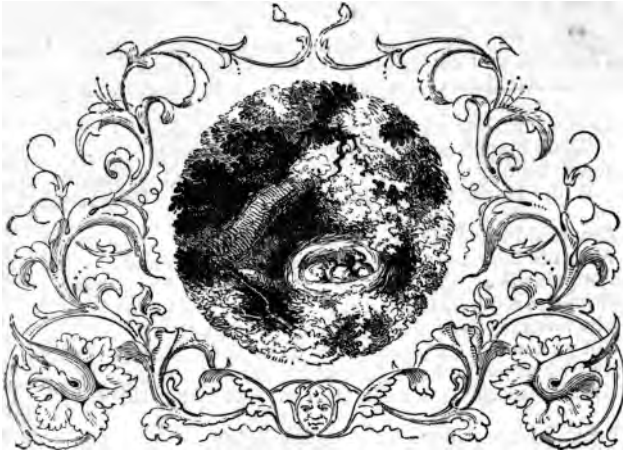
These discoveries established Herschel's claims to rank amongst the most eminent astronomers of the age, and amply merited the distinctions conferred upon him by learned bodies and the reigning prince. In 1816, George IV., then Prince-regent, invested him with the Hanoverian and Guelphic order of knighthood. He was now, from being originally a poor lad in a regimental band, rewarded for his long course of honourable exertion in the cause of a science upon which so much of our national welfare depends. Herschel (now Sir William) did not relinquish his astronomical observations until within a few years of his death, which took place on the 23d of August 1822, when he had attained the age of eighty-three. He died full of years and honours, bequeathing a large fortune, and leaving a son who has inherited his genius.

Besides the eminent men of whose lives we have thus presented an outline, there are others who, since the time of Copernicus, have contributed materially to the advancement of astronomical science, but to whose labours our space will admit only of the briefest allusion. Foremost among these, both in point of time and merit, may be mentioned the Cassinis, father and son, who flourished in the seventeenth century; Delisle, a French savant (1688-1768), alike distinguished in natural science, geography, and astronomy; our revered countryman Bradley, who died in 1762; Lalande (1732-1807), another Frenchman of well-known fame; the celebrated La Place; and, of more recent reputation, our countrymen Sir John Herschel, Professor Airy, Sir J. South, and Lord Rosse; and the continental philosophers, Bode, Encke, Bessel, Biot, Arago, and others, by whom important contributions have been made. To these may be added the names of such men as Dr Thomas Dick, Professor Nichol, Sir J. Herschel, G. F. Chambers, and others, who, by their general treatises, have brought the sublimest truths of the science to the level of the popular capacity; thereby not only extending its range, but eliciting, it may be, new observers and discoverers

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from among those to whom astronomy and all its glorious revelations would have otherwise remained uncared for and unknown. Within the last few years, an instrument of wonderful power has been added to the apparatus of astronomers in the spectroscope, which, in the hands of such observers as Kirchhoff and Janssen on the continent, and Messrs Lockyer and Huggins in England, is revealing to us the physical and chemical constitution of the heavenly bodies. To each and all of these men is astronomy less or more indebted for its present perfection and universal esteem as a science. Governed by laws now known, every planet and system holds on its course through space with undeviating regularity ; their distances, dimensions, times of revolution, appearance and disappearance, are things ascertained with as much certainty as the commonest fact in terrestrial measurement ; the most extraordinary phenomena of the heavens are things now familiar to the eye of science and reason, evincing in all their phases the most perfect beauty and harmony ; and appearances under which ignorance formerly cowered in superstitious fear, are now regarded as additional themes of human adoration for the wisdom, power, and goodness of a common Creator.





SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

BIRDS.

BIRDS—birds! ye are beautiful things,
With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-cleaving
wings;
Where shall man wander, and where shall he dwell,
Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well?
Ye have nests on the mountain all rugged and stark,
Ye have nests in the forest all tangled and dark:
Ye build and ye brood 'neath the cottagers' eaves,
And ye sleep on the sod 'mid the bonnie green leaves;
Ye hide in the heather, ye lurk in the brake,
Ye dive in the sweet flags that shadow the lake:
Ye skim where the stream parts the orchard-decked land,
Ye dance where the foam sweeps the desolate strand.
Beautiful birds! ye come thickly around,
When the bud's on the branch, and the snow's on the
ground;
Ye come when the richest of roses flush out,
And ye come when the yellow leaf eddies about.

Beautiful birds! how the school-boy remembers
The warblers that chorused his holiday tune;
No. 120.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

The robin that chirped in the frosty Decembers,
The blackbird that whistled through flower-crownèd June.

That school-boy remembers his holiday ramble,
When he pulled every blossom of palm he could see,
When his finger was raised as he stopped in the bramble
With 'Hark! there's the cuckoo; how close he must be!'

Beautiful birds! we've encircled thy names
With the fairest of fruits and the fiercest of flames.
We paint War with his eagle, and Peace with her dove;
With the red bolt of Death, and the olive of Love:
The fountain of friendship is never complete,
Till ye coo o'er its waters so sparkling and sweet;
And where is the hand that would dare to divide
Even Wisdom's grave self from the owl by her side?

Beautiful creatures of freedom and light!
Oh! where is the eye that groweth not bright
As it watches you trimming your soft glossy coats,
Swelling your bosoms, and ruffling your throats?
Oh! I would not ask, as the old ditties sing,
To be 'happy as sand-boy' or 'happy as king';
For the joy is more blissful that bids me declare,
'I'm as happy as all the wild birds in the air.'
I will tell them to find me a grave when I die,
Where no marble will shut out the glorious sky;
Let them give me a tomb where the daisy will bloom,
Where the moon will shine down, and the leveret pass by;
But be sure there's a tree stretching out high and wide,
Where the linnet, the thrush, and the woodlark may hide;
For the truest and purest of requiems heard
Is the eloquent hymn of the beautiful bird.

—ELIZA COOK.

WERE I A LITTLE BIRD.

A ROVER, e'en at Beauty's shrine
I'd pay a traveller's call, no more:
I would the little wings were mine
On which thou, pretty bird, dost soar!
Thou see'st full many a country bright;
Thy sports all Nature's works invite;
The sky is pure, the air is free.
I'd fly quick, quick! ay, quick as light,
Were I a little bird like thee!

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

I'd learn of tuneful Philomel,
With gentle sounds to charm the glade;
Then hover near the pastourelle,
And join in song the rustic maid.
I'd cheer one hermit's dwelling low—
No relics selleth he, I know,
But the poor bless his charity.
I'd fly quick, quick! ay, there I'd go,
Were I a little bird like thee!

I'd hie me to the turrets dread,
Where sadly pine the captives lone;
With hidden wing and drooping head,
I'd chant a song of plaintive tone.
One at my sight would faintly smile;
Another muse—dreaming the while
Of fields he loved in youth to see.
I'd fly quick, quick! were't many a mile,
And I a little bird like thee!

To a king's court I'd next away—
Some pleasure-wearied, joyless elf—
Filling his halls with carols gay,
On olive-tree I'd perch myself.
Then to the hiding-place, where lie
Some poor proscribed family,
I'd bear a slip of that same tree!
I'd fly quick, quick! blow low, blow high,
Were I a little bird like thee!

But day and night, with might and main,
I'd flee from Beauty's dangerous eyes,
Lest powerful Love should once again
My heart in captive bonds surprise!
If on fair bosom—likely case—
That hunter wise his net should place,
Too well I know how it would be;
I'd fly there, quick, with headlong pace,
Were I a little bird like thee!

J. ANDERSON.

—From BÉRANGER.

THE EARLY BLUE-BIRD.

BLUE-BIRD, on yon leafless tree,
Dost thou carol thus to me,
'Spring is coming!—Spring is here?'
Say'st thou so, my birdling dear?

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

What is that in misty shroud
Stealing from the darkened cloud?
Lo! the snow-flakes' gathering mound
Settles o'er the whitened ground,
Yet thou singest blithe and clear,
'Spring is coming!—Spring is here!'

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain?
Winds are piping o'er the plain,
Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky,
With a black and threatening eye;
Urchins, by the frozen rill,
Wrap their mantles closer still;
Yon poor man, with doublet old,
Doth he shiver at the cold?
Hath he not a nose of blue?
Tell me, birdling—tell me true.

Spring's a maid of mirth and glee,
Rosy wreaths and revelry:
Hast thou woo'd some wingèd love
To a nest in verdant grove?
Sung to her in greenwood bower,
Sunny skies that never lower—
Lured her with thy promise fair
Of a lot that knows no care?
Prithee, bird, in coat of blue,
Though a lover—tell her true.

Ask her if, when storms are long,
She can sing a cheerful song—
When the rude winds rock the tree,
If she'll closer cling to thee?
Then the blasts that sweep the sky,
Unappalled shall pass thee by;
Though thy curtained chamber shew
Siftings of untimely snow,
Warm and glad thy heart shall be,
Love shall make it Spring for thee.

—L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE ROBIN.

A THOUSAND birds, in joyous tone,
Proclaimed the birth of Spring;
But, Robin, thou art left alone
The Autumn's dirge to sing.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

We hear the merry linnet's voice
When waving woods look green,
And thrush and nightingale rejoice
When hawthorn buds are seen.

But when they wither on the ground,
Then, Robin, thou art heard
To mourn their fall, in plaintive sound,
For thou art Pity's bird.

Where fading leaves their shadows fling,
I love to see thee nigh ;
A listener, when I touch the string,
And warbling in reply.

—MISS STRICKLAND.

THE WREN.

WHY is the cuckoo's melody preferred,
And nightingale's rich song so fondly praised
In poets' rhymes? Is there no other bird
Of nature's minstrelsy, that oft hath raised
One's heart to ecstasy and mirth so well?
I judge not how another's taste is caught ;
With mine are other birds that bear the bell,
Whose song hath crowds of happy memories brought ;
Such the wood-robin, singing in the dell,
And little wren, that many a time hath sought
Shelter from showers in huts where I may dwell,
In early spring, the tenant of the plain,
Tending my sheep : and still they come to tell
The happy stories of the past again.

—J. CLARE.

TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
Thou messenger of Spring !
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear.
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts thy most curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year !

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Attendants on the Spring.

—MICHAEL BRUCE.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

SOUL of living music ! teach me,
Teach me, floating thus along ;
Love-sick warbler ! come, and reach me,
With the secrets of thy song.
How thy beak, so sweetly trembling,
On one note long-lingering tries—
On a thousand tones assembling,
Pours the rush of harmonies !
Or, when rising shrill and shriller,
Other music dies away,
Other songs grow still and stiller—
Songster of the night and day !
Till—all sunk in silence round thee—
Not a whisper, not a word,
Not a leaf-fall to confound thee—
Breathless all—thou only heard.
Tell me, thou who failest never,
Minstrel of the songs of Spring !
Did the world see ages ever,
When thy voice forgot to sing ?

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

Is there in your woodland history
Any Homer whom ye read?
Has your music aught of mystery?
Has it measure, clef, and creed?
Have ye teachers, who instruct ye,
Checking each ambitious strain?
Learned parrots to conduct ye,
When ye wander, back again?
Smiling at my dreams, I see thee—
Nature, in her chainless will,
Did not fetter thee, but free thee—
Pour thy hymns of rapture still!
Plumed in pomp and pride prodigious,
Lo! the gaudy peacock nears;
But his grating voice, so hideous,
Shocks the soul, and grates the ears.
Finches may be trained to follow
Notes which dexterous arts combine;
But those notes sound vain and hollow,
When compared, sweet bird, with thine.
Classic themes no longer courting,
Ancient tongues I'll cast away,
And with nightingales disporting,
Sing the wild and woodland lay.
—*From the Dutch of Loots.*

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

WHEN Twilight's gray and pensive hour
Brings the low breeze, and shuts the flower,
And bids the solitary star
Shine in pale beauty from afar:

When gathering shades the landscapes veil,
And peasants seek their village dale,
And mists from river-wave arise,
And dew in every blossom lies:

When Evening's primrose opes to shed
Soft fragrance round her grassy bed;
When glow-worms in the wood-walk light
Their lamp to cheer the traveller's sight:

At that calm hour, so still, so pale,
Awakes the lonely nightingale,
And from a hermitage of shade,
Fills with her voice the forest glade.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

And sweeter far than melting voice,
Than all which through the day rejoice ;
And still shall bard and wanderer love
The twilight music of the grove.

—MRS HEMANS.

‘WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?’

‘WHAT is that, mother?’

‘The lark, my child—

The morn has just looked out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away with the day on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart to yon pure, bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker’s ear.

Ever, my child, be thy morn’s first lays
Tuned, like the lark’s, to thy Maker’s praise.’

‘What is that, mother?’

‘The dove, my son—

And that low, sweet voice, like a widow’s moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one’s quick return.

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.’

‘What is that, mother?’

‘The eagle, boy—

Proudly careering his course of joy.
Firm on his mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying ;
His wing on the wind, his eye on the sun,
He swervés not a hair, but bears onward, right on.

Boy! may the eagle’s flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line !’

‘What is that, mother?’

‘The swan, my love—

He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh ;
He is floating down by himself to die ;
Death darkens his eyes, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.

Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like, and sweet, it may waft thee home.’

—G. W. DOANE, *an American poet.*

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

THE REDBREAST.

How simply unassuming is that strain !
It is the redbreast's song, the friend of man.
High is his perch, but humble is his home,
And well concealed. Sometimes within the sound
Of heartsome mill-clack, where the spacious door,
White-dusted, tells him plenty reigns around—
Close at the root of brier-bush, that o'erhangs
The narrow stream, with sheilings bedded white,
He fixes his abode, and lives at will ;
Oft near some single cottage he prefers
To rear his little home ; there, pert and spruce,
He shares the refuse of the good wife's churn,
Which kindly on the wall for him she leaves :
Below her lintel oft he lights, then in
He boldly flits, and fluttering loads his bill,
And to his young the yellow treasure bears.

—GRAHAME.

THE STORMY PETREL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea ;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast :
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds,
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds,
The mighty cables, and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
Their natural hard proud strength disown.

Up and down !—up and down !
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam,
The stormy petrel finds a home—
A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing !

O'er the deep !—o'er the deep !
Where the whale, and the shark, and sword-fish sleep.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale—in vain ;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard !
Ah ! thus does the prophet of good or ill,
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still :
Yet *he* ne'er falters : so, petrel, spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing !
—B. W. PROCTER.

THE SPARROW AND THE CAGED BIRD.

I DOTE on every little bird
That twitters in the sun—
I love them all, from having heard
The simple tale of one !

In cage that 'neath the eaves was hung
When Morn put forth her smiles,
A little yellow warbler sung
A song of distant isles !

One morn, when loud his melody,
There came on idle wing
A sparrow, and from sympathy
Thus seemed to say or sing :

' Fair captive ! why this joyous lay,
When sad should be thy heart ?
Art thinking of a happier day,
Forgetful what thou art ?

' Perchance, while high thy music floats,
Where ne'er thy wings may flee,
Thy spirit rises with thy notes—
For they at least are free !

' Thy song goes forth among the trees,
And up to heaven's high dome,
And haply bears thee o'er the seas
To thy own island home !

' Poor bird ! couldst thou come forth with me,
I'd lead thee to the grove,
Where all that's known of slavery
Is servitude to love !

' How sweet to join our airy chase,
Or cower within thy nest,

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

Yet only bound to that one place
Because thou loved'st it best !

'Alas, alas ! the wish is vain,
Thy prison-bars are strong ;
But I will come to thee again—
Adieu, sweet bird of song !'

Away it flew, but day by day
Returned with gathered food ;
And through long months, the watchers say,
Went on this work of good.

I felt my holiest thoughts ascend,
Such Heaven-taught love to trace,
And deemed, perchance, this captive's friend
The Howard of its race !

—J. HEDDERWICK.

THE SWALLOW'S RETURN.

WELCOME, welcome, feathered stranger !
Now the sun bids Nature smile ;
Safe arrived, and free from danger,
Welcome to our blooming isle !
Still twitter on my lowly roof,
And hail me at the dawn of day,
Each morn the recollected proof
Of time that ever fleets away !

Fond of sunshine, fond of shade,
Fond of skies serene and clear ;
E'en transient storms thy joys invade,
In fairest seasons of the year ;
What makes thee seek a milder clime ?
What bids thee shun the wintry gale ?
How knowest thou thy departing time ?
Hail ! wondrous bird !—hail, swallow, hail !

Sure something more to thee is given
Than myriads of the feathered race ;
Some gift divine, some spark from Heaven,
That guides thy flight from place to place.
Still freely come, still freely go,
And blessings crown thy vigorous wing ;
May thy rude flight meet no rude foe,
Delightful messenger of Spring !

—W. FRANKLIN.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

THE FEATHERED SONGSTERS.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
Fresh verdure decks the grove,
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
And shun the noontide heat ;
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
Or weave the mossy nest ;
Here rove and sing the livelong day,
At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill,
That trickles down the glade ;
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
E'er shews his ruddy face,
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,
In this sequestered place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs ;
Secure the linnet sings ;
The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares
To clog her painted wings.

Sad nightingale ! ah, quit thy haunt,
Yon gentle woods among,
And round my friendly grotto chant
Thy sweetly plaintive song !

Let not the harmless redbreast fear,
Domestic bird, to come,
And seek a sure asylum here,
With one who loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,
Shall store of fruit preserve ;
Oh, let me thus your friendship bribe !
Come, feed without reserve.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

For you these cherries I protect,
To you these plums belong ;
Sweet is the fruit that you have picked,
But sweeter far your song.

Then let this league betwixt us made
Our mutual interests guard ;
Mine be the gift of fruit and shade,
Your songs be my reward.

—RICHARD GRAVES.

THE SONGSTERS.

WHEN Phœbus lifts his head out of the Winter's wave,
No sooner doth the Earth her flowery bosom brave,
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant Spring,
But hunts-up to the morn the feathered sylvans sing :
And in the lower grove, as on the rising knoll,
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,
These quiristers are perched, with many a speckled breast,
Then from her burnished gate the goodly glittering East
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous Night
Bespangled had with pearl, to please the Morning's sight ;
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,
Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,
That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air
Seems all composed of sounds, about them everywhere.
The throistle with shrill sharps, as purposely he sung
T' awake the listless sun ; or chiding that so long
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill ;
The woosel near at hand, that hath a golden bill,
As Nature him had marked of purpose, t' let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be :
For with their vocal sounds they sing to pleasant May ;
Upon his dulcet pipe the merle doth only play.
When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard by,
In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,
As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw.
And but that Nature (by her all-constraining law)
Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
They else, alone to hear the charmer of the night
(The more to use their ears), their voices sure would spare.
That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
As man to set in parts at first had learned of her.
To Philomel the next, the linnæa we prefer ;
And by that warbling bird, the woodlark place we then,
The red-sparrow, the nope, the redbreast, and the wren.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

The yellow-pate, which, though she hurt the blooming tree,
Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.
And of these chanting fowls, the goldfinch not behind,
That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.
The tydy for her notes as delicate as they,
The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay.
The softer with the shrill (some hid among the leaves,
Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves)
Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting Sun,
Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run,
And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps
To kiss the gentle Shade, this while that sweetly sleeps.
—DRAYTON (1563—1631).

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

BIRD of the heavens ! whose matchless eye
Alone can front the blaze of day,
And, wandering through the radiant sky,
Ne'er from the sunlight turns away ;
Whose ample wing was made to rise
Majestic o'er the loftiest peak,
On whose chill tops the winter skies,
Around thy nest, in tempests speak.
What ranger of the winds can dare,
Proud mountain king ! with thee compare ?
Or lift his gaudier plumes on high
Before thy native majesty,
When thou hast taken thy seat alone,
Upon thy cloud-encircled throne ?

Bird of the cliffs ! thy noble form
Might well be thought almost divine ;
Born for the thunder and the storm,
The mountain and the rock are thine ;
And there, where never foot has been,
Thy eyry is sublimely hung,
Where lowering skies their wrath begin,
And loudest lullabies are sung
By the fierce Spirit of the blast,
When, his snow-mantle o'er him cast,
He sweeps across the mountain-top,
With a dark fury nought can stop,
And wings his wild unearthly way
Far through the clouded realms of day.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

Bird of the sun ! to thee—to thee
The earliest tints of dawn are known,
And 'tis thy proud delight to see
The monarch mount his gorgeous throne ;
Throwing the crimson drapery by,
That half impedes his glorious way ;
And mounting up the radiant sky,
Even what he is—the king of day !
Before the regent of the skies
Men shrink, and veil their dazzled eyes ;
But thou, in regal majesty,
Hast kingly rank as well as he ;
And with a steady, dauntless gaze,
Thou meet'st the splendour of his blaze.

Bird of Colombia ! well art thou
An emblem of our native land ;
With unblenched front and noble brow,
Among the nations doomed to stand ;
Proud, like her mighty mountain woods ;
Like her own rivers, wandering free ;
And sending forth, from hills and floods,
The joyous shout of liberty !
Like thee, majestic bird ! like thee
She stands in unbought majesty,
With spreading wing, untired and strong,
That dares a soaring far and long,
That mounts aloft, nor looks below,
And will not quail though tempests blow.

—C. W. THOMPSON.

THE LINNET.

THE songs of Nature, holiest, best are they !
The sad winds sighing through the leafy trees—
The lone lake's murmurs to the mountain breeze—
The streams' soft whispers, as they fondly stray
Through dingles wild and over flowery leas,
Are sweetly holy ; but the purest hymn—
A melody like some old prophet-lay—
Is thine, poured forth from hedge, and thicket dim—
Linnet—wild linnet !

The poor, the scorned and lowly, forth may go
Into the woods and dells, where leaves are green ;
And 'mong the breathing forest flowers may lean,
And hear thy music wandering to and fro,

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

Like sunshine glancing o'er the summer scene.
Thou poor man's songster!—neither wealth nor power
Can match the sweetness thou around dost throw!
Oh, bless thee for the joy of many an hour—
 Linnet—wild linnet!

In sombre forest, gray and melancholy,
Yet sweet withal, and full of love and peace,
And 'mid the furze wrapped in a golden fleece
Of blossoms, and in hedgerows green and lowly;
On thymy banks, where wild bees never cease
Their murmur-song, thou hast thy home of love!
Like some lone hermit, far from sin and folly,
'Tis thine through forest fragrances to rove—
 Linnet—wild linnet!

Some humble heart is sore and sick with grief,
And straight thou comest with thy gentle song
To wile the sufferer from his hate or wrong,
By bringing Nature's love to his relief.
Thou churмест by the sick child's window long,
Till racking pain itself be wooed to sleep;
And when away have vanished flower and leaf,
Thy lonely wailing voice for them doth weep—
 Linnet—wild linnet!

God saw how much of woe, and grief, and care,
Man's faults and follies on the earth would make;
And thee, sweet singer, for His creatures' sake,
He sent to warble wildly everywhere,
And by thy voice our souls to love to wake.
O blessed wandering spirit! unto thee
Pure hearts are knit, as unto things too fair,
And good, and beautiful of earth to be—
 Linnet—wild linnet!

—R. NICOLL.

TO THE FRINGILLA MELODIA.

JOY fills the vale,
With joy ecstatic quivers every wing,
As floats thy note upon the genial gale,
Sweet bird of Spring!

The violet
Awakens at thy song, and peers from out
Its fragrant nook, as if the season yet
Remained in doubt—

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

While from the rock
The columbine its crimson bell suspends,
That careless vibrates, as its slender stalk
The zephyr bends.

Say ! when the blast
Of winter swept our whitened plains—what clime,
What sunnier realm thou charmedst, and how was past
Thy joyous time?

Did the green isles
Detain thee long? or, 'mid the palmy groves
Of the bright south, where Liberty now smiles,
Didst sing thy loves?

Oh, well I know
Why thou art here thus soon, and why the bowers
So near the sun have lesser charms than now
Our land of flowers :

Thou art returned
On a glad errand—to rebuild thy nest,
And fan anew the gentle fire that burned
Within thy breast !

And thy wild strain,
Poured on the gale, is Love's transporting voice—
That, calling on the plummy choir again,
Bids them rejoice :

Nor calls alone
To enjoy, but bids improve the fleeting hour—
Bids all that ever heard Love's witching tone,
Or felt his power.

The poet too
It soft invokes to touch the trembling wire ;
Yet ah ! how few its sounds shall list, how few
His song admire !

But thy sweet lay,
Thou darling of the Spring ! no ear disdains ;
Thy sage instructress, Nature, says, ' Be gay !'
And prompts thy strains.

Oh, if I knew
Like thee to sing—like thee the heart to fire—
Youth should enchanted throng, and Beauty sue
To hear my lyre !

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

Oft as the year
In gloom is wrapped, thy exile I shall mourn—
Oft as the Spring returns, shall hail sincere
Thy glad return.

—H. PICKERING.

THE EAGLE.

THERE'S a fierce gray bird with a sharpened beak,
With an angry eye and a startling shriek,
That nurses her brood where the cliff-flowers blow,
On the precipice-top, in perpetual snow—
Where the fountains are mute, or in secrecy flow;
That sits where the air is shrill and bleak,
On the splintered point of a shivered peak,
Where the weeds lie close, and the grass sings sharp,
To a comfortless tune, like a wintry harp.
Bald-headed and stripped, like a vulture torn
In wind and strife, with her feathers worn,
And ruffled, and stained; while scattering bright,
Round her serpent-neck, that is writhing, bare,
Is a crimson collar of gleaming hair!
Like the crest of a warrior thinned in the fight,
And shorn, and bristling, see her! where
She sits in the glow of the sun-bright air,
With wing half-poised, and talons bleeding,
And kindling eye, as if her prey
Had suddenly been snatched away
While she was tearing it, and feeding!

A bird that is first to worship the sun
When he gallops in flame, till the cloud-tides run
In billows of fire, as his course is done:
Above where the fountain is gushing in light;
Above where the torrent is forth in its might,
Like an imprisoned blaze that is bursting from night!
Above where the silvery flashing is seen—
The striping of waters, that skip o'er the green,
And soft; spongy moss, where the fairies have been,
Bending lovely and bright in the young Morning's eye,
Like ribbons of flame, or the bow of the sky:
Above that dark torrent, above the bright stream—
The gay ruddy fount with the changeable gleam,
Where the lustre of heaven eternally plays—
The voice may be heard of the Thunderer's bird,
Calling out to her god in a clear wild scream,
As she mounts to his throne, and unfolds in his beam;

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

While her young are laid out in his rich red blaze,
And their winglets are fledged in his hottest rays.

Proud bird of the cliff where the barren yew springs,
Where the sunshine stays, and the wind-harp sings,
Where the heralds of battle sit pluming their wings!
A scream!—she's awake!—over hill-top and flood
A crimson light runs, like the gushing of blood:
Over valley and rock, over mountain and wood,
That bird is abroad in the van of her brood!

—J. NEAL.

TO THE LARK.

MOUNT, child of Morning! mount and sing,
And gaily beat thy fluttering wing,
And sound thy shrill alarms:
Bathed in the fountains of the dew,
Thy sense is keen, thy joys are new;
The wide world opens to thy view,
And spreads its earliest charms.

Far showered around, the hill, the plain,
Catch the glad impulse of thy strain,
And fling their veil aside;
While warm with hope and rapturous joy,
Thy thrilling lay rings cheerily,
Love swells its notes, and liberty,
And youth's exulting pride.

Thy little bosom knows no ill,
No gloomy thought, no wayward will:
'Tis sunshine all, and ease.

Like thy own plumes along the sky,
Thy tranquil days glide smoothly by;
No track behind them, as they fly,
Proclaims departed peace.

'Twas thus my earliest hopes aspired,
'Twas thus, with youthful ardour fired,
I vainly thought to soar:

To snatch from Fate the dazzling prize,
Beyond the beam of vulgar eyes.
Alas! the unbidden sigh will rise.
Those days shall dawn no more!

How glorious rose Life's morning star!
In bright procession round her car,
How danced the heavenly train!

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

Truth beckoned from her radiant throne,
And Fame held high her starry crown,
While Hope and Love looked smiling down,
Nor bade my toils be vain.

Too soon the fond illusion past ;
Too gay, too bright, too pure to last,
It melted from my gaze.
And narrowing with each coming year,
Life's onward path grew dark and drear,
While Pride forbade, the starting tear
Would fall o'er happier days.

Still o'er my soul, though changed and dead,
One lingering, doubtful beam is shed ;
One ray not yet withdrawn ;
And still that twilight soft and dear,
That tells of friends and former cheer,
Half makes me fain to linger here—
Half hope a second dawn.

Sing on—sing on ! What heart so cold,
When such a tale of joy is told,
But needs must sympathise ?
As from some cherub of the sky
I hail thy morning melody.
Oh ! could I mount with thee on high,
And share thy ecstasies !

—MRS BARBAULD.

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL ON LOCH TURIT.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your watery haunt forsake ?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly ?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties ?
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free :
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave ;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace—
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below;
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below;
In his breast no pity dwells;
Strong necessity compels.
But man, to whom alone is given
A ray direct from pitying Heaven,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wandering swains,
Where the mossy rivulet strays;
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his powers you scorn;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

—BURNS.

THE NOTES OF THE BIRDS.

WELL do I love those various harmonies
That ring so gaily in Spring's budding woods,
And in the thickets, and green quiet haunts,
And lonely copses of the summer-time,
And in red Autumn's ancient solitudes.

If thou art pained with the world's noisy stir,
Or crazed with its mad tumults, and weighed down
With any of the ills of human life;
If thou art sick and weak, or mournest at the loss
Of brethren gone to that far distant land

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

To which we all do pass—gentle and poor,
The gayest and the gravest, all alike—
Then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear
The thrilling music of the forest birds.

How rich the varied choir! The unquiet finch
Calls from the distant hollows, and the wren
Uttereth her sweet and mellow plaint at times,
And the thrush mourneth where the kalmia hangs
Its crimson-spotted cups, or chirps half hid
Amid the lowly dogwood's snowy flowers;
And the blue jay flits by, from tree to tree,
And spreading its rich pinions, fills the ear
With its shrill-sounding and unsteady cry.

With the sweet airs of Spring the robin comes;
And in her simple song there seems to gush
A strain of sorrow when she visiteth
Her last year's withered nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch
Upon the red-stemmed hazel's slender twig,
That overhangs the brook, and suits her song
To the slow rivulet's inconstant chime.

In the last days of Autumn, when the corn
Lies sweet and yellow in the harvest-field,
And the gay company of reapers bind
The bearded wheat in sheaves—then peals abroad
The blackbird's merry chant. I love to hear,
Bold plunderer! thy mellow burst of song
Float from thy watch-place on the mossy tree,
Close at the corn-field edge.

Far up some brook's still course, whose current mines
The forest's blackened roots, and whose green marge
Is seldom visited by human foot,
The lonely heron sits, and harshly breaks
The Sabbath silence of the wilderness:
And you may find her by some reedy pool,
Or brooding gloomily on the time-stained rock,
Beside some misty and far-reaching lake.

Most awful is thy deep and heavy boom,
Gray watcher of the waters! Thou art king
Of the blue lake; and all the winged kind
Do fear the echo of thine angry cry.
How bright thy savage eye! Thou lookest down,

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

And seest the shining fishes as they glide ;
And poising thy gray wing, thy glossy beak
Swift as an arrow strikes its roving prey.
Ofttimes I see thee, through the curling mist,
Dart like a spectre of the night, and hear
Thy strange bewildering call, like the wild scream
Of one whose life is perishing in the sea.

And now, wouldst thou, O man, delight the ear
With earth's delicious sounds, or charm the eye
With beautiful creations? Then pass forth,
And find them midst those many-coloured birds
That fill the glowing woods. The richest hues
Lie in their splendid plumage, and their tones
Are sweeter than the music of the lute,
Or the harp's melody, or the notes that gush
So thrillingly from Beauty's ruby lip.

—J. M'LELLAN, *an American poet.*

SPRING BIRDS.

HARK to the merry gossip of the Spring—
The sweet mysterious voice which peoples place
With an Italian beauty, and does bring
As 'twere Elysium from the wilds of space
Where'er her wing inhabits! Give it chase,
In other bowers the fairy shouts again;
Where'er we run, it mocks our rapid race—
Still the same loose note, in a golden chain,
Rings through the vocal woods, and fills with joy the plain.

Hail to thee, shouting cuckoo! In my youth
Thou wert long time the Ariel of my hope,
The marvel of a summer! It did soothe
To listen to thee on some sunny slope,
Where the high oaks forbade an ampler scope
Than of the blue skies upward—and to sit,
Canopied, in the gladdening horoscope
Which thou my planet flung—a pleasant fit,
Long time my hours endeared, my kindling fancy smit.

And thus I love thee still—thy monotone
The self-same transport flashes through my frame;
And when thy voice, sweet sibyl, all is flown,
My eager ear, I cannot choose but blame.
Oh, may the world these feelings never tame!

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

If Age o'er me her silver tresses spread,
It still would call thee by a lover's name,
And deem the spirit of delight unfled,
Nor bear, though gray without, a heart to nature dead !
—J. H. WIFFEN.

THE WOUNDED EAGLE.

EAGLE ! this is not thy sphere !
Warrior-bird, what seek'st thou here ?
Wherefore by the fountain's brink
Doth thy royal pinion sink ?
Wherefore on the violets' bed
Layest thou thus thy drooping head ?
Thou, that hold'st the blast in scorn,
Thou, that wear'st the wings of morn !

Eagle ! wilt thou not arise ?
Look upon thine own bright skies !
Lift thy glance !—the fiery sun
There his pride of place hath won,
And the mounting lark is there,
And sweet sound hath filled the air.
Hast thou left that realm on high ?—
Oh, it can be but to die !

Eagle, eagle ! thou hast bowed
From thine empire o'er the cloud !
Thou that hadst ethereal birth,
Thou hast stooped too near the earth,
And the hunter's shaft hath found thee,
And the toils of death have bound thee !
Wherefore didst thou leave thy place,
Creature of a kingly race ?

Wert thou weary of thy throne ?
Was the sky's dominion lone ?
Chill and lone it well might be,
Yet that mighty wing was free !
Now the chain is o'er it cast,
From thy heart the blood flows fast.
Woe for gifted souls and high !
Is not such *their* destiny ?

—MRS HEMANS.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

THE PEACOCK.

It is a Hindu prejudice, that the track over which a peacock has been observed to fly and alight, is that of a vein of gold.

THE peacock, with its plumage rare,
Is a holy bird, and wise ;
For he knoweth that gold is an evil thing,
From which foul thoughts and fancies spring,
To blind our mental eyes ;
He knoweth it is the seed of sin,
Whose fruit may ripen the soul within :
For (if legends tell true) he will not tread
On the earth of the track that covers its bed !

Yea, the peacock is a wise, wise bird,
To fly o'er the spot where the ore of gold
Is hid 'midst the mould.
But man, with tool, and toil, and word,
And wanton spell, seeks out the mine ;
And digs for himself a chain that shall bind
Each blessed impulse of the mind,
Till all shall peak and pine
'Neath the festering fetters—the craving sin
That dwarfs the soul within !

Copy the peacock, then, which flies
Over the path where temptation lies ;
Tread not the track that glisters with gold,
Or thy fingers will bend the ore to hold,
Whilst instant round thy heart shall freeze
The milk of human charities !

—MAJOR C. CAMPBELL.

THE SONG OF THE BIRD.

BIRDS of fair form lurk 'mid the verdant brakes,
Whose rival warbling love's soft wishes shews.
Each grove and stream the murmuring wind makes
Eloquent ; with varying force it blows
When the birds sing, scarce the still leaves it shakes ;
But when they cease, its response louder grows :
So, be it chance or art, alternate please
The song of birds, and music of the breeze.

With purple beak, and rainbow colours flung
At random o'er his plumes, among the rest

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

Was one pre-eminent ; his supple tongue
A gift like human eloquence possessed,
And with such art and copious numbers sung,
That all who heard, a prodigy confessed ;
The birds grew mute, and, charmed by his sweet lay,
The rustling breezes ceased through heaven to play.
'Ah, see,' he sang, 'how bursts the budding rose,
When, coyly opening on its virgin stem,
Each blushing tint with double lustre glows,
Veiled by green leaves, which half-conceal the gem !
Lo ! now in full-blown pride, each charm it shews
Unrobed. Lo ! now it fades, a wreck which all contemn.
And seems not such—seems not the haughty flower
By lovers envied for their lady's bower.
'Thus vanish, in one evanescent day,
The flower and greenness of Life's vernal morn ;
Nor shall returning April's genial ray
Its withered beauty with fresh bloom adorn :
Then pluck the rose, while matin hours delay,
Of their serenity so quickly shorn ;
Then pluck the rose of love, while yet we may—
While love may yet the love we give repay.'
He ceased ; and the approving birds express,
With a fresh burst of song, their glad consent :
The gentle doves more tenderly caress,
And every creature seeks in love content ;
Even the chaste laurel and hard oak confess
Its melting power ; and from the groves are sent,
And from the earth, and from the crystal streams,
An amorous murmur like a sigh that seems.

—From TASSO.

TO THE DOVE.

HAIL, emblem of the dearest tie
That human hearts can bind,
Love's all-devoted constancy,
When kindred souls are joined !
Than thee no purer image fills
A niche in Nature's shrine,
Type of ecstatic transport's thrills,
And feeling's glow divine.
The eagle and the vulture share
Dominion of the sky ;
I mark the imperial lords of air
With regal pomp sweep by.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

But ah ! their flight, far sunward spread,
No soft emotion brings ;
Foreboding sounds of woe pervade
The rushing of their wings.

But thou, what melting sweetness glows
In thy long mellow note,
Heard where the random wild-flower blows
In forest glooms remote !
Oh, more than language can express,
Of love and truth is there ;
The depth of woman's tenderness,
The purity of prayer !

More mellowing pathos stamps that strain
Than Music's self affords,
To bid the bosom thrill again
From its profoundest chords.
And such its power to give release
From passion's earthly spell,
That, listening, I could bid, in peace,
The realms of time farewell.

Spontaneous worship hallows deep
The scene where none intrudes,
When earth and heaven, communing, keep
The Sabbath of the woods ;
While sunset sanctifies the calm
Devout of earth and skies ;
And low, like prayer from fields of balm,
The breath of Evening sighs.

Yet, spotless dove, religion lends
My theme a glory too—
A charm, harmoniously that blends
With Nature's simple due.
Oh, marvellous was the sign of love
Through thee to mortals given,
When stooped by brooding wings above
The Majesty of heaven !

Bird of the consecrated plume,
Whom earth's Creator chose
(Whilst yet above its watery tomb
One lonely mountain rose)
To waft the pledge of peace to men,
The olive's welcome bough :
I hail thee, Mercy's herald then,
Her sacred symbol now.

—J. F. SMITH.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seekest thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere ;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

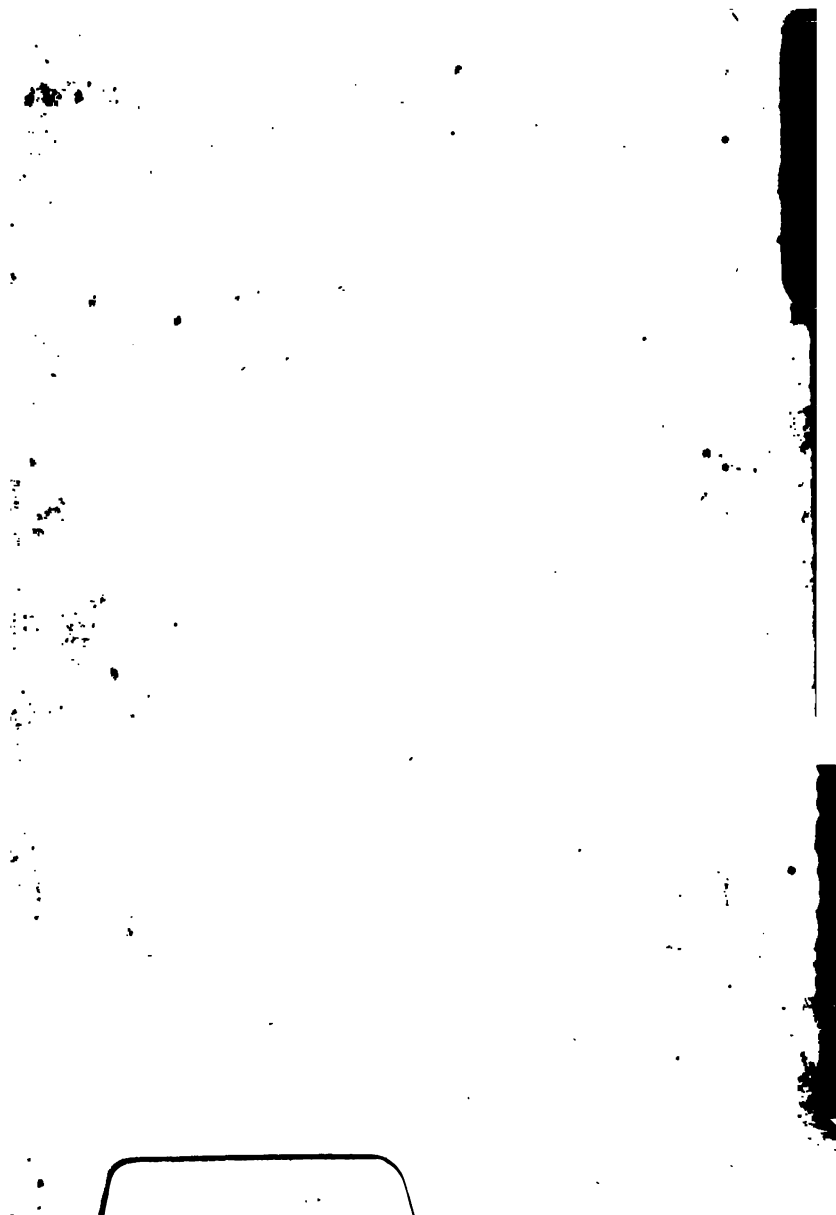
He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

—C. BRYANT.









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